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INTERNATIONAL ISOLATION OF THE UNITED STATES.[1]

THE "Civic duties," Mr. President, upon which I have the honor of being asked to address you this evening, are doubtless those which attach to American citizens in their private capacities. Those duties are both many and diverse. There are those which are due to a town or city, there are others which are due to a particular state or commonwealth, there are others which are due in respect of the nation at large. As my invitation here was coupled with a suggestion that I speak to some theme connected with my experience in the public service, I shall ask your attention to a subject related to national affairs and in particular to the national foreign policy. It may cross your minds, perhaps, that the foreign relations of the government are about the last things upon which the private citizen can exert himself to advantage — and so far as specific cases and particular occasions are concerned, the thought is an entirely just one. Those cases and those occasions must necessarily be left to the discretion of the administration in power, which, as alone possessed of all the material facts, is alone qualified to deal with them. But, though the instances for their application must be dealt with by the constituted authorities, there is nothing in the principles of foreign policy which is secret, or unknowable, or which justifies their not being understood. Domestic policy concerns more nearly a greater number of persons and is therefore more likely to be generally investigated and apprehended. Domestic policy and foreign policy, however, touch at innumerable points, and the more the latter is likely to be overlooked by the public at large, the greater the importance that it should be carefully studied by the more thoughtful portion of the community. The private citizen can influence it, of course, and should as far as he can, by his action at the polls. But no citizen does his whole duty upon a public question merely by his vote even if he votes right, and when the issue presented relates to a great principle of foreign policy, his vote is probably the least potent of the weapons at his command. In a free country, the real ruler in the long run is found to be public opinion — those who apparently fill the seats of power are simply the registers of its edicts — and he who would most thoroughly fulfill the obligations of citizenship either generally or as regards any particular juncture or subject-matter must organize and bring to bear enlightened public opinion — by private or public speech, through the press, or through the other various channels appropriate to that end. Perhaps the importance of such enlightened public opinion as well as the lamentable absence of it was never more strikingly demonstrated than by the circumstances attending what has come to be known as the Venezuela Boundary incident. On the one hand, there was the great mass of the people enthusiastically indorsing the stand of the govern-

[1] Address delivered at Sanders Theatre, Harvard College, March 2, 1898.

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ment — yet at the same time only most dimly and imperfectly comprehending what the government had done or why it had done it. On the other hand, among the natural and proper and would-be leaders of public sentiment, there were many equally hot against the government; who continued to denounce it long after the British prime minister had admitted the government to be acting within its right and in accord with its traditional policy; and who, in some instances, when the American contention had become wholly successful, could think of nothing better to say than that the British were a pusillanimous set after all. Surely, whoever was right or whoever wrong, whether there was error in point of substance or in point of form or no error at all, whatever the merits or whatever the outcome, as an exhibition of current comprehension of the foreign relations of the country, the spectacle presented was by no means edifying. The moral is obvious and the lesson is clear — the foreign policy of the country is one of the things a citizen should study and understand and aim to have studied and understood by the community generally — and I therefore do not hesitate to invite you to consider for a few moments a feature of our foreign policy which may be described as the "international isolation of the United States."

What is meant by the phrase "international isolation" as thus used is this. The United States is certainly now entitled to rank among the great Powers of the world. Yet, while its place among the nations is assured, it purposely takes its stand outside the European family circle to which it belongs, and neither accepts the responsibilities of its place nor secures its advantages. It avowedly restricts its activities to the American continents and intentionally assumes an attitude of absolute aloofness to everything outside those continents. This rule of policy is not infrequently associated with another which is known as the Monroe doctrine — as if the former grew out of the Monroe doctrine or were, in a sense, a kind of consideration for that doctrine, or a sort of complement to it. In reality the rule of isolation originated and was applied many years before the Monroe doctrine was proclaimed. No doubt consistency requires that the conduct toward America which America expects of Europe should be observed by America toward Europe. Nor is there any more doubt that such reciprocal conduct is required of us not only by consistency but by both principle and expediency. The vital feature of the Monroe doctrine is that no European Power shall forcibly possess itself of American soil and forcibly control the political fortunes and destinies of its people. Assuredly America can have no difficulty in governing its behavior toward Europe on the same lines.

Tradition and precedent are a potent force in the New World as well as in the Old and dominate the counsels of modern democracies as well as those of ancient monarchies. The rule of international isolation for America was formulated by Washington, was embalmed in the earnest and solemn periods of the Farewell Address, and has come down to succeeding generations with all the immense prestige attaching to the injunctions of the Father of his Country and of the statesmen and soldiers who, having first aided him to free the people of thirteen independent communities, then joined him in the even greater task of welding the incoherent mass into one united nation. The Washington rule, in the sense in which it has been commonly understood and actually applied, could hardly have been adhered to more faithfully if it had formed part of the text of the Constitution. But there can be no question that such common understanding and practical application have given an extension to the rule quite in excess of its terms as well as of its true spirit and meaning. Washington conveyed his

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celebrated warning to his countrymen in these words: —

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. . . .

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . .

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; . . .

"Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Now what is it that these utterances enjoin us not to do? What rule of abstinence do they lay down for this country? The rule is stated with entire explicitness. It is that this country shall not participate in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics and shall not make a permanent alliance with any foreign power. It is coupled with the express declaration that extraordinary emergencies may arise to which the rule does not apply, and that when they do arise temporary alliances with foreign powers may be properly resorted to. Further, not only are proper exceptions to the rule explicitly recognized, but its author, with characteristic caution and wisdom, carefully limits the field which it covers by bounds which in practice are either accidentally or intentionally disregarded. For example, it cannot be intermeddling with the current course of European politics to protect American citizens and American interests wherever in the world they may need such protection. It cannot be such intermeddling to guard our trade and commerce and to see to it that its natural development is not fraudulently or forcibly or unfairly arrested. It is as open to America as to Europe to undertake the colonization of uninhabited and unappropriated portions of the globe, and if the United States were to enter upon such a policy, it would not be implicating ourselves in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics. In short, the rule of the Farewell Address does not include many important subjects-matter its application to which is commonly taken for granted, and does not excuse the inaction of this government in many classes of cases in which the rule is pleaded as a sufficient justification. Take, for instance, the case of American missions and American missionaries in Turkey, and assume for present purposes that missionaries have been maltreated and their property destroyed under circumstances which call upon Turkey to make reparation. The duty of government to exact the reparation is clear — it can be exonerated from its discharge only by some invincible obstacle, such, for example, as the concert of Europe. Suppose that concert did not exist or were broken, and that by joining hands with some competent Power, having perhaps similar grievances, the government could assert its rights and could obtain redress for American citizens. Does the rule of the Farewell Address inhibit such an alliance in such a case for such a purpose? Nothing can

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be clearer than that it does not. To protect American citizens wherever they lawfully are, instead of being an impertinent intrusion into foreign politics, is to accomplish one of the chief ends for which the national government is instituted — and if the government can do its duty with an ally where it must fail without, and even if it can more securely and efficiently do that duty with an ally than it can without, it would be not merely folly, but recreancy as well, not to make the alliance. Again, for another imaginary case, let us go to the newspapers — for pure imaginings, you will readily agree, there is nothing like them. But a few weeks ago they had all the leading Powers of Europe retaliating for the Dingley tariff by an immense combination against American trade — a subject from which their attention was soon diverted by their discovery of a conspiracy among those same Powers for the partition of China. Suppose by some extraordinary, almost miraculous accident the newspapers had guessed right in both cases, and that it were now true not only that China is to be divided up among certain European states but that those states propose and are likely, by all sorts of vexatious and discriminating duties and impositions, to utterly ruin the trade between China and this country. Does the rule of the Farewell Address apply to such a case? Are the interests involved what Washington describes as the primary interests of Europe and would resistance to the threatened injury be participation in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics? These questions can be answered in but one way, and nothing can be plainer than that the right and duty of such resistance would be limited only by the want of power to make the resistance effectual and by its cost as compared with the loss from non-resistance. Doubtless, whatever our rights, it would be folly to contend against a united Europe. Doubtless also, as we fence out all the world from our own home markets, we ought not to count upon finding any nation to aid us in making the trade with China open to us as to all other nations on equal terms. It is conceivable, however, that such an ally might be found, and if it were found and the alliance were reasonably sure to attain the desired end at not disproportionate cost, there could not be two opinions as to its propriety. An illustration drawn from actual facts may be more impressive than any founded upon the conjectures of press correspondents. In 1884, most, if not all of the Powers of Europe being then engaged in extending their sovereignty over portions of the African continent, Germany and France coöperated in calling a general Conference at Berlin, and among the Powers invited included the United States, partly no doubt because of our peculiar relation to the Republic of Liberia and partly because ot our present and prospective interest in trade with Africa. The declared objects of the Conference were briefly, first, freedom of commerce at the mouth and in the valley of the Congo; second, free navigation of the Congo and Niger rivers; and third, definition of the characteristics of an effective occupation of territory — it being understood that each Power reserved the right to ratify or not to ratify the results of the Conference. Our government, finding nothing in the objects of the Conference that was not laudable, accepted the invitation. The Conference took place, this country being represented by our minister to Germany, who acquitted himself with distinguished ability. Indeed, not only did the Conference accomplish the general purposes named in the invitations to it, but, owing to the special initiative of the United States minister, the area of territory covered was largely extended, propositions were adopted for the neutralization of the region in case of war between the Powers interested and for mediation and arbitration between

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them before an appeal to arms, and instead of taking the form of a treaty the results of the Conference were embodied in a declaration called the "General Act of the Berlin Conference." Nevertheless, though signed by all the other parties to the Conference, and though we are so largely responsible for its provisions, the Act still remains without the signature of the United States. It was antagonized by resolutions in the House of Representatives because of its supposed conflict with the rule of the Farewell Address. It has never been submitted to the Senate on the hypothesis that it engages us "to share in the obligation of enforcing neutrality in the remote valley of the Congo" — an hypothesis which, if well founded, might properly be considered as making the arrangement an improvident one for the United States. So long as the United States is without territory in the region covered by the Berlin Act, its guaranty of the neutrality of the territory of any other Power would seem to lack the element of reciprocal benefit. But in no event can the Berlin Act be fairly brought within the rule of the Farewell Address, and if the Act does not bear the interpretation put upon it as respects the guaranty of the neutrality of territory, or if we should hereafter found a colony, a second Liberia for example, in the Congo region, the signing of the Act by the United States would violate no established principle of our foreign policy, would be justified by our interests, and would be demanded on the simple grounds that the United States should not hesitate to bind itself by a compact it had not hesitated to share in making, and should not enjoy the fruits of a transaction without rendering the expected consideration.

The Washington rule of isolation, then, proves on examination to have a much narrower scope than the generally accepted versions give to it. Those versions of it may and undoubtedly do find countenance in loose and general and unconsidered statements of public men both of the Washington era and of later times. Nevertheless it is the rule of Washington, and not that of any other man or men, that is authoritative with the American people, so that the inquiry what were Washington's reasons for the rule and how far those reasons are applicable to the facts of the present day is both pertinent and important. Washington states his reasons with singular clearness and force. "This nation," he says in substance, "is young and weak. Its remote and detached geographical situation exempts it from any necessary or natural connection with the ordinary politics or quarrels of European states. Let it therefore stand aloof from such politics and such quarrels and avoid any alliances that might connect it with them. This the nation should do that it may gain time — that the country may have peace during such period as is necessary to enable it to settle and mature its institutions and to reach without interruption that degree of strength and consistency which will give it the command of its own fortunes." Such is the whole theory of the Washington rule of isolation. Its simple statement shows that the considerations justifying the rule to his mind can no longer be urged in support of it. Time has been gained — our institutions are proven to have a stability and to work with a success exceeding all expectation — and though the nation is still young, it has long since ceased to be feeble or to lack the power to command its own fortunes. It is just as true that the achievements of modern science have annihilated the time and space that once separated the Old World from the New. In these days of telephones and railroads and ocean cables and ocean steamships, it is difficult to realize that Washington could write to the French Ambassador at London in 1790, "We at this great distance from the northern parts of Eu-

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rope hear of wars and rumors of wars as if they were the events or reports of another planet." It was an ever present fact to his mind, of course, and is of the first importance in connection with this subject, that notwithstanding our remoteness from Europe, not merely one, as now, but three of the great Powers of Europe had large adjoining possessions on this continent — a feature of the situation so vital and so menacing in the eyes of the statesmen of that day as to force Jefferson to buy Louisiana despite the national poverty and despite plausible, if not conclusive, constitutional objections. Nothing can be more obvious, therefore, than that the conditions for which Washington made his rule no longer exist. The logical, if not the necessary result is that the rule itself should now be considered as non-existent also. Washington himself, it is believed, had no doubt and made no mistake upon that point. That he was of opinion that the regimen suitable to the struggling infancy of the nation would be adapted to its lusty manhood is unsupported by a particle of evidence. On the contrary, there is authority of the highest character for the statement that he entertained an exactly opposite view and "thought a time might come, when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the common advantage of the nations." Without further elaboration of the argument in favor of the position that the rule of the Farewell Address cannot be regarded as applicable to present conditions — an argument which might be protracted indefinitely — the inquiry at once arising is, What follows? What are the consequences if the argument be assumed to be sound? Let us begin by realizing that certain results which at first blush might be apprehended as dangerous do not necessarily follow and are not likely to follow.

It is a mistake to suppose, for example, that if the doctrine of the Farewell Address had never been formally promulgated or if it were now to be deemed no longer extant, the United States would have heretofore embroiled itself or would now proceed to embroil itself in all sorts of controversies with foreign nations. We are now, as always, under the restraint of the principles of international law, which bid us respect the sovereignty of every other nation and forbid our intermeddling in its internal affairs. The dynastic disputes of European countries have been, and would still be, of no possible practical concern to us. We covet no portion of European soil, and, if we had it, should be at a loss what to do with it. And it may be taken for granted with reasonable certainty that no Executive and Senate are likely to bind us to any foreign Power by such an alliance as Washington deprecated — by a permanent alliance, that is, offensive and defensive, and for all purposes of war as well as peace. The temptation sufficient to induce any administration to propose such a partnership is hardly conceivable — while an attempt to bring it about would irretrievably ruin the men or the party committed to it, and would as certainly be frustrated by that reserve of good sense and practical wisdom which in the last resort the American people never fail to bring to bear upon public affairs.

On these grounds, it is possible to regard the isolation rule under consideration as having outlived its usefulness without exposing ourselves to any serious hazards. But it is to be and should be so regarded on affirmative grounds — because the continuance of its supposed authoritativeness is hurtful in its tendency — hurtful in many directions and to large interests. To begin with, it is necessarily unfortunate and injurious, in various occult as well as open ways, that a maxim stripped by time and events of its original virtue should con-

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tinue current in the community under the guise of a living rule of action. The greater the prestige of such a maxim by reason of its age or its origin, the greater the mischief. Human affairs take their shape and color hardly more from reason and selfish interest than from imagination and sentiment. A rule of policy originating with Washington, preëminently wise for his epoch, ever since taught in schools, lauded on the platform, preached in the pulpit, and displayed in capitals and italics in innumerable political manuals and popular histories, almost becomes part of the mental constitution of the generations to which it descends. They accept it without knowing why and they act upon it without the least regard to their wholly new environment.

The practical results of such an ingrained habit of thought, and of the attempt to govern one set of circumstances by a rule made for another totally unlike, are as unfortunate as might be expected, and might be illustrated quite indefinitely. The example most deserving of attention, however, is found in the commercial policy of the government. What Washington favored was political isolation, not commercial. Indeed he favored the former with a view to its effect in promoting and extending commercial relations with all the world. Yet contrary to the design of its author, the Washington rule of isolation has unquestionably done much to fasten upon the country protectionism in its most extreme form. Washington and his coadjutors in the work of laying the foundations of this government contemplated protection only as incident to revenue. Our first really protective tariff was that of 1816 and was the direct result of European wars which put us in a position of complete isolation, both political and commercial. As we would take sides neither with France nor with England, both harried our sea-going commerce at will, while the Jeffersonian embargo put the finishing touches to its destruction by shutting up our vessels in our own ports so as to keep them out of harm's way. During this period of thorough isolation — which lasted some seven years and ended only with the close of the war of 1812 — our manufacturing industries received an extraordinary stimulus. Woolen mills, cotton mills, glass works, foundries, potteries, and other industrial establishments of various sorts "sprang up," to use the figure of a distinguished author, "like mushrooms." When the advent of peace broke down the dam behind which British stocks had been accumulating, the country was flooded with them, and our manufacturers found themselves everywhere undersold. In this situation, and upon the plea of nourishing infant industries, the tariff act of 1816 originated and what is called the "American system" had its birth. Never since abandoned in principle though from time to time subjected to more or less important modifications of detail, that system found in the civil war a plausible if not a sufficient excuse for both greatly enlarging and intensifying its action, and has now reached its highest development in the tariff legislation of last year. How largely the protective theory and spirit have been encouraged by the Washington rule of political isolation as generally accepted and practiced is plain. Political isolation may in a special case coexist with entire freedom of commercial intercourse — as where a country is weak and small and its resources, natural and artificial, are too insignificant to excite jealousy. Such was the case with the United States immediately after the war of independence, when its inhabited territory consisted of a strip of Atlantic seaboard and its people numbered less than four million souls. But a policy of political isolation for a continental Power, rapidly rising in population, wealth, and all the elements of strength, and able to cope with the foremost in the struggle for the trade of the world, naturally fosters, if it

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does not entail, a policy of commercial isolation also. The two policies are naturally allied in spirit and in the underlying considerations which can be urged in their defense, and being once adopted render each other mutual support. Political isolation deliberately resolved upon by a great Power denotes its self-confidence and its indifference to the opinion or friendship of other nations; in like manner the commercial isolation of such a Power denotes its conviction that in matters of trade and commerce it is sufficient unto itself and need ask nothing of the world beyond. In the case of the United States, the policy of political seclusion has been intensified by a somewhat prevalent theory that we are a sort of chosen people; possessed of superior qualities natural and acquired; rejoicing in superior institutions and superior ideals; and bound to be careful how we connect ourselves with other nations lest we get contaminated and deteriorate. This conception of ourselves has asserted itself in opposition to international arrangements even when, as in the case of the "General Act of the Berlin Conference" already referred to, the only object and effect were to open a new region to commerce and to give our merchants equal privileges with those of any other country. We accept the privileges but at the same time decline to become a party to the compact which secures them to us as to all nations. The transaction is on a par with various others in which, with great flourish of trumpets and much apparent satisfaction at the felicity of our attitude, we tender or furnish what we call our "moral support." Do we want the Armenian butcheries stopped? To any power that will send its fleet through the Dardanelles and knock the Sultan's palace about his ears, we boldly tender our "moral support." Do we want the same rights and facilities of trade in Chinese ports and territory that are accorded to the people of any other country? We loudly hark Great Britain on to the task of achieving that result, but come to the rescue ourselves with not a gun, nor a man, nor a ship, with nothing but our "moral support." But, not to tarry too long on details, what are the general results of these twin policies — of this foreign policy of thorough isolation combined with a domestic policy of thorough protection? So far as our foreign relations are concerned, the result is that we stand without a friend among the great Powers of the world and that we impress them, however unjustly, as a nation of sympathizers and sermonizers and swaggerers — without purpose or power to turn our words into deeds and not above the sharp practice of accepting advantages for which we refuse to pay our share of the price. So far as the domestic policy called the "American system" is concerned, we present a spectacle of determined effort to hedge ourselves round with barriers against intercourse with other countries which, if not wholly successful, fails only because statutes are no match for the natural laws of trade. We decline to enter the world's markets or to do business over the world's counter. Instead, we set up a shop of our own, a sort of department store; to the extent that governmental action can effect it, we limit all buying and selling and exchanges of products to our own home circle; and, in the endeavor to compass that end, we have raised duties on imports to a height never dreamed of even in the stress of internecine war. In only one important particular does protectionism still lack completeness. The voice of the farmer is heard in the land complaining that he is proscribed and making the perfectly logical demand — said to have been favored in the last Congress by eighteen Senators and voted for by twelve — that his principal industries should be protected as well as any others. Why not? It is merely a question of methods. We cannot protect the farmer by customs duties on articles which never enter our

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ports. But we can do it by export bounties on those articles — an obvious method of reaching the end in view and the method really proposed. It would be worth considering as another method, whether the government should not simply buy and burn the farmer's redundant crops — a method equally beneficial to the farmer, less costly to the people at large because dispensing with the machinery incident to bounty payments, more consonant with our general policy of commercial isolation, and less likely to be offensive to foreign countries who may not care to serve as dumping-grounds for our surplus products. To governmental action in furtherance of the policy of commercial isolation and having special reference to the interests of capital, has naturally been added kindred action looking to the protection of labor. The Chinese laboring class we proscribe *en bloc*. We bar out any alien workman, who, aspiring to better his condition by coming to these shores, takes the reasonable precaution of contracting for employment before he makes the venture. By recently proposed and apparently not preventable legislation on the same lines, this land of ours, so long the boasted refuge of the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth, is now to be hermetically sealed against all to whom an unkind fate has denied a certain amount of education. Thus is a governmental policy, originally designed to protect domestic capital, now reinforced by a like policy for the protection of domestic labor, so that, were the tendency of the twin policies of commercial and political isolation to be unchecked and were not natural laws too strong for artificial restraints, we might well stand in awe of a time when in their intercourse with us and influence upon us the other countries of the earth would for all practical uses be as remote as Jupiter or Saturn. Finally, one other feature of the situation must not be overlooked. While protectionism in this country has waxed mighty and all-pervading — our foreign shipping industry has languished and declined until it has become a subject of concern and mortification to public men of all parties. Time was when we built the best ships afloat and disputed the carrying trade of the world with Great Britain herself. Now we not only make no serious attempt to carry for other countries but are looking on while only about twelve per cent. of our own foreign commerce embarks in American bottoms. What is the cause? Here are seven to eight thousand miles of coast, fronting Europe to the east and Asia to the west, belonging to seventy millions of people, intelligent, prosperous, adventurous, with aptitudes derived from ancestors whose exploits on the seas have resounded through the world and have not yet ceased to be favorite themes of poetry and romance. Why is it that such a people no longer figures on such a congenial field of action? The answer is to be found nowhere else than in the working of the twin policies we are considering — of commercial combined with political isolation. Under the former policy, when sails and timber gave way to steam and iron, protectionism so enhanced the cost of the essentials of steamship construction that any competition between American shipyards and the banks of the Clyde was wholly out of the question. Under the latter, the policy of political isolation, the public mind became predisposed to regard the annihilation of our foreign merchant service as something not only to be acquiesced in but welcomed. How could it be otherwise? If to stand apart from the group of nations to which we belong and to live to ourselves alone is the ideal we aim at, why should we not view with equanimity, or even with satisfaction, the loss of an industry which provides the connecting links between ourselves and the outer world? Though that loss was at first and for a considerable period in apparent accord with the popular

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temper, there is now a revulsion of sentiment, and a demand for the rehabilitation of our foreign merchant marine which seems to be both strong and general. Yet the predominance of political and commercial isolation ideas could not be better illustrated than by the only proposed means of reaching the desired end which seems to have any chance of prevailing. It is but a few years ago that one of the oldest and most eminent of Boston merchants appeared before a congressional committee to ask for such a change of the laws that American papers could be got for a vessel of American ownership, though not of American build. He was in the shipping business and wanted to stay in it, he could buy foreign vessels at much lower cost than that for which he could procure American vessels, he must have the foreign vessels if he was to compete with rival ship-owners, and he appealed to the government simply to nationalize his property — to let him have American registers for vessels which had become American property. He was an American — with the true American spirit — who wanted to do business under the American flag and who found it exceedingly distasteful to do business under any other. Yet his appeal was vain, his proposition was scouted as of novel and dangerous tendency, and it was even insinuated that its author, instead of being animated by patriotic impulses and purposes, had succumbed to the blandishments of foreigners and was insidiously endeavoring to promote their interests. Doubtless the same proposition made to Congress to-day would meet the same fate. The desire to resurrect our extinct foreign merchant service no doubt prevails in great and perhaps increasing force. But, so far as present indications are to be relied upon, the object is to be accomplished not by liberalizing our commercial code, but by intensifying its narrow and stringent character. Protectionism is to have a wider scope and to include a new subject-matter, and the shipping industry is to be resuscitated and fostered by bounties and subsidies and discriminating tonnage duties levied upon all alien vessels that enter our ports. Thus, and by this process, the twin policies of political and commercial isolation will be exploited as beyond the imputation of failure or of flaw; as working in complete accord to great public ends; as keeping foreigners and foreign countries at a distance on the one hand while on the other artificially stimulating a particular industry at the expense of the whole American people. Clearly, what with import duties for the manufacturer, export bounties for the farmer, tonnage taxes for the ship-builder, racial and literary exactions for the laborer, and political isolation for the whole country, we ought soon to be far advanced on the road to the millennium — unless indeed we have unhappily taken a wrong turn and are off the track altogether.

A noted Republican statesman of our day, a protectionist though not of the extreme variety, is said to have remarked, "It is not an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume or produce only what we can eat." But it is even a more pitiful ambition for such a country to aim to seclude itself from the world at large and to live a life as insulated and independent as if it were the only country on the foot-stool. A nation is as much a member of a society as an individual. Its membership, as in the case of an individual, involves duties which call for something more than mere abstention from violations of positive law. The individual who should deliberately undertake to ignore society and social obligations, to mix with his kind only under compulsion, to abstain from all effort to make men wiser or happier, to resist all appeals to charity, to get the most possible and enjoy the most possible consistent with the least

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possible intercourse with his fellows, would be universally condemned as shaping his life by a low and unworthy standard. Yet, what is true of the individual in his relations to his fellow men is equally true of every nation in its relations to other nations. In this matter, we have fallen into habits which, however excusable in their origin, are without present justification. Does a foreign question or controversy present itself appealing however forcibly to our sympathies or sense of right — what happens the moment it is suggested that the United States should seriously participate in its settlement? A shiver runs through all the ranks of capital lest the uninterrupted course of money-making be interfered with; the cry of "Jingo!" comes up in various quarters; advocates of peace at any price make themselves heard from innumerable pulpits and rostrums; while practical politicians invoke the doctrine of the Farewell Address as an absolute bar to all positive action. The upshot is more or less explosions of sympathy or antipathy at more or less public meetings, and, if the case is a very strong one, a more or less tardy tender by the government of its "moral support." Is that a creditable part for a great nation to play in the affairs of the world? The pioneer in the wilderness, with a roof to build over his head and a patch of ground to cultivate and wife and children to provide for and secure against savage beasts and yet more savage men, finds in the great law of self-preservation ample excuse for not expending either his feelings or his energies upon the joys or the sorrows of his neighbors. But surely he is no pattern for the modern millionaire, who can sell nine tenths of all he has and give to the poor, and yet not miss a single comfort or luxury of life. This country was once the pioneer and is now the millionaire. It behooves it to recognize the changed conditions and to realize its great place among the Powers of the earth. It behooves it to accept the commanding position belonging to it, with all its advantages on the one hand and all its burdens on the other. It is not enough for it to vaunt its greatness and superiority and to call upon the rest of the world to admire and be duly impressed. Posing before less favored peoples as an exemplar of the superiority of American institutions may be justified and may have its uses. But posing alone is like answering the appeal of a mendicant by bidding him admire your own sleekness, your own fine clothes and handsome house and your generally comfortable and prosperous condition. He possibly should do that and be grateful for the spectacle, but what he really asks and needs is a helping hand. The mission of this country, if it has one, as I verily believe it has, is not merely to pose but to act — and, while always governing itself by the rules of prudence and common sense and making its own special interests the first and paramount objects of its care, to forego no fitting opportunity to further the progress of civilization practically as well as theoretically, by timely deeds as well as by eloquent words. There is such a thing for a nation as a "splendid isolation" — as when for a worthy cause, for its own independence, or dignity, or vital interests, it unshrinkingly opposes itself to a hostile world. But isolation that is nothing but a shirking of the responsibilities of high place and great power is simply ignominious. If we shall sooner or later — and we certainly shall — shake off the spell of the Washington legend and cease to act the rôle of a sort of international recluse, it will not follow that formal alliances with other nations for permanent or even temporary purposes will soon or often be found expedient. On the other hand, with which of them we shall as a rule practically cooperate cannot be doubtful. From the point of view of our material interests alone, our best friend as well as most

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formidable foe is that world-wide empire whose navies rule the seas and which on our northern frontier controls a dominion itself imperial in extent and capabilities. There is the same result if we consider the present crying need of our commercial interests. What is it? It is more markets and larger markets for the consumption of the products of the industry and inventive genius of the American people. That genius and that industry have done wonders in the way of bursting the artificial barriers of the "American system" and reaching the foreign consumer in spite of it. Nevertheless, the cotton manufacturing industry of New England bears but too painful witness to the inadequacy of the home market to the home supply — and through what agency are we so likely to gain new outlets for our products as through that of a Power whose possessions girdle the earth and in whose ports equal privileges and facilities of trade are accorded to the flags of all nations? But our material interests only point in the same direction as considerations of a higher and less selfish character. There is a patriotism of race as well as of country — and the Anglo-American is as little likely to be indifferent to the one as to the other. Family quarrels there have been heretofore and doubtless will be again, and the two peoples, at the safe distance which the broad Atlantic interposes, take with each other liberties of speech which only the fondest and dearest relatives indulge in. Nevertheless, that they would be found standing together against any alien foe by whom either was menaced with destruction or irreparable calamity, it is not permissible to doubt. Nothing less could be expected of the close community between them in origin, speech, thought, literature, institutions, ideals — in the kind and degree of the civilization enjoyed by both. In that same community, and in that coöperation in good works which should result from it, lies, it is not too much to say, the best hope for the future not only of the two kindred peoples but of the human race itself. To be assured of it, we need not resort to *a priori* reasoning, convincing as it would be found, nor exhaust historical examples, numerous and cogent as they are. It is enough to point out that, of all obstacles to the onward march of civilization, none approaches in magnitude and obduracy "the scourge of war" and that the English and American peoples, both by precept and by example, have done more during the last century to do away with war and to substitute peaceful and civilized methods of settling international controversies, than all the other nations of the world combined have done during all the world's history. It is not too much to hope, let us trust, that the near future will show them making even more marked advances in the same direction, and, while thus consulting their own best interests, also setting an example sure to have the most important and beneficent influence upon the destinies of mankind.

Richard Olney.

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THE DREYFUS AND ZOLA TRIALS.

THE echoes of these great trials have come to our ears much enfeebled by their long journey across the Atlantic. Unintelligible cablegrams, and a few stray newspaper articles based on one or another trifling feature supposed to be serviceably dramatic, constitute our knowledge of an agitation which has shaken France to the centre, which has intensely excited the whole continent of Europe, which has involved possibilities of political and social revolution, which has led to the serious suggestion of racial crusades and massacres, and which the philosophical historian writing an hundred years hence will find a vastly more significant, more expressive feature of this age than a whole budget of Venezuelan episodes or Cuban questions. These trials have been the exponent or the explosion, as you will, of anti-Semitism and of militarism.

For the French nation, the point of interest has been, not the treason, but the Jew. No one upon this side of the water, unless he has read the French daily newspapers most industriously, can form an idea of the savage, merciless onslaught which they have combined to make upon the unfortunate race. They have stimulated that which needed no stimulation, — the blind rage, mingled with dread and cupidity, which often means bloodshed. For many years past anti-Semitism has been rapidly advancing in France, somewhat less rapidly in other Continental countries. This Dreyfus case is only a measure whereby we can gauge the height to which the race hatred has risen. Will it now subside? The only cheering indication is the present violence, such as usually foreruns reaction. The state of feeling is mediæval, but probably the demonstration will stop short of the St. Bartholomew which some of the fanatics have dared to mention. Nevertheless, in France to-day it is perilous to be a Jew.

Yet, in spite of the fierce support given by the anti-Semites, the small band of distinguished citizens who condemned the proceedings in the Dreyfus case would have forced the government either to submit to a revision or to show that conclusive evidence which it professed to have, had it not been for the element of "our dearest blessing, the army." The political life of the Cabinet flickered dubiously until the cry of "Vive l'armée!" was raised, and then all was safe. "Vive l'armée" might involve not only "Down with Jews," "Down with Dreyfus and Zola," but also "Down with law and justice." No matter; down let them go, and let the ruins make an altar for Esterhazy, wretch and probably enough traitor, but an officer, and not a Jew. As one French officer, who seemed in his private opinion to hold Dreyfus innocent, gallantly said, "The verdict of the court-martial is for me as conclusive as the word of God." Precisely this has been the position in which the French government has been sustained by the French people. The principle has been laid down that the generals of the French army are not only trustworthy, but infallible. Not many generations ago the French ventured to set aside the Sermon on the Mount, but to-day they cannot set aside the finding of a board of army officers. The secret proceedings in the Dreyfus case, the limitations established for and during the Zola trial, offend our sense of justice; but the former are probably a necessary part of militarism, and the latter were in part proper, and in other parts they awake the old discussion as to the merits of French and Anglo-Saxon systems of criminal procedure.

The whole business, in whatever aspect we regard it, undoubtedly soothes

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our sense of self-satisfaction, so that we thank Heaven that we are not as the Frenchmen are. We ought also, however, to thank Heaven that we are not subject to the same conditions which embarrass the French. If all the Jews of Continental Europe were suddenly to be transported to this continent, we might find the national digestion, powerful as it is, badly nauseated. Neither ought we to forget our action as to the Chinese. If Canada and Mexico were to us what Germany and Italy are to France, we should probably change our sentiments about standing armies, court-martials, and militarism in general. When a rich man sees a poor man pick a pocket, he must condemn the poor man, but moderately, and he should not indulge in self-glorification because he himself has never appropriated *æs alieni*, at least in the like manner.

October 29, 1894, la Libre Parole, edited by M. Edouard Drumont, a very lunatic among anti-Semites, hinted at an important arrest. On November 1 it stated that an attaché on the staff of the Ministry of War had been arrested for treason, and maliciously added: "The matter will be suppressed because the officer is a Jew. Seek among the Dreyfus, the Mayers, or the Lévys, and you will find him. He has made full confession, and there is absolute proof that he has told our secrets to Germany." In fact, Captain Alfred Dreyfus had already been for several days in the military prison of Cherche Midi, but so secretly immured that his name was not on the register, and he had been seen by only one attendant.

Many months before this time the War Department had become convinced that a leakage was going on toward Germany. Thereupon, an employee at the German Embassy, who habitually broke instructions by selling, instead of destroying, the contents of the waste-paper baskets, was induced, by the offer of a better price, to sell his rubbish to two new chiffoniers. One day, these persons, French detectives of course, found in the waste four fragments of a peculiar kind of paper, used by photographers. These pieces, being carefully put together, constituted the famous *bordereau*. This was a memorandum, specifying five documents relating to military secrets, which purported to have been sent by the writer to some one; but by whom and to whom did not appear, for there was neither address nor signature. Immediately there was an examination of handwritings of employees at the War Department, and Captain Dreyfus was singled out as an object of suspicion. He was summoned into a room around which looking-glasses had been skillfully disposed, and was ordered to write from dictation sentences which repeated phrases of the bordereau; he was made to rewrite some of the words as many as sixty times, now seated, now standing, now barehanded, now with gloves on, now rapidly, now slowly. Some say that he lost his self-possession, and that, when some one said his hand trembled, he attributed it to cold. A different story is, that the remarkable degree to which he kept his self-possession, under so trying and suggestive an ordeal, was construed as indicating guilt. Either way, the fact was turned against him, and the arrest was made on the spot. Simultaneously, Commandant du Paty de Clam hastened to the house of Dreyfus, and conducted a thorough ransacking, but without result; for, said an anti-Semite newspaper, all incriminating papers were in the strong-box of an accomplice. But for seventeen days the commandant improved his opportunity to torture the unfortunate wife with varied and ingenious barbarity; refusing to tell her where her husband was confined or of what crime he was accused, but assuring her that his guilt was unquestionable, and illustrating this opinion by drawing strange geometrical diagrams. He said that the penalty of the crime

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was death, and reminded her of the man in the iron mask. He also told her that her husband was leading "a double life, unexceptionable at home, but in reality monstrous."

A court-martial was promptly convened, sat with closed doors, and found the accused man guilty. He was publicly degraded from his rank in the army, the *galons* were torn from his uniform, and his sword was broken; while he maintained a defiant aspect, protesting his innocence, and crying, "Vive la France!" His sentence, of unusual severity, was deportation for life to Ile du Diable, a barren little island off the coast of French Guiana.

If Dreyfus had not been a Jew, he would have dropped into his exile with little observation, and would have been soon forgotten; but the race element came in to prevent the possibility of indifference or oblivion. The anti-Semites triumphed in a Jewish treason, and abused the government for putting a Jew in the War Bureau, where he could get at salable information. Of course he dealt in it, they said. Also of course they compared him to Judas; forgetting that if Judas was a Jew, so also was Christ. La Croix boasted that Frenchmen were preëminently enemies *du peuple déicide*, as if such hatred was creditable to Christians. M. Drumont talked of *la fatalité de la race*. On the other side, the Dreyfus family, strongly backed among the *haute Juiverie*, and with abundance of money, cried out that an innocent man had been found guilty for no other reason than because he was a Jew; and they kept up an untiring agitation of the matter.

So long as rigid secrecy was preserved the position of the government was absolutely impregnable. But in the autumn of 1896 a false rumor of the prisoner's escape revived the waning interest, and thereupon some one who knew the facts could no longer hold his peace. This leaky person was generally understood to be General Mercier, who had been Minister of War at the time of the court-martial; but he stoutly denied it, when on the stand in the Zola case. Very appropriately, l'Eclair let in the first ray of light by publishing the bordereau, — at first incorrectly, afterward accurately; and soon le Matin gave a facsimile. In the Zola trial General de Pellieux said: "People talk much of this bordereau, but few have seen it. . . . Nothing can be less like it than are the facsimiles." But Me Demange, who also had seen it, said that the facsimile in le Matin was strikingly good (*saisissant*).

Prior to the court-martial three so-called and miscalled experts in handwriting had been consulted by the government. There was the military man, du Paty de Clam, who had no skill in the difficult science of graphology; there was M. Gobert, a person sometimes employed by the Bank of France, who expressed an opinion that the handwriting of the bordereau might very well be that of some other person than Dreyfus; and there was M. Bertillon, an attaché of the police service, famous for his fad concerning the study of criminals by physical measurements; he reported that if he were to set aside the hypothesis that the document might have been most carefully forged by some imitator of the handwriting of Dreyfus, he should then attribute it to Dreyfus. Precisely this hypothesis, which he thus set aside, became afterward the Dreyfusian theory of the case. Such "expert" testimony amounted to nothing. It was not materially strengthened by three other witnesses, of like qualifications, who appeared before the court-martial, and of whom one was for Dreyfus and two were against him. M. Bernard Lazare, a Parisian journalist of repute and a strenuous Dreyfusard, remarked that when prosecuting authorities consult experts it is "not in order to exculpate some one;" yet two of the government experts had exculpated Dreyfus. Now the facsimile

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gave this zealous friend his opportunity, and M. Lazare immediately sought the judgment of leading graphologists in France and in other countries. As a result he published twelve favorable opinions in a volume, in which he also gave facsimiles of the handwriting of Dreyfus in parallel columns with facsimiles of the bordereau.

By all this examination it was established that between the handwriting of the bordereau and that of Dreyfus there was a general resemblance, but with certain distinct differences. Some letters were said even to stand the test of superposition. Hence originated the suggestion that these letters had been traced, and other parts had been originally written with intentional variations; also that the bordereau was a combination of the writing of Alfred Dreyfus and that of his brother Mathieu. The paper of the bordereau was of a texture which admitted tracing. The Dreyfusards sneered at so laborious and so clumsy a resource, and said that the combination of close likeness with slight yet essential differences was precisely what would be expected in the case of a forgery. They asked pertinently, Since Dreyfus was an Alsatian, familiar with the German language and writing, why, if he was writing to Germans, did he not safely use the German script? They urged that the peculiar paper of the bordereau was of German manufacture, and that none like it was found at the house of Dreyfus. Also they asked the fundamental question, Why should Dreyfus have increased the danger by sending this useless bordereau at all? Why not have simply dispatched the documents which were named in it? They also criticised the failure to produce the persons who brought the bordereau, when it was upon their act that the whole superstructure of the case rested. Against this, however, was the firm principle forbidding such use of government detectives.

It was almost a matter of course that there should be legends of confession. Of these, the earlier one was almost certainly false; but the later one is not quite so easily disposed of. This was that, at the time of his military degradation, Dreyfus had told Captain Lebrun-Renault that he had indeed given information to Germany, but in the hope of drawing out in return much more important information for France. This story, however, never came at first-hand from Lebrun-Renault himself, and there is no direct evidence to sustain it. General Cavaignac declared, in the Chamber of Deputies, that the statement of the confession was on file at the Ministry of War, — a fact presumably within his own personal and official knowledge; but upon being directly questioned he admitted that he had never seen the document; and being again asked for the basis of his certainty, he replied that he was "morally sure." The Dreyfusards, betwixt ridicule and indignation, responded that they were much more than morally sure of many facts in the case. In the Zola trial, Forzinetti, commander of the prison, being interrogated by M^e^ Labori as to a confession, was forbidden to answer; but elsewhere he had strenuously denied any such occurrence. It is very difficult to believe that a confession was made. If it had been, the government could have quieted this whole perilous excitement by merely stating the fact, without infringing upon the secrecy of their detective service. Moreover, the consistent and persistent behavior of Dreyfus indicates great resolution in asserting innocence. On the other hand, such efforts were made to lead him into the blunder of confessing that, if they had succeeded, the confession would have lost much of its natural value.

A vital question was, whether or not Dreyfus had access to the documents named in the bordereau. Apparently, no evidence was offered to this point, except that in the Ministry of War he was known as a prying character, accus-

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tomed to ask questions and to look over the shoulders of other employees. Now a precise investigation revealed that as to one document he could have got knowledge only by inquiry from the Artillery Bureau, and it was alleged that the officers of that bureau affirmatively testified that they had never been questioned by him. Of another document only a limited number of copies had been issued for distribution to the army corps, and the government had kept careful trace of each one of these, without being able to bring one home to him. Finally, the bordereau closed with the line, "Je vais partir en manœuvres." At any time when it was possible that these documents could have been transmitted, Dreyfus was not going to any manœuvres.

In the natural search for a motive la Libre Parole suggested: "His treason is probably a thoroughly Jewish act, — an act of ingratitude and hate, whereby Jews have always been wont to reward nations who have harbored them." Money, however, seemed more satisfactory, and stories were circulated that Dreyfus was a gambler and a dissolute liver; but he was neither the one nor the other, and he was rich.

If the bordereau had been given out in the hope of silencing the Dreyfusards, all this criticism showed that it had signally failed. Accordingly, a second effort now followed, again by the familiar channel of l'Eclair. It was said that a letter, written by a military attaché of the German Embassy at Paris to a member of the German Embassy in Italy, — both names were given eventually, — had been held up *in transitu* sufficiently long to be "skillfully read and prudently photographed;" that when the court-martial showed hesitation as to convicting upon the sole evidence of the bordereau, this letter was laid before the members, and at once "induced unanimity in their implacable decision;" but that it was not made known to Dreyfus or to his counsel. Reasons of state and *la haute politique* compelled profound secrecy. Some persons even believed that if its contents should leak out, the German army would start the next day for Paris. Very soon, however, the curious public was assured that the sentence supposed to be fatal to Dreyfus was this simple remark: "Decidedly, this animal, Dreyfus, is getting too exacting." There did not seem anything in these words to bring the Germans again to Paris! But even in these an essential correction was soon made: *Dreyfus was not named in the letter at all;* the last sentence had only the initial letter "D." This left it as a mere item of evidence; and it appeared that the French government had had the letter for many months before the arrest of Dreyfus, and that it had fastened the "D" upon at least two other persons.

The situation now was substantially this: the admission that this secret letter was necessary to induce conviction involved the admission of the insufficiency of the bordereau; but the fact that in the letter there was only an initial left that also inconclusive; finally, the placing of secret evidence before the judges created a great storm of indignation; it was a violation alike of technical law and substantial justice. Persons who were neither Jews nor lovers of Jews, even some who thought that Dreyfus might very well be guilty, now demanded a revision of his case; and these recruits came largely from the more intelligent and thinking classes. M^e^ Demange took a skillful position: he refused to be a party to these proceedings, because he would not believe that any such "enormity," such "flagrant violation of the rights of the defendant," could have been committed. But the government stood stubbornly to its colors, refused discussion, and said that the affair was *chose jugée* and should never be reopened. A majority in the Chamber of Deputies sustained this po-

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sition; and the great multitude of the people, strong in their hatred of Judaism, remained well pleased. Nevertheless, the situation was by no means satisfactory.

Now some newspapers revived an interesting story. It was remembered that M. Casimir Périer had resigned the presidency of the Republic about the time of the Dreyfus trial, on the ground that he could not endure the combination of moral responsibility and powerlessness. The tale told by le Rappel was, that M. de Munster, the German Minister, had called upon the President, and said that he was instructed by his sovereign to give assurance that Dreyfus had not, either in France or in Belgium,[1] nearly or distantly, been in relation with the secret service of the German government. The ambassador further suggested that one must be *bien naïf* to believe that a diplomat could have thrown into a waste-paper basket so important a document. Further, it was said that the Emperor of Germany had addressed an autograph letter to the President of France, saying: "I give you my word of honor as a man that Captain Dreyfus has never betrayed France to the German government; and if need should be, I will give you my word as Emperor, with all the consequences thereof." Finally, M. Casimir Périer was declared to have said of the story, "It is not precisely so," thereby confirming the substance by contradicting only the detail. Now, if the President did in fact receive these communications, he could do absolutely nothing except refer them to his ministers; and when the ministers refused to act on them he was in a false and humiliating position, out of which he might naturally get by precisely that act of resignation which had appeared so singular. Probabilities seem to favor the truth of this story; and if it was false, there could be no objection to contradicting it. In the Zola case Casimir Périer was on the witness-stand, but gave out nothing of interest. He said that it was his duty not to tell the whole truth.

Probably out of this German story grew the suggestion that the treason of Dreyfus had moved, not toward Germany, but toward Russia; and this, as many persons conceived, might explain the unwillingness to make public the secret letter. There is no way of absolutely disproving this theory; but not one particle of evidence supports it, and it stands as an arbitrary and gratuitous fancy. Moreover, much must be explained away before it can be admitted. How came the bordereau in the German waste-paper basket? How did it happen that the secret letter was written by one German attaché to another? Why, when some one who knew the whole story gave out the evidence, did he state that the communications had been made to Germany? And why had Casimir Périer hesitated to clear the German Emperor of alleged interferences? The ingenious theory has possibility, for, as the Italian peasant said to Dickens, "all things are possible;" but beyond this nothing can be said in support of it.

In the procession of sensations, the next to arrive was that of Esterhazy. Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, after eager investigation, had satisfied himself that this man was the real criminal. He stated his discoveries to Mathieu Dreyfus, who in turn formally denounced Esterhazy to the Minister of War. Esterhazy was not only a bad man in the ordinary sense of the term, but he was a thorough villain. Certain letters written by him some time before were now made public, and rendered it entirely probable that he might be a traitor. There occurred in them many venomous insults toward the French army: "Our great

[1] The reference to Belgium arose from a story that Dreyfus had made a trip into Belgium, and there had met a secret agent of the Berlin government.

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chiefs, cowardly and ignorant, will go once more to people the German prisons." "After getting to Lyons, the Germans will throw away their guns, and keep only their canes [or ramrods [1]] to chase the French before them." There was much more to the like purport with these samples. With incredible effrontery Esterhazy admitted all save the famous "uhlan letter;" and as to that he admitted that the handwriting was closely like his own. In it he spoke of the pleasure with which he would cause the death of a hundred thousand Frenchmen; said that to see Paris taken by assault and given over to the pillage of a hundred thousand drunken soldiers was a fête of which he dreamed, and that if he were told that he was to be slain the next day as a captain of uhlans sabring Frenchmen he should be perfectly happy. In view of public excitement, it was deemed necessary to try Esterhazy by court-martial; yet the government stated beforehand its strange position, that whatever might be the outcome of his case, the Dreyfus case would remain unaffected thereby. Ministers did not mean to be at all embarrassed if they should find themselves with two traitors and only one treason! Yet the assertion was superfluous, since Esterhazy was *innocenté par avance.*

The only question at this trial was whether or not Esterhazy wrote the bordereau. The doors were closed. Colonel Picquart made his statement. The batch of graphologues filed into court, and asserted in theatrical chorus that Esterhazy never wrote that bordereau, — never! They even declared they were doubtful whether he had written some of the letters which he himself acknowledged. One docile expert, who had said that Dreyfus had traced some of his own handwriting in the bordereau, now said that Dreyfus had also traced in the bordereau some of Esterhazy's handwriting! If there was a lack of originality in the suggestion, there was also a lack of any plausible reason for it. Upon such evidence the court could only acquit the defendant. Thereupon came a surprising scene. The accused man, his breast sparkling with decorations, received in his arms his weeping advocate, and contributed his own tears; the members of the court-martial congratulated him *avec émotion;* every one shook hands with him, and the crowd outside shrieked, "Vive l'armée!" and "Vive Esterhazy!" — certainly a strange fellowship of cries.

One cannot but reflect that if Dreyfus had been tried in the same spirit in which Esterhazy was tried, he would have been acquitted, and *vice versa.* It is impossible, upon the merits, much to differentiate the two cases. At each trial the substantial question was of handwriting, and at neither did the experts deserve the name. In the Dreyfus case they contradicted one another; in the Esterhazy case they stultified themselves. Was there much to choose? Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. If one of these women were a Jewess, and the other a Christian, the French government would have no difficulty in making the selection.

Dreyfus had now become a symbol between Semites and anti-Semites; he was the test of victory: —

> "For Titus dragged him by the foot,
> And Aulus by the head."

With the Jews stood a cohort composed of men of brains and independence, lovers of justice, who worried themselves about neither Jew nor Gentile, but who believed that a gross injustice had put in jeopardy the safety of every citizen of

[1] The word is *baguettes.* Littré says: "Sorte de petit bâton mince et flexible. Dans quelques pays certains officiers portaient une baguette quand ils étaient en fonction. . . . Baguette de fusil, de pistolet, baguette qui sert à presser la charge dans le canon. *Plur.* Supplice militaire, qui consiste à frapper avec une baguette."

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France. On the anti-Semite side were the mass of the people, the government, and the army, — an invincible combination, but unfortunate in having to adopt as their symbol the disreputable Esterhazy.

On January 13, 1898, l'Aurore published Zola's famous letter to M. Félix Faure, President of the Republic. It filled nearly eight columns, and was clear, forcible, dramatic, — an admirable composition. What fuel it was! The flames of conflict roared and sprang aloft toward the heavens. It was certainly an act of reckless daring, and I believe that it was also an honest act, though others have seen in it only an advertisement, — a novel and very perilous experiment in that direction, one would think. The press overwhelmed him with abuse, repudiated him as a fellow countryman, and called him *auteur de pornographies* and *écrivain immonde*, and many unsavory names. When French newspapers cried out against his coarseness, it was evident that even the French sense of humor had succumbed to the intensity of the situation, and was fairly drowned beneath the raging torrent of anti-Semitism. They said that "in an epileptic attack he had insulted our dearest blessing, the army." In vain did he explain that his attack was not upon the army, but only upon a few individuals; none the less did the illogical mobs continue to shriek, "A bas les Juifs!" "Vive l'armée!" "A bas Zola!" as an allied trinity of cries.

The government, unable to ignore such a defiance, at once instituted a prosecution against M. Zola and M. Perrenx, editor of l'Aurore. From the moment of the Dreyfus arrest the government had held "the inside track," and this now meant the very great advantage of selecting the field of battle. In the long list of arraignments made by Zola was this sentence: —

"I accuse the first Council of War of having violated the law by condemning the accused on a piece of evidence which was kept secret; and I accuse the second Council of War of having, under orders, covered this illegality by committing in its turn the crime at law of knowingly acquitting a guilty man."

The government based its proceedings only upon *the second half of this charge.* In other words, the Esterhazy case was to be retried, and that was all. A curious world was disappointed, but the government was well advised; its whole business was to convict the defendants in the surest, simplest way. The advocate-general, van Cassel, promptly demanded a strict limitation to the precise question: "Have the judges of Commandant Esterhazy committed the crime of rendering a judgment to order?"

Maîtres Labori and Clémenceau, counsel for MM. Zola and Perrenx, resisted: "It was impossible thus to get to the bottom of the affair; the incriminated passage, taken in isolation, was incomprehensible; it was against good sense and justice to select arbitrarily a short passage from the letter, to the exclusion of the general purport and bearing of the whole."

Zola added: "How can we show that an illegality has been covered, if we are not allowed to show that an illegality has been committed?"

But the situation was Zola's misfortune; the ruling of the court in favor of the advocate-general was inevitable.

When Me Labori began to name his witnesses, the result was like that which befell the man who made a great supper and bade many guests, and they all with one consent began to make excuse. A number of military men were not free to speak on grounds of "professional secrecy," and the ladies were all ill. The widow Chapelin had an influenza and a sick baby, and frankly declared that if forced to testify she would say "the contrary of the truth." Me Labori argued fairly that these persons could not know beforehand to what

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point they would be questioned, and complained that the military men made themselves "a caste apart." The court ordered most of them to appear.

Madame Dreyfus was the first witness, and was asked under what conditions she learned of the arrest of her husband, and what she thought of the good faith of M. Zola. The president of the court ruled the question out. M. Zola said that he "claimed such advantages as were accorded to robbers and assassins, whose witnesses were named and heard; that he was insulted in the streets, menaced with violence, his carriage windows were broken; the jury should have those facts; and was he not to be permitted to show his good faith?" The president assured him that the question was contrary to law. Zola responded: "I do not know the law; and, at the moment, I do not wish to know it. I am accused, and I ought to have the right of defense."

More questions were ruled out, and again M. Zola protested: "To present a portion of my letter only in order to bring me within reach of the law is a disgrace to justice. I do not put myself above the law, and have never said so; but I do put myself above the hypocritical procedure which seeks to close my mouth." (Applause.)

Colonel Picquart had been practically the prosecutor of Esterhazy; at the court-martial his evidence had been given within closed doors, but now he told his story to the world. In 1896, the fragments of a torn *carte-télégramme*, the *petit bleu*, had "fallen into his hands." He did not explain why these fragments excited his interest, but they did so, for he had them carefully put together; and thereby he found that the card was addressed to Commandant Esterhazy, and that its contents and signature indicated something wrong. Thereupon he made inquiries about Esterhazy, and learned that he was a gambler, a speculator, a borrower of money, a *coureur de femmes*, and a general scoundrel, easily to be suspected of any baseness. He then had the petit bleu photographed, and two witnesses concerned in this task said that he desired to have the marks of tearing made to disappear, also to omit certain words. This looked disingenuous; but Picquart explained, reasonably, that he had only wished to leave out titles, addresses, and signatures, so that experts examining the handwriting should not know who was under investigation. Further, the card bore no post-stamp to indicate delivery, and these witnesses said that Picquart had desired to have a postmark put upon it. This he absolutely denied, saying that some one of them, looking at the card, had remarked, "It does not look authentic; there ought to be a postmark on it," — which might have been distorted into the evidence given.

Why, in connection with a card written *to* Esterhazy, Picquart had desired specimens of writing *by* Esterhazy does not appear; but he had sought them, and had them in his possession when le Matin published the facsimile of the bordereau. Immediately Picquart was struck by the resemblance of the handwriting to that of Esterhazy. He hastened to M. Bertillon, who at once said that the Esterhazy specimen was the handwriting of the writer of the bordereau; and being told that the specimen was written subsequent to the conviction of Dreyfus, he said that evidently the Jews had had some one at work learning to imitate the writing of the bordereau. This evidence of Picquart was corroborated by the Deputy Hubbard, to whom the foolish Bertillon said that he would not look at Esterhazy's handwriting; that Esterhazy would end by confession; but that at any rate there must be no revision, which would mean a social revolution; that at times prefects of police bade one speak, at other times they bade one keep silence. The quasi expert du Paty de Clam also admitted the likeness of the

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writings, but suggested Mathieu Dreyfus as the writer. A banker, who had operated for Esterhazy on the Bourse, was so struck by the resemblance that he called the attention of Mathieu Dreyfus to it. One other person, also, was profoundly affected, and that was Commandant Esterhazy himself, who hurried about Paris for a couple of days, beneath a pelting rain, behaving like one demented. In his wanderings he came into the office of la Libre Parole, and there said: "Yes, between the handwriting of the bordereau and mine there is a frightful [*effrayante*] resemblance; and when le Matin published the facsimile, I felt myself lost."

Picquart had thus far pushed his investigation with more satisfaction to himself than to the government, which apparently had no desire to have a second traitor on its hands. Accordingly, at this inopportune moment his chiefs sent him to Tunis, in the hope, it was said, that he would die upon an unwholesome expedition there. But the generals testified that the fact was only that he was so absorbed in one idea, so "hypnotized" by it, that he had temporarily lost his usefulness, and it was expected that he would return in a more "normal temper." While he was there he received some puzzling telegrams: —

"Your sudden departure has thrown us all into disorder; the work is compromised."

"All is discovered. Matter very serious."

"They have proof that the petit bleu has been made up by George."

Picquart observed that upon one of these telegrams his name was spelled without the "c," and that it had been spelled in the same manner in a letter received by him at nearly the same time from Esterhazy. He became suspicious that Esterhazy was preparing charges of forgery and conspiracy against him, and sent two of the telegrams to the War Department, with a request for an investigation. Later, it appeared that Esterhazy, in Paris, had knowledge of these documents at an unaccountably early date. When Picquart came back to Paris for the trial, he found himself by no means any longer a favorite, but, on the contrary, he was received "rather as one accused than as a witness." Apparently, he now, at the Zola trial, made a good impression by his testimony, for at the end of his most important day he "received an ovation," which was a rare occurrence on his side of that case.

Also, in his character of prosecutor of Esterhazy, Picquart went further, by showing that Esterhazy had sought information in the direct line of the documents enumerated by the bordereau, and that, in fact, soon after the probable date of the bordereau Esterhazy was sent upon some manœuvres. But thereupon arose an angry discussion as to the date of the bordereau, the generals setting it in September, or possibly August, while their opponents said that it had always been set by every one in April.

General de Pellieux, who bore the burden for the government, testified that he had investigated the charges against Esterhazy prior to the court-martial, and found no evidence of guilt, but that he did find that Colonel Picquart was in need of discipline (which he got in Africa); that Colonel Picquart had failed to show that the petit bleu was sent by mail by a foreign military attaché to Esterhazy; that the card did not appear genuine; and that Picquart had shown singular naïveté in fancying that such a communication would be so openly made. But this came with an ill grace after the earlier naïveté of believing that the bordereau had been thrown into a waste-paper basket. The general was moved, at one point, to exclaim: "I will not admit that seven officers, several of whom have spilled their blood on battle-fields, while other persons were I know not where, can be accused of having acquitted *by order!*"

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Zola interrupted: "There are different ways of serving France; one can serve her by the sword or by the pen. M. le général de Pellieux has doubtless won battles. I also have won mine. My works have carried the French language throughout all the universe. Posterity will choose between General de Pellieux and Emile Zola."

At another point in the case General de Pellieux had quite a brush with M. Jaurès, the famous Socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies, who addressed to the jury an elaborate and sufficiently eloquent speech, thinly salted with testimony.

"I consider," said M. Jaurès, "that the conduct of the trial of Esterhazy justifies the most vehement of M. Zola's outbursts of indignation; it justifies also the alarm of those who, profoundly respecting the national army, yet do not wish to see the military power raise itself above all control and all law." "Why," he asked, "has it been necessary to conduct in secrecy the examination of experts in handwriting?"

He referred also to the "very disquieting" fact that no investigation had been made to discover how the secret letter, or a photographic copy thereof, on which Dreyfus was condemned, had come by the singular channel of a "veiled lady" into the hands of Esterhazy, and had there remained several days. When this paper, of such immeasurable importance, was found to have reached Esterhazy, evidently by connivance on the part of the Etat Major, no investigation was ordered! Did not this publish the resolution of the Staff Office to protect Esterhazy thoroughly and at all cost? Everything, he said, showed that the trial had been conducted, "not with a view to truth and justice, but for the systematic justification of the great military chiefs." Matters had gone in the same way in the Chamber of Deputies, where he had introduced the question whether or not a document, which might prove culpability, had been communicated to the judges, but not to the accused and his counsel. He had been able to obtain no direct answer. M. Meline had said, "I cannot answer you without serving your schemes," — as though, in the land of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, it were a "scheme" to say that a man could not be convicted on secret evidence! Afterward, however, the deputies had thronged around him, and had said: "You are quite right; but how unfortunate that this affair should have broken out just before election!"

General de Pellieux replied to this "admirable speech:" —

"I am not a soul of crystal, and I have had enough of all these splashings of mud with which people are trying to bespatter men who have no other care than their duty. I can stand it no longer! I say that it is culpable, criminal, to rob the army of the confidence which it has in its chiefs. In the day of peril, nearer perhaps than you think, what do you expect this army to do? It is to butchery that your sons will be led, gentlemen of the jury! And on that day M. Zola will have gained a new battle. He will write a new Débâcle, and it will be spread abroad throughout a Europe from which France will be erased."

His words were loudly applauded. Me Labori turned to the audience and rebuked them; the president of the court in turn rebuked him. He retorted: "The lawyers are forbidden, and properly, to make manifestations. Why, then, is it endured that officers of artillery, in full uniform, should applaud ostentatiously?" The president threatened to forbid his speaking. "Do so!" exclaimed Me Labori. "M. le général de Pellieux has suggested future battles. In him I respect my chief, for I also belong to the army. But I can tell him that on that day of battle my blood will be as good as his!"

In fact, one can hardly be surprised that Me Labori felt it as an unfair bur-

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den that generals came daily into court as witnesses; not only addressing the jury, sometimes with much eloquence, but dazzling them by the éclat of their military insignia and decorations, and by their official character. After one of the hearings, General de Pellieux, "profoundly moved," passed out of the Palais de Justice, weeping and shaking hands with the crowd, whose patriotic fervor was boiling. At the same moment Esterhazy appeared. Men took off their hats and crushed around him, and one kissed him, whilst all joined in shouting, "Vive Esterhazy!" "Vive l'armée!" "Saluez la victime!" "A bas les Juifs!"

The conduct of Commandant Esterhazy was both prudent and simple. He came upon the witness-stand, turned his back upon Me Labori, and when a question was put to him by that gentleman stated that he should answer no question whatsoever coming from that side. Thereupon Me Labori requested the president to put the question, and the president did so. Esterhazy replied: "Although you do me the honor, M. le Président, to transmit this question, it remains all the same the question of Me Labori; therefore I will not answer." Apparently, there is no process in French law whereby a recalcitrant witness can be made to answer a question, if he does not wish to. Accordingly, in this case Maîtres Labori and Clémenceau had no other course than to put all their questions without receiving an answer to any one of them. This they did, and in so doing covered thoroughly all the points which were charged against Esterhazy. The interrogatories fill nearly three columns of le Temps, and make, by implication, a terrible arraignment of the man who dared not answer them.

In connection with Esterhazy, it is worth while to mention the evidence of M. Huret, who had been sent to Rouen to find out what was thought of Esterhazy by his regimental comrades. He testified that he was struck by the fact that the news of the suspicion which had fallen upon the commandant excited not a ripple of astonishment. The officers said that they were not surprised. When he asked, "Why so?" they gave no definite reason; but one of them told him that when news had come that a commandant, not on active duty, was under suspicion of treason, several at the Rouen garrison had suggested Esterhazy.

M. Bertillon, the government's expert in handwriting, was as grotesque as a character in a farce. He admitted that he had no confidence in his art, and yet alleged that by that art he was "sure" that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau. He said of the bordereau: "It obeys a geometric rhythm of which the equation is found in the blotter of Dreyfus." He had much to say about *dextrogyre* and *sénestrogyre*. Altogether, he justified Me Labori in exclaiming, "Experts are not yet oracles!" and in the sneering charge that M. Bertillon had based the culpability of Alfred Dreyfus on a letter written by Mathieu Dreyfus.

The defendants called several experts in graphology. One of them, M. Héricourt, stated that variations in handwriting are in harmony with physiological variations of the writer; and, applying this subtle principle, he declared the bordereau to be the handwriting of Esterhazy. For the most part, however, these experts gave testimony in a manner both intelligent and intelligible.

There were several instances of what the French newspapers called "incidents of vivacity." One of these vivacious occurrences consisted in the exchange of the lie between Colonel Picquart and Commandant Henry. This afterward occasioned a duel, more serious than most French duels, in which Henry received a rather bad wound. Another incident arose in the examination of General Gonse, who lost his temper, and exclaimed that the questions put to him were "traps." For this discourtesy he

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afterward apologized, saying that he respected justice and had yielded to his emotions. Thereupon, M^e^ Ployer, apparently a sort of *amicus curiæ*, said, "General, I thank you in the name of the whole bar;" and the "incident was closed." This witness, by the way, took the difficult position that the Dreyfus case must not be opened, but that the question of Esterhazy's guilt should be investigated, though independently.

General Mercier testified that he did not know from what source l'Eclair and le Matin had derived their knowledge about Dreyfus, and denied having ever said that a document had been secretly submitted to the court-martial. But when pressed to state whether in fact there had been such a secret document, he refused to answer. "We will take your word as a soldier," said M^e^ Labori. "I will give it," exclaimed the witness, "that that man was a traitor, and justly and legally condemned!" M^e^ Labori excepted to this answer; but it had been made.

The trial of MM. Zola and Perrenx ended in the only possible way; both defendants were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in St. Pélagie and to an insignificant fine. Zola received one year, Perrenx four months. The trial had been thoroughly unsatisfactory; it had *proved* absolutely nothing; it had only established the fact that it was quite as likely that the bordereau had been written by Esterhazy as that it had been written by Dreyfus, for the two men wrote singularly alike. In consequence, some persons who believed Dreyfus guilty now gave out the theory that Esterhazy was his accomplice. If Esterhazy had previously had any reputation for honor or decency, the trial would have destroyed it; but he had had none, and he only exemplified that from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. So the Zola case affected the Dreyfus question only by making the enigma more enigmatical; and it did this by introducing a rival claimant for the bordereau. The impression left upon me is that, whether or not Dreyfus had been mixed up in a treason, Esterhazy almost surely had been so.

Is Dreyfus guilty? All the facts known fall very far short of *proving* guilt. It does not follow, of course, as an affirmative proposition, that he is innocent. Moreover, there is a vexatious probability that important facts remain unknown. From beginning to end the government has not uttered one word; it has introduced no evidence in public; it did not call one witness nor cross-examine one witness in the Zola case; it has never admitted that the evidence which has leaked into publicity is all, or even an important part, of the evidence in its possession; on the contrary, in defiance of all pressure, of all curiosity, of all political peril, it has firmly and consistently refused to show its hand. Furthermore, three reputable witnesses, generals of the army, have asserted most solemnly, upon their word of honor, that they *knew* Dreyfus to be guilty; that it was not matter of opinion, but of knowledge; that it was an absolute fact; and they have said that they based this statement on their knowledge of things which had not been published. In corroboration of this, there occurred in the course of the testimony distinct allusions to the existence of documents on file at the War Department, and strictly secret.

No one questioned the integrity of the officers of the court-martial. Neither was it comprehensible that the government should have gratuitously pushed a false charge against an insignificant captain, or that so cruel a punishment should have been inflicted, if there were doubts of his guilt. Nor has it been shown that he had any enemy likely to enter upon the perilous task of manufacturing false evidence against him. On the other hand, the scandalous protection given by the government to the

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wretched Esterhazy provokes suspicion of bad faith. Neither is it easy to explain why the government should not have permitted the occult leakage, by which it had been put in so embarrassing a position, to continue a little longer for the purpose of extrication.

All these things, however, are speculations only, and the affair remains an unsolved mystery. But its mystery is its charm. If we knew, as an *absolute fact*, either that Dreyfus is guilty or that he is innocent, we should forget his case within twenty-four hours.

John T. Morse, Jr.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE REAL LIFE.

THE world of science and learning, as well as the social world, has its alternating seasons and its capricious fashions. Mathematics and philosophy, theology and physics, philology and history, each has had its great time; each was once favored by both the leaders of knowledge and the crowd of imitating followers. The nineteenth century, which began with high philosophical inspirations, has turned decidedly toward natural science; the description of the universe by dissolving it into its atomistic elements, and the explanation by natural laws without regard for the meaning and the value of the world, has been the scientific goal. But this movement toward naturalistic dissolution has also gone through several phases. It started with the rapid development of physics and chemistry, which brought as a practical result the wonderful gifts of technique. From the inorganic world the scientific interest turned toward the organic world. For a few decades, physiology, the science of the living organism, enjoyed an almost unsurpassed development, and brought as its practical outcome modern medicine. From the functions of the single organism the public interest has been drawn to the problems of the evolution of the organic world as a whole. Darwinism has invaded the educated quarters, and its practical consequence has been rightly or wrongly a revolution against dogmatic traditions.

Finally, the interests of the century have gone a step further, — the last step which naturalism can take. If the physical and the chemical, the physiological and the biological world, in short the whole world of outer experience, is atomized and explained, there remains only the world of inner experience, the world of the conscious personality, to be brought under the views of natural science. The period of psychology, of the natural science of the mental life, began. It began ten, perhaps fifteen years ago, and we are living in the middle of it. No Edison and no Roentgen can make us forget that the great historical time of physics and physiology is gone; psychology takes the central place in the thought of our time, and overflows into all channels of our life. It began with an analysis of the simple ideas and feelings, and it has developed to an insight into the mechanism of the highest acts and emotions, thoughts and creations. It started by studying the mental life of the individual, and it has rushed forward to the psychical organization of society, to the social psychology, to the psychology of art and science, religion and language, history and law. It began with an increased carefulness of self-observation, and it has developed to an experimental science, with the most elaborate methods of technique, and with scores of big laboratories in its service. It started in the narrow circles of philosophers, and it is now at

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home wherever mental life is touched. The historian strives to-day for psychological explanation, the economist for psychological laws; jurisprudence looks on the criminal from a psychological standpoint; medicine emphasizes the psychological value of its assistance; the realistic artist and poet fight for psychological truth; the biologist mixes psychology in his theories of evolution; the philologist explains the languages psychologically; and while æsthetical criticism systematically coquets with psychology, pedagogy seems even ready to marry her.

As the earlier stages of naturalistic interests, the rush toward physics, physiology, biology, were each, as we have seen, of characteristic influence on the practical questions of real life, it is a matter of course that this highest and most radical type of naturalistic thinking, the naturalistic dissolution of mental life, must stir up and even revolutionize the whole practical world. From the nursery to the university, from the hospital to the court of justice, from the theatre to the church, from the parlor to the parliament, the new influence of psychology on the real daily life is felt in this country as in Europe, producing new hopes and new fears, new schemes and new responsibilities.

Let us consider the world we live in, from the point of view of this new creed. What becomes of the universe and what of the human race, what becomes of our duty and what of our freedom, what becomes of our friends and what of ourselves, if psychology is not only true, but the only truth, and has to determine the values of our real life?

What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view? We separate the consciousness and the content of consciousness. From the standpoint of psychology, — I mean a consistent psychology, not a psychology that lives by all kinds of compromises with philosophy and ethics, — from the standpoint of psychology the consciousness itself is in no way a personality; it is only an abstraction from the totality of conscious facts, — an abstraction just as the conception of nature is abstracted from the natural physical objects. Consciousness does not do anything; consciousness is only the empty place for the manifoldness of psychical facts; it is the mere presupposition making possible the existence of the content of consciousness, but every thought and feeling and volition must be itself such a content of consciousness. Personality, too, is thus a content; it is the central content of our consciousness, and psychology can show in a convincing way how this fundamental idea grows and influences the development of mental life. We know how the whole idea of personality crystallizes about those tactual and muscular and optical sensations which come from the body; how at first the child does not discriminate his own limbs from the outside objects he sees; and how slowly the experiences, the pains, the successes, which connect themselves with the movements and contacts of this one body blur into the idea of that central object, our physical personality, into which the mental experiences become gradually introjected.

Psychology shows how this idea of the Ego grows steadily together with the idea of the Alter, and how it associates itself with the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops itself toward a sociological personality, including now everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including thus our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community. Psychology shows how, on the other hand, this idea can shrink and expel everything which is not essential for the continuity of this central group of psychical contents. Our personality does not depend upon our chance knowledge and

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chance sensations; it remains, once formed, if we lose even our arms and legs with their sensations; and thus the personality becomes that most central group of psychical contents which accompany the transformation of experiences into actions; that is, feelings and will. Psychology demonstrates thus a whole scale of personalities in every one of us, — the psychological one, the sociological one, the ideal one; but each one is and can be only a group of psychical contents, a bundle of sensational elements. It is an idea which is endlessly more complicated, but in principle not otherwise constituted, than the idea of our table or our horse; just as, from the point of view of chemistry, the substance which we call a human body is in principle not otherwise constituted than any other physical thing. The influence of the idea of personality means psychologically, then, its associative and inhibitory effects on the mechanism of the other contents of consciousness, and the unity and continuity of the personality mean that causal connection of its parts by which anything that has once entered our psychical life may be at any time reproduced, and may help to change the associative effects which come from the idea of ourselves.

Has this psychological personality freedom of will? Certainly. Everything depends in this case upon the definitions, and the psychologist can easily construct a conception of freedom which is in the highest degree realized in the psychophysical organism and its psychological experiences. Freedom of will means to him absence of an outer force, or of pathological disturbance in the causation of our actions. We are free, as our actions are not the mere outcome of conditions which lie outside of our organism, but the product of our own motives and their normal connections. All our experiences and thoughts, our inherited dispositions and trained habits, our hopes and fears, are coöperating in our consciousness and its physiological substratum, in our brain, to bring out the action. Under the same outer conditions, somebody else would have acted otherwise; or we ourselves should have preferred and done something else, if our memory or our imagination or our reason had furnished some other associations. The act is ours, we are responsible, we could have stopped it; and only those are unfree, and therefore irresponsible, who are the passive sufferers from an outer force, or who have no normal mental mechanism for the production of their action, a psychophysical disturbance which might come as a kind of outer force to paralyze the organism; it might be alcohol or poison, hypnotism or brain disease, which comes as an intruder to inhibit the regular free play of the motives.

Of course, if we should ask the psychologist whether this unfree and that free action stand differently to the psychological and physiological laws, he would answer only with a smile. To think that freedom of will means independence of psychological laws is to him an absurdity; our free action is just as much determined by laws, and just as psychologically necessary, as the irresponsible action of the hypnotized or of the maniacal subject. That the whole world of mental facts is determined by laws, and that therefore in the mental world just as little as in the physical universe do wonders happen, — that is the necessary presupposition of psychology, which it does not discuss, but takes for granted. If the perceptions and associations and feelings and emotions and dispositions are all given, the action must necessarily happen as it does. The effect is absolutely determined by the combination of causes; only the effect is a free one, because those causes were lying within us. To be sure, those causes and motives in us have themselves again causes, and these deeper causes may not lie in ourselves. We have not ourselves chosen all the experiences of our lives; we have not ourselves picked out the knowledge with

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which our early instruction provided us; we have not ourselves created those brain dispositions and talents and tendencies which form in us the decisions and actions. And so the causes refer to our ancestors and our teachers and the surrounding conditions of society, and with the causes must the responsibility be pushed backwards. The unhealthy parents, and not the immoral children, are responsible; the unfitted teacher, and not the misbehaving pupil, should be blamed; society, and not the criminal, is guilty. To take it in its most general meaning, the cosmical elements, with their general laws, and not we single mortals, are the fools!

The actions of personalities form the substance of history. Whatever men have created by their will in politics and social relations, in art and science, in technics and law, is the object of the historian's interest. What that all means, seen through the spectacles of psychology, is easily deduced. The historical material is made up of will functions of personalities; personalities are special groups of psychophysical elements; free-will functions are necessary products of the foregoing psychophysical conditions; history, therefore, is the report about a large series of causally determined psychophysical processes which happened to happen. But it is a matter of course that the photographic and phonographic copy of raw material does not constitute a science. Science has everywhere to go forward from the single unconnected data to the general relations and connections. Consequently, history as a scientific undertaking is not satisfied with the kinematographic view of all the mental processes which ever passed through human brains, but it presses toward general connection, and the generalizations for single processes are the causal laws which underlie them. The aim of history, then, must be to find the constant psychological laws which control the development of nations and races, and which produce the leader and the mob, the genius and the crowd, war and peace, progress and social diseases. The great economic and climatic factors in the evolution of the human race come into the foreground; the single individual and the single event disappear from sight; the extraordinary man becomes now the extreme case of the average crowd, produced by a chance combination of dispositions and conditions; genius and insanity begin to touch each other; nothing is new; the same conditions bring again and again the same effects in new masks and gowns; history, with all its branches, becomes a vast department of social psychology.

But if the free actions of the historical personalities are the necessarily determined functions of the psychophysical organisms, what else are and can be the norms and laws which these personalities obey? Certainly, the question which such laws answer, the question what ought to be, does not coincide with the question what is; but even that "ought" exists only as a psychical content in the consciousness of men, as a content which gets the character of a command only by its associative and inhibitory relations to our feelings and emotions. In short, it is a psychical content which may be characterized by special effects on the psychological mechanism of associations and actions, but which is in principle coördinated to every other psychical idea, and which grows and varies, therefore, in human minds, under the same laws of adaptation and inheritance and tradition as every other mental thing. Our ethical laws are, then, the necessary products of psychological laws, changing with climate and race and food and institutions, types of action desirable for the conservation of the social organism. And just the same must be true for the æsthetical and even for the logical rules and laws. Natural processes have in a long evolutionary development produced brains which connect psychological facts in a

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useful correspondence to the surrounding physical world; an apparatus which connects psychical facts in a way which misleads in the outer physical world is badly adapted, and must be lost in the struggle for existence. Logical laws are, then, just so many types of useful psychical processes, depending upon the psychophysical laws, and changing with the conditions and complications of life.

The psychologist will add: Do not feel worried by that merely psychological origin of all our inner laws. Is not their final goal in any case also only the production of a special psychophysical state? What else can our thinking and feeling and acting strive for than to produce a mental state of agreeable character? We think logically because the result is useful for us; that is, secures the desired agreeable, practical ends. We seek beauty because we enjoy beautiful creations of art and nature. We act morally because we wish to give to others also that happiness which we desire for ourselves. In short, the production of the psychological states of delight and enjoyment in us and others, and the reduction of the opposite mental states of pain and sorrow, are the only aim and goal of a full, sound life. Were all the disagreeable feelings in human consciousness replaced by happy feelings, one psychological content thus replaced by another, heaven would be on earth.

But psychology can go one more step forward. We know what life means to it, but what does the world mean? What is its metaphysical credo? There need not be much speculative fight about it. All who understand the necessary premises of psychology ought to agree as to the necessary conclusions. Psychology starts with the presupposition that all objects which have existence in the universe are physical or psychical, objects in matter or objects in consciousness. Other objects are not perceivable by us, and therefore do not exist. To come from this to a philosophical insight into the ultimate reality, we must ask whether these physical and psychical facts are equally true. To doubt that anything at all exists is absurd, as such a thought shows already that at least thoughts exist. The question is, then, only whether both physical and psychical facts are real, or physical only, or psychical only. The first view is philosophical dualism; the second is materialistic monism; the third is spiritualistic monism. Psychology cannot hesitate long. What absurdity to believe in materialism, or even in dualism, as it is clear that in the last reality all matter is given to us only as idea in our consciousness! We may see and touch and hear and smell the physical world, but whatever we see we know only as our visual sensations, and what we touch is given to us as our tactual sensations; in short, we have an absolute knowledge which no philosophical criticism can shake, only in our own sensations and other contents of consciousness. Physical things may be acknowledged as a practical working hypothesis for the simple explanation of the order of our sensations, but the philosophical truth must be that our psychical facts alone are certain, and therefore undoubtedly real.

Only our mind-stuff is real. Yet I have no right to call it "ours," as those other personalities whom I perceive exist also only as my perceptions; they are philosophically all in my own consciousness, which I never can transcend. But have I still the right to call that *my* consciousness? An I has a meaning only where a Thou is granted; where no Alter is there cannot be an Ego. The real world is, therefore, not my consciousness, but an absolutely impersonal consciousness in which a series of psychical states goes on in succession. Have I the right to call it a succession? Succession presupposes time, but whence do I know about time? The past and the future are given to me, of course, only by my present thinking of them. I do not know the past; I know only that I

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at present think the past; the present thought is, then, the only absolutely real thing. But if there is no past and no future, to speak of a present has no meaning. The real psychical fact is without time as without personality; it is for nobody, for no end, and with no value. That is the last word of a psychology which pretends to be philosophy.

Now let us return to our starting-point: are we really obliged to accept this view of the world as the last word of the knowledge of our century? Can our historical and political, our ethical and æsthetical, our logical and philosophical thinking, — in short, can the world of our real practical life be satisfied with such a credo? And if we wish to escape it, is it true that we have to deny in our conscience all that the century calls learning and knowledge? Is it true that only a mysterious belief can overcome such positivistic misery, and that we have to accept thus the most anti-philosophical attitude toward the world which exists; that is, a mixture of positivism and mysticism?

To be sure, we cannot, no, we cannot be satisfied with that practical outcome of psychology, with those conclusions about the final character of personality and freedom, about history and logic and ethics, about man and the universe. Every fibre in us revolts, every value in our real life rejects such a construction. We do not feel ourselves such conglomerates of psychophysical elements, and the men whom we admire and condemn, love and hate, are for us not identical with those combinations of psychical atoms which pull and push one another after psychological laws. We do not mean, with our responsibility and with our freedom in the moral world, that our consciousness is the passive spectator of psychological processes which go on causally determined by laws, satisfied that some of the causes are inside of our skull, and not outside. The child is to us in real life no vegetable which has to be raised like tomatoes, and the criminal is no weed which does not feel that it destroys the garden.

Does history really mean to us what psychological and economical and statistical laws put in its place? Are "heroism" and "hero-worship" empty words? Have Kant and Fichte, Carlyle and Emerson, really nothing to say any more, and are Comte and Buckle our only apostles? Do we mean, in speaking of Napoleon and Washington, Newton and Goethe, those complicated chemical processes which the physiologist sees in their life, and those accompanying psychical processes which the psychologist enumerates between their birth and their death? Do we really still think historically, if we consider the growth of the nations and this gigantic civilization on earth as the botanist studies the growth of the mould which covers a rotten apple? Is it really only a difference of complication?

But worse things are offered to our belief. We are asked not only to consider all that the past has brought as the necessary product of psychological laws, but also to believe that all we are striving and working for, all our life's fight, — it may be the noblest one, — means nothing else than the production of some psychological states of mind, of some feelings of agreeableness; in short, that the tickling sensations are the ideal goal of our life. The greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, that discouraging phrase in which the whole vulgarity of a naturalistic century seems condensed, is it really the source of inspiration for an ideal soul, and does our conscience really look out for titillation in connection with a majority vote?

If you repeat again and again that there are only relative laws, no absolute truth and beauty and morality, that they are changing products of the outer conditions without binding power, you contradict yourself by the assertion. Do you not demand already for your skeptical denial that at least this denial itself

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is an absolute truth? And when you discuss it, and stand for your conviction that there is no morality, does not this involve your acknowledgment of the moral law to stand for one's conviction? If you do not acknowledge that, you allow the inference that you yourself do not believe that which you stand for, and that you know, therefore, that an absolute morality does exist. The psychological skepticism contradicts itself by its pretensions; there is a truth, a beauty, a morality, which is independent of psychological conditions. When such ideal duties penetrate our life, we cannot rest at last in a psychological metaphysics where the universe is an impersonal content of consciousness; and every straightforward man, to whom the duties of his real life are no sounding brass, speaks with a calm voice to the psychologist: There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Is there really no possible combination of these two attitudes? Certainly such combination is not given by an inconsistent compromise. If we say to the intellect, Go on with your analyzing and explaining psychology, but stop halfway, before you come to practical acting; and say to our feeling and conscience, Go on with your noble life, but do not try to think about it, for all your values would show themselves as a poor illusion; then there remains only one thing doubtful, whether the conscience or the intellect is in the more pitiful state. Thinking that is too faint-hearted to act, and acting that is ashamed to think, are a miserable pair who cannot live together through a real life. No such coward compromise comes here in question, and still less do we accept the position that the imperfectness of the sciences of to-day must be the comfort of our conscience.

The combination of the two attitudes is possible; more than that, it is necessary in the right interests of both sides, as the whole apparent contradiction rests on an entire misunderstanding. It is not psychology that contradicts the demands of life, but the misuse of psychology. Psychology has the right and the duty to consider everything from the psychological standpoint, but life and history, ethics and philosophy, have neither the duty nor the right to accept as a picture of reality the impression which is reached from the psychological standpoint.

We have asked the question whether the psychical objects or the physical objects, or both, represent the last reality; we saw that dualistic realism and materialism decided for the last two interpretations, while psychology voted for the first. It seems that one of these three decisions must be correct, and just here is the great misunderstanding. No, all three are equally wrong and worthless; a fourth alone is right, which says that neither the physical objects nor the psychical objects represent reality, but both are ideal constructions of the subject, both deduced from the reality which is no physical object, no psychical object, and even no existing object at all, as the very conception of an existing object means a transformation of the reality. Such transformation has its purpose for our thoughts and is logically valuable, and therefore it represents scientific truth; but this truth nevertheless does not reach the reality of the untransformed life. It is exactly the same relation as that between natural science and materialism. Natural science considers the world a mechanism, and for that purpose transforms the reality in a most complicated and ingenious way. It puts in the place of the perceivable objects unperceivable atoms which are merely products of mathematical construction quite unlike every known thing; and nevertheless these atoms are scientifically true, as their construction is necessary for that special logical purpose. To affirm that they are true means that they are of objective value for thought. But it is absurd to think, with the materialistic philosopher, that these atoms form a reality which is

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more real than the known things, or even the only reality, excluding the right of all not space-filling realities. The physical science of matter is true, and is true without limit and without exception; materialism is wrong from the beginning to the end. There is, indeed, no physical object in the world which natural science ought not to transmute into atoms, but no atom in the world has reality, and these two statements do not contradict each other.

In the same way psychology is right, but the psychologism which considers the psychological elements and their mechanism as reality is wrong from its root to its top, and this psychologism is not a bit better than materialism. It makes practically no difference whether the real substance is of the clumsy space-filling material or of the finer stuff that dreams are made of; both are existing objects, both are combinations of atomistic indivisible elements, both are in their changes controlled and determined by general laws, both make the world a succession of causes and effects. The psychical mechanism has no advantage over the physical one; both mean a dead world without ends and values, — laws, but no duties; effects, but no purposes; causes, but no ideals.

There is no mental fact which the psychologist has not to metamorphose into psychical elements; and as this transformation is logically valuable, his psychical elements and their associative and inhibitory play are scientifically true. But a psychical element, and anything which is thought as combination of psychical elements and as working under the laws of these psychical constructions, has as little reality as have the atoms of the physicist. Our body is not a heap of atoms; our inner life is still less a heap of ideas and feelings and emotions and volitions and judgments, if we take these mental things in the way the psychologist has to take them, as contents of consciousness made up from psychical elements. If it is understood that any naturalistic science has not to discover a reality which is more real than our life and its immediate battlefield, but has only to transform the reality in a special way, then it must be clear that the demands of our real life can never be contradicted by the outcome of the empirical sciences. The sciences, therefore, find their way free to advance without fear till they have mastered and transmuted the physical and the psychical universe.

But we can go a step farther. A contradiction is the more impossible since this transformation is itself under the influence of the elements of real life, and by that the apparent ruler becomes the vassal. If psychology pretends that there is no really logical value, no absolute truth, because everything shows itself under psychological laws, we must answer, This very fact, that we consider even the logical thinking from the psychological point of view, and that we have psychology at all, is only an outcome of the primary truth that we have logical ends and purposes. The logical thinking creates psychology for its own ends; psychology cannot be itself the basis for the logical thinking. And if psychology denies all values because they prove to be psychical fancies only, we must confess that this striving for the understanding of the world by transforming it through our science would have no meaning if it were not work toward an end which we appreciate as valuable. Every act of thought, every affirmation and denial, every yes or no which constitutes a scientific judgment, is an act of a will which acknowledges the over-individual obligation to decide so, and not otherwise, — acknowledges an "ought," and works thus for duty. Far from allowing psychology to doubt whether the real life has duties, we must understand that there is no psychology, no science, no thought, no doubt, which does not by its very appearance solemnly acknowledge that it is the child of duties. Psy-

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chology may dissolve our will and our personality and our freedom, and it is constrained by duty to do so, but it must not forget that it speaks only of that will and that personality which are by metamorphosis substituted for the personality and the will of real life, and that it is this real personality and its free will which create psychology in the service of its ends and aims and ideals.

In emphasizing thus the will as the bearer of all science and thought, we have reached the point from which we can see the full relations between life and psychology. In the real life we are willing subjects whose reality is given in our will attitudes, in our liking and disliking, loving and hating, affirming and denying, agreeing and fighting; and as these attitudes overlap and bind one another, this willing personality has unity. We know ourselves by feeling ourselves as those willing subjects; we do not perceive that will in ourselves; we will it. But do we perceive the other subjects? No, as little as ourselves. In real life, the other subjects also are not perceived, but acknowledged; wherever subjective attitudes stir us up, and ask for agreement or disagreement, there we appreciate personalities. These attitudes of the subjects turn toward a world of objects, — a world which means in real life a world of tools and helps and obstacles and ends; in short, a world of objects of appreciation.

Do those subjects and their objects exist? No, they do not exist. I do not mean that they are a fairy tale; even the figures of the fairy tale are for the instant thought as existing. The real world we live in has no existence, because it has a form of reality which is endlessly fuller and richer than that shadow of reality which we mean by existence. Existence of an object means that it is a possible object of mere passive perception; in real life, there is no passive perception, but only active appreciation, and to think anything as object of perception only means a transmutation by which reality evaporates. Whatever is thought as existing cannot have reality. Our real will does not exist, either as a substance which lasts or as a process which is going on; but our will is valid, and has a form of reality which cannot be described because it is the last foothold of all description and agreement. Whoever has not known himself as willing cannot learn by description what kind of reality is given to us in that act of life; but whoever has willed knows that the act means something else than the fact that some object of passive perception was in consciousness; in short, he knows a reality which means more than existence.

The existing world, then, does not lack reality because it is merely a shadow of a world beyond it, a shadow of a Platonistic world of potentialities. No, it is a shadow of a real world, which stands not farther from us, but still nearer to us, than the existing world. The world we will is the reality; the world we perceive is the deduced, and therefore unreal system; and the world of potential forms and relations, as it is deduced from this perceivable system, is a construction of a still higher degree of unreality. The potentialities that form the only possible metaphysical background of reality are not the potentialities of existing objects, but the potentialities of will acts. This world of not existing but valid subjective will relations is the only world which history and society, morality and philosophy, have to deal with.

The willing subjects and their mutual relations are the only matter history can speak of, but not those subjects thought as perceivable existing objects; no, as willing subjects whose reality we can understand, not by describing their physical or psychical elements, but by interpreting and appreciating their purposes and means. The stones, the animals, even the savages, have no history; only where a network of individual will relations has to be acknowledged by our will have we

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really history; and our own historical position means the system of will attitudes by which we acknowledge other willing subjects. To be sure, history, like every other science, has to go from the raw material of single facts to generalities; but if we are in a world of not existing but valid realities, the generalities cannot be laws, but will relations of more and more general importance. Existing processes are scientifically generalized by laws; valid relations are generalized by more and more embracing relations. The aim of the real historian, therefore, is, not to copy the natural laws of physics and social psychology, but to work out the more and more general inner relations of mankind by following up the will influence of great men, till finally philosophy of history comprises this total development from paradise to the day of judgment by one all-embracing will connection. Thus, history in all its departments, history of politics and constitutions, of art and science, of language and law, has as its object the system of those human will relations which we ourselves as willing subjects acknowledge, and which are for us objects of understanding, of interpretation, of appreciation, even of criticism, but not objects of description and explanation, as they are valid subjective will functions, not existing perceivable objects.

But history speaks only of those will acts which are acknowledged as merely individual. We know other will acts in ourselves which we will with an over-individual meaning, those attitudes we take when we feel ourselves beyond the desires of our purely personal wishes. The will remains our own, but its significance transcends our individual attitudes; it has over-individual value; we call it our duty. To be sure, our duty is our own central will; there is no duty which comes from the outside. The order which comes from outside is force which seduces or threatens us; duty lies only in ourselves; it is our own will, but our will in so far as we are creators of over-individual attitude.

If the system of our individual will acts is interpreted and connected in the historical sciences, the system of our over-individual will acts is interpreted and connected in the normative sciences, logic, æsthetics, ethics, and philosophy of religion. Logic speaks about the over-individual will acts of affirming the world, æsthetics about those of appreciating the world, religion about those of transcending the world, ethics about those of acting for the world; and this attitude has, then, to control also all the side branches of ethics, as jurisprudence and pedagogy. All speak of over-individual valid will relations, and no one has therefore directly to deal with existing psychical objects. On the basis of these normative sciences the idealistic philosophy has to build up its metaphysical system, which may connect the disconnected will attitudes of our ethical, æsthetical, religious, and logical duties in one ideal dome of thoughts. But however we may formulate this logically ultimate source of all reality, we know at least one thing surely, that we have deprived it of all meaning and of all values and of all dignity, if we picture it as something which exists. The least creature of all mortals, acknowledged as a willing subject, has more dignity and value than even an almighty God, if he is thought of merely as a gigantic psychological mechanism; that is, as an object the reality of which has the form of existence.

How do we come, then, to the idea of existing objects? There is no difficulty in understanding that. Our life is will, and our will has its duties; but every action turns toward those means and obstacles and ends, those objects of appreciation, which are material for our will and our duties. Every act is thus coöperation of subjects and subjectively appreciated objects; we cannot fulfill our duty, therefore, if we do not know what we

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have to expect in this coöperation from the objects. There must arise, then, the will, to isolate our expectation about the objects; that is, to think what we should have to expect from the objects if they were independent of the willing subjects. In reality, they are never independent; in our thoughts, we can cut them loose from the willing subjects, and think of them as objects which are not any more objects of appreciation, but objects of perception only. These objects in their artificial separation from the real subject, thought of as objects of a passive spectator, take by that change a form which we call existence, and it is the aim of natural science to study these existing things. The path of their study is indicated to them by the goal they try to reach. They have to determine the expectations the objects bring up; at first, therefore, they look out for those features of the objects which suggest the different expectations, and natural science calls these features of the objects their elements. These elements are not really in the objects, but they represent all that which determines the possible variations of the objects in the future. Thus science considers the present thing a combination of elements to determine its relation to the future thing; but the present thing is, then, itself the future of the past thing, and it stands, in consequence, between past and future; that is, as a link in a chain in which everything is determining the future and determined by the past, everything cause and everything effect.

Natural science finds in this attempt that there may be two classes of such existing objects: objects which are possible, perceivable objects for every subject, and others which are perceivable only for one subject. Natural science calls the first group physical objects, the second group psychical objects, and separates the study of them, as this relation to the one or the many brings with it numerous characteristic differences, the differences between physics and psychology. But the point of view for both is exactly the same; both consider their material as merely perceivable objects which are made up from elements, and which determine one another by causal connections. As they are thought cut loose from the attitude of the will, neither the physical nor the psychical objects can have a value or teleological relations.

But the will itself? If psychology, like physics, deals with the objects of the world in their artificial separation from the will, how can the will itself be an object of psychology? The presupposition of this question is in some way wrong; the will is primarily not at all an object of psychology. The real psychological objects are the ideas of our perception and memory and imagination and reason. Only if psychology progresses, it must come to the point where it undertakes to consider every factor of our mental life from a psychological point of view; that is, as an object made up from atomistic elements which the psychologist calls sensations. The will is not a possible object; psychology must make a substitution, therefore; it identifies the real personality with the psychophysical organism, and calls the will the set of conditions which psychologically and physiologically determine the actions of this organism. This will is now made up of sensations, too, muscle sensations and others; and this will is depending upon psychological laws, is the effect of conditions and the cause of effects; it is ironed with the chains of natural laws to the rock of necessity. The real will is not a perceivable object, and therefore neither cause nor effect, but has its meaning and its value in itself; it is not an exception of the world of laws and causes; no, there would not be any meaning in asking whether it has a cause or not, as only existing objects can belong to the series of causal relations. The real will is free, and it is the work of such free will to

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picture, for its own purposes, the world as an unfree, a causally connected, an existing system; and if it is the triumph of modern psychology to master even the best in man, the will, and to dissolve even the will into its atomistic sensations and their causal unfree play, we are blind if we forget that this transformation and construction is itself the work of the will which dictates ends, and the finest herald of its freedom.

Of course, as soon as the psychologist enters into the study of the will, he has absolutely to abstract from the fact that a complicated substitution is the presupposition for his work. He has now to consider the will as if it were really composed of sensational elements, and as if his analysis discovered them. The will is for him really a complex of sensations; that is, a complex of possible elements of perceptive ideas. As soon as the psychologist, as such, acknowledges in the analysis of the will a factor which is not a possible element of perception, he destroys the possibility of psychology just as much as the physicist who acknowledges miracles in the explanation of the material world denies physics. There is nothing more absurd than to blame the psychologist because his account of the will does not do justice to the whole reality of it, and to believe that it is a climax of forcible arguments against the atomizing psychology of to-day if philosophers exclaim that there is no real will at all in those compounds of sensations which the psychologist substitutes. Certainly not, as it was just the presupposition of psychology to abstract from that real will. It is not wiser than to cast up against the physicist that his moving atoms do not represent the physical world because they have no color and sound and smell. If they sounded and smelled still, the physicist would not have fulfilled his purpose.

Psychology can mean an end, and can mean also a beginning. Psychology can be, and in this century, indeed, has been, the last word of a naturalistic attitude toward the world, — an attitude which emphasized only the expectations from the objects, and neglected the duties of the subjects. But psychology degenerates into an unphilosophical psychologism, just as natural science degenerates into materialism, if it does not understand that it works only from one side, and that the other side, the reality which is not existence, and therefore no possible object of psychology and natural science, is the primary reality. Psychology can be also a beginning. It can mean that we ought to abandon exaggerated devotion for the physical world, that we ought to look out for our inner world; then a good psychology is the most important supplement to those sciences which consider the inner life, not as existing, describable, explainable objects, but as a will system to be interpreted and to be appreciated. If that is the attitude, the psychological sciences on the one side, the historical and normative sciences on the other side, can really do justice to the totality of the problems of the inner life. If psychology tries to stand on both sides, its end must be near; the real life will tear it up and rend it in pieces. If it stands with strong feet on the one side, and acknowledges the right of the other side, it will have a future. The psychology of our time too often seems determined to die out in psychologism; that must be stopped. Psychology is an end as the last word of the naturalistic century which lies behind us; it may become a beginning as the introductory word of an idealistic century to be hoped for.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE VERNACULAR.

BETWEEN the language of literature and the language of common life there must be, whether in a living tongue or a dead one, differences growing out of the nature of literature. The very making of literature is an attempt to give more or less permanence to thought which would otherwise pass away with the moment which gave it birth, and to give wider utterance to thought which would otherwise be confined to one's immediate audience. It is natural, therefore, that literature should hesitate to use forms of expression which, though quite unexceptionable in conversation, would defeat either its end of permanence or the one of intelligibility by offending the reader's prejudice or puzzling his understanding.

There thus grows up a distinction between the language of literature and the vernacular. In the one, the best and surest expression of thought is everywhere and always to be striven for; in the other, thought may appear in whatever dress fancy and the expediency of the moment give it.

There are, for instance, constantly cropping up in language a number of forms of expression which gain a local or temporary currency only to give place to others like them, which in turn have their little day and disappear. Such flotsam and jetsam are no real part of the stream of speech moving steadily along from generation to generation, and are unsuited to purposes of literature. Many of these folk of the hour, it is true, though but merest gutter-snipes in their origin, having once caught attention and gained importance by accident, do eventually become most useful members of literary society; but until their social status is recognized it is not safe to trust them with the serious business of literature.

Then, again, many words, owing to the fact that they do not catch the stress of the voice, get contracted. While really due to the operation of natural laws of speech, such contractions, to the ordinary mind, seem to be the result of carelessness, and are not easily tolerated in literature. When they are represented in writing, a pedantic apostrophe takes the place of the lost element of the word. The printer points his finger at them every time they appear, as much as to say, "You 've forgot to put on your cravat." One prays for the time when users of English will make the discovery that these are integral words of the language, and not curtailments. But until that time the deliberate effort to write literature makes it necessary to use them sparingly, and always to attach to them their sign of ignominy.

Then there is the necessity of avoiding repeated words and turns of expression. In speaking, the same ideas are expressed over and over again in the same words without making the repetition of them tiresome; for they are differentiated from time to time by differences of stress or intonation or accompanying gesture. In writing, however, such a differentiation is possible only to a limited extent. How far repetition is tolerable depends upon the prejudice of the reader. If the written word were recognized as the spoken word, and not the letters of it committed to type, the reader would have little cause for offense in these apparent repetitions. But he thinks he has abundant cause; the art of rhetoric teaches him that. The writer, then, unless he have the power of compelling the reader to follow him up hill and down dale, over hedges and through the mire, must be careful how he taxes the reader's patience.

Still another difference between the

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two arises from the fact that the spoken word is more easily intelligible because accompanied by certain dramatic accessories of tone and gesture which help to make it clear, while the written word must depend wholly upon the connotation which experience has given it. This difference, however, is not so great as at first sight it would seem to be; for the written words themselves, always appealing to the ear, carry with them in their context the tones and inflections they have when uttered. There is not here, as in repetitions, anything to offend the reader's taste. It only makes necessary a greater number of words and fuller expression. And here, again, the question depends largely upon the power of the writer. It is quite possible for English that was originally intended solely for the ear to maintain its quality as the best literature when printed and directed to the eye. We are so used to thinking orally that the moment a word appears before us we recognize it as sound; and as the words weave themselves into thought, tone and emphasis take care of themselves. The eternal drama of human experience thus unfolds itself in the pages of Shakespeare without let or hindrance; the actors are ever ready for their cue, in the railway train, on the street, in the library, anywhere. Ariel comes with the swiftness of light, and the play is on; we 've but to whistle and it 's gone again. And so with rhythm; the words in a line of Spenser's, silently appealing to the eye, will "drop melting honey" into ears still tortured with the griding screech of a trolley car. There needs nothing more than attention and a knowledge of English; the rest will take care of itself.

There is another difference, like the last of dramatic quality, growing out of the fact that we leave more to be inferred when we talk than when we write. But here, again, the difference is more apparent than real. The same quality of connected reasoning and clear expression is to be found in good conversation as in good writing; the same disconnectednesses and abruptnesses in both forms of expression. If we use more of the one sort of thinking when we talk than we do when we write, it is merely because we choose to do so.

These distinctions between the language of literature and the vernacular are formal, not essential distinctions; they grow out of the differing physical conditions of representation, and are not of language itself; they do not make two kinds of language. Indeed, it would be easily possible for us to ignore them entirely. For where the written form of expression has kept pace historically with the spoken form, as is the case with English, there are not two vehicles, one for written thought and the other for spoken thought; there is but one. So for us there is but one kind of English, and that is the English we think with.

The successive attempts to create a special language for English literature have been failures. It is our lasting glory that our greatest writers have been men who were not bred in the schools. The language has successfully resisted every effort that has been made to reduce it to a uniform logical formula of literary expression. We can now look back with a feeling of pity for the early Elizabethans, striving to improve English poetry by squaring it with classical quantity, and to make Alfred's vernacular worthy of Cicero's praise.

Were no disturbing conditions present, it would be evident to any one who could read that written English is the same as spoken English, due allowance having been made for the different physical conditions of expression. It would be no harder to write English well than to speak English well, and both would depend upon the power to think English well. Education would then have no difficulty in coördinating a writing and reading power with a thinking and talking power, to such a degree of perfection

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that all four could be exercised as easily as one of them. That the ear, the tongue, the eye, the hand, do not now work together in perfect accord, in this process of receiving and transmitting thought, is evidence that the matter is not one of merely coördinating physical powers in an unconscious effort to secure a given end. The ear and the tongue can unite perfectly and easily and unconsciously, in normal cases, to perform in different ways the same function. That the ear and the hand cannot do so without embarrassment, confusion, and artificiality shows that disturbing conditions are present.

And disturbing conditions are present. They are due mainly to two causes: the one, a too early familiarity with classic literature combined with an ignorance of English; the other, an archaic system of writing English no longer representative of the language, and not understood as archaic writing. To escape these two dangers, and arrive at a clear forthright use of one's native idiom, requires no small amount of skillful piloting. The siren voice of the one, the confusing currents of the other, have numbered among their victims some of the brightest names in English literature.

To examine the first cause. The literatures of Greece and Rome attained their perfection under conditions which it is not probable will be repeated soon in human history. They became classic through the very fact that it was then possible to atrophy language and fix it in an artificial way by an education essentially aristocratic and exclusive. The normal process of growth was arrested by referring continually to a previously fixed standard of correctness. Grammar became a thing of books and precepts, and was not the unconscious expression of the logic of the race. All this while, however, the common tongue of the people, untrained in the schools and unfamiliar with forms of expression other than those of experience, was obeying natural laws of growth. But to the minds of the upper classes this growth was a decay, and they constantly arrested it by adherence to an ancient form regarded as normal and fixed in their literature. There were thus two languages in the place of one: a literary speech which was also the vernacular of the upper classes, and a vulgar idiom of the masses which had no literature.

It became possible, therefore, to elaborate fixed rules of literary expression in formulæ which were scarcely subject to change, and the highest beauty of the literature was found in the strictest adherence to them. Violations of such rules were *barbarisms* (a term we still have with us), unintelligible combinations of words or sounds, and were considered to be corruptions of the standard speech, — there was no other way to explain them in an absence of a knowledge of historical grammar, — just as many good people nowadays feel called upon to excuse Shakespeare for using corrupt English. In the case of Latin, the breaking up of the Roman Empire spread the vulgar Roman idiom over Europe, to become the parent of the Romance languages. The Roman Church and Christianity perpetuated and spread the classic idiom, until the Renaissance came to reinforce it and make it the norm of literary expression. The Romance languages were not regarded as Latin, so that for mediæval Europe there was but one Latin tongue, that of the literature. There was thus imposed upon the living languages of Europe the dead language of a foreign literature, whose skillful use depended upon the observance of certain inflexible rules. This became the highest ideal of literary expression. The attempt to fit it to contemporary thinking was a failure, — a failure which led to the immediate development of vernacular literatures all over Europe.

But for a long time the vernacular literatures were ignored. Writers who

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used the vulgar idiom felt called upon to excuse themselves for doing so, on the ground of a patriotic desire to relieve the ignorance of the masses, or some such thing. The literature of the universities was still in Latin and Greek. The ideal of literature continued to be a classic one. Aristotle was dethroned, but Plato took his place. This ideal has continued to dominate our vernacular literature to this day, and the writer of English still strives to imitate a form of literary expression which is not consistent with his habit of thought, and has never been consistent with his native forms of expression.

He may not do this directly; but unless he knows English thoroughly, and has unusual confidence in the power of his thought, he can hardly escape an indirect imitation; for the grammars and rhetorics which he uses are full of principles derived from the study of classic literature, and not from English masterpieces. His education soaks him in these principles. He learns to make his sentences rather than to allow them to make themselves; he turns them this way and that way, so they 'll parse, — that is, fit into certain mediæval categories of thought; he avoids forms of expression which will not square with *bokara* and *bramantip*, torturing and twisting his native idiom to fit this Procrustes bed until it is a limp mass of lifeless paragraphs: logical? — yes; well proportioned? — yes; connected? — yes; but at what a sacrifice of point and vigor, of that forthright quality that calls a spade a spade and has done with it, that incisive quality that cuts straight to the core of the matter and exposes it, that robust English that Chaucer and Shakespeare knew! All this carefully constructed rhetoric he spells out in a painful effort after what he supposes to be accuracy, knowing full well that if he trips in this fine footing he lays himself open to the charge of ignorance and barbarism.

Simplicity and sincerity are far to seek in such writing; self-consciousness is everywhere over it, subterfuge lies close to it. The best writers of English do escape from these things, — they are forced to by our modern conditions; but the escape is one of the difficulties of learning to write easily and well.

Not until our grammars and rhetoric textbooks are founded in the intelligent study of English literature, and based only upon principles derived from what the world agrees to consider the best English writing, shall we get rid of these artificial standards.

But besides these writers of English who come thus indirectly in contact with the ideal of a classic literature, there are a great number who are brought directly in contact with it through study of Latin and Greek. If they had a thorough knowledge of English literature before they turned to Latin and Greek, the result would be only to plant them more firmly in the use of their own idiom. But it has been the fault of our educational system that this contact was too early, and the familiarity bred of it only a superficial one. Because the student does not know the strength and wealth of his own literature, classic literature becomes to him the first unfolding of the power of literary expression, and he naturally seeks to imitate it. The contrast between his idea of the poverty of his own idiom and the richness of this foreign one is made more sharp by the fact that to get it into his own mind he sets it over into combinations of English words quite unknown to English thought, and lacking its vitality. He is now learning two things: not only to warp his vernacular, but to use for purposes of literary expression words which he does not think with, and which cannot be used for English thought because such combinations of English words have never existed. His teacher is often quite convinced that intelligent effort prevents this, as he requires "English" translations. But he

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is not really doing this at all so long as he allows the student to fix any part of the Latin idiom he reads into corresponding English words. Quite satisfied with *Gallia est omnis* being put into English clothes as "Gaul as a whole," he forgets that in English countries are not "divided;" that no English mind would think, "Dakota as a whole is divided into North and South Dakota." Even if he were constantly aware of the cast of the equivalent English thought for every Latin passage his students read, he could not impart it save to a few of them; the others would carry away with them, despite his best efforts, un-English forms of expression to trip and clog them "all their lives after." The young mind thus early begins to think English that is not English, and is not long in coming to believe that the English language is inadequate to many forms of thought. What wonder that he should so think? He knows nothing of Chaucer, and learns Shakespeare's English — what little of it he does learn — in the same way as he learns Cæsar's Latin.

We do not tell him that our own literary product is barbarous and vulgar when we compare it with classic ideals, but we often allow him to infer that it is. If he grows into anything like an adequate appreciation of the literature written in his own tongue, he always feels that it is a pity that it does not more nearly conform, at least in outward aspect, to classic literature. He never understands the technique of its poetry; he is always thinking about dactyls and spondees (though his idea of Greek and Latin hexameters is generally an impossible one), and forever distributing stresses according to the rules of quantitative rhythm. He fails to catch the magnificent splendor of English rhythm; he is unable to discern the nice adjustment of sentence-stress with word-stress, to perceive the infinite variety that English verse is capable of. His idea of prose is artificial, too. He feels that somehow English has never reached the stage of adequate prose expression, and he is always torturing his idiom into "balanced" sentences or "periodic" sentences, or judiciously distributing it in "short" and "long" sentences. He never learns that the best Greek and Latin would be quite insufficient to express the thought of a single day of our present life. He is like a boy who has grown up in a foreign land, and finds a perfect home nowhere.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out that self-confidence is the first thing necessary to clear expression. The Committee of Ten, in their survey of educational method and their attempt to fit it to the probable needs of the coming generation, have, to a certain extent, overlooked this fact. And we shall probably go on wondering for some time to come why it is that our young people require such an inordinate amount of instruction to enable them to express their thought simply and clearly, and still be puzzled to know why it is that they do not lay hold of their native literature with a firmer grasp.

The very end for which the student is studying Latin is thus being defeated at every step of his training. His study, instead of giving him a wider idea of the power and means of literary expression, and teaching him thereby to realize the strength of his own idiom, is robbing him of what little confidence he has in it. He gets more pusillanimous and pedantic every day, and if something does not intervene to change the current of his development, he will fix himself in a habit of expression that will prevent him even from seeing truth clearly, let alone expressing it.

The trouble lies, not in the fact that he is studying Latin and Greek, — were he prepared for it, nothing could be better for him, — but in the fact that he is doing so before he knows his own language and his own literature; indeed,

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often before he has any idea of what language and literature are. He is not studying either language or literature; he is merely exercising such faculties as would be useful in solving the puzzles in a weekly newspaper.

Suppose, however, his education had been started along another path. Suppose his English thinking, as it unfolded itself from his experience, was continually seized upon as thought; that he was constantly shown how a widening knowledge of English idiom was a widening power of English thought; that he was not allowed to express in words any English thought that was not clear in his own mind; that he was not allowed to read English words without getting the full meaning out of every one of them, and understanding the fitness of just those words for just that thought; that to do this for the best English literature he was taught the grammar of English for every piece of literature he read; that he was reasonably at home in all the great works of his native literature, and was fully aware that at every point where he did not and could not understand an English literary form of expression but one of three things was possible: either the writer did not know what he was saying, or he had not been reported correctly, or the student did not understand the English of the period when the author wrote. Suppose such a student were then set at Latin or Greek. He would worry every word, every phrase, every sentence, until he got its full meaning as thought, and would not be satisfied until he had done so. He would thus get at the foreign literature in a way that would strengthen his knowledge of his own. If he went on to read other literatures in this way, it would not be long till he saw the meaning of all literature and of all language; till he recognized language as the function of thought, and literature as the millioned recorded impulses of the human brain.

This kind of study would soon drive the absurd methods of literature-teaching out of our universities. Students with such a training would cease to be interested in committing to paper and memorizing the prejudiced opinions of superficial journalists. They would cease to care for an æsthetic that had no foundation. They would not waste time in learning that Professor A liked this, or that Professor B liked this, or that Professor C was glad that Mr. Swinburne agreed with him in thinking that there were certain elements in Dekker's characterization, etc. The Subjective Elements in Browning's Poetry or the Objective Elements in Tennyson's would cease to be attractive lecture-subjects. The number of predications to the square inch on a page of Chaucer would likewise scarcely seem of importance, especially when the student was ignorant of what Chaucer meant to say with that x per cent of predication. Students would cease to think of "literature" as a mixture of George Meredith, Kipling, Paul Verlaine, Quo Vadis, The Christian, and the Dolly Dialogues. There would then be some hope of reaching a rational system of teaching English literature and a rational basis of criticism.

A familiarity with English literature, derived at first hand from contact with the literature itself read intelligently in the light of a full knowledge of the language in which it was written, would not be long in developing the power of thinking clearly and writing easily in English forms of expression. Having thought through his own mind the best English literature in the best English words, the student would not be at a loss for apt forms of expression: they would be his mother tongue. He would not think of using words correctly or incorrectly any more than he would think of walking correctly or incorrectly. The distinctions of "loose," "balanced," and "periodic" in sentence-structure would have no terrors for him; figures of speech

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with their long Greek names would not trouble him. These things would not enter into his writing any more than the distinctions of a mediæval metaphysic enter into his conduct. He would bid them defiance, and say what he had to say in bold, straightforward English words. The writing them into literature, if they were worthy and fit to be made literature, would be the mere mechanical process of representing his words by conventional signs.

Such a habit of direct expression would surely bring with it clear thinking. The teaching of English would become what it ought to be, — the training of the mind to think clearly, to formulate thought unconsciously, to get knowledge through the channels of thought worn for it by countless generations of English-thinking minds.

But there would still be an obstacle to remove from the way to clear forthright English writing, — the obstacle already referred to as the second cause of the embarrassment of the written word. We have in English, to a greater extent than in any other language of western Europe, unless it be French, an irregular and arbitrary system of representing words. It is an obvious fact that the forms of the words we write down cannot represent the words we speak. Though an educated man does to a certain extent overcome this difficulty by memorizing every written form for every word he uses, it is not only a process that takes years of valuable time, but is also one that establishes in his mind, willy-nilly, a distinction that ought not to be there. He comes to feel that in literature one must not expect to get that clear and sharp impression which one demands in the speech of every-day life; that in literature thought may be suggestive, transcendental, and need not make pertinent indubitable sense. The reading of Shakespeare never fails to bring out clearly this underlying assumption. For there are passages — the average reader does not realize how many they are — that cannot possibly convey any thought at all without an intimate knowledge of the English of Shakespeare's time. These may be read to almost any intelligent audience, innocent of such knowledge, and they will never be questioned. It requires argument to convince those who hear them that, understood as they understand them, such passages are meaningless nonsense.

If any one wants to make the experiment for himself, let him take some passage of Shakespeare the key to which lies in a familiarity with a delicate turn of Elizabethan idiom. Let him read it with unction, and note the effect it produces. I doubt — and I 've tried it myself repeatedly — if a single one of his hearers will give the slightest manifestation that the words have not for them a pertinency and an aptness leaving nothing to be desired. They think they have been listening to Shakespeare, when all the while they have been taking into their ears a lot of nonsense which, to suppose it comes from Shakespeare, would be an insult to the greatest master of English the world has ever known.

They see Shakespeare printed in modern English (there is no complete text in existence, so far as I know, that does not put Shakespeare into our modern strait-jacket of orthography); they hear Shakespeare's words spoken as modern English words; they feel that Shakespeare must have known what he was about when he wrote, and that if his words do not seem clear and sharp to their thought it must be because it is great literature they are reading. The conclusion is that literature has in it a certain element which transcends common sense, passing beyond every-day processes of thought and forms of expression.

The cause of this confusion lies in the nature of language, and in the fact that English is a living tongue, constantly changing in process of development.

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Now, we can think only with the language in which our experiences unconsciously formulate themselves. We acquire our thinking language from experience, and not from books. Books may give us thought that is the outcome of the experience of others, and we can add this to our own; but we cannot get the thought into our own minds until we formulate it in terms of our own experience. When the thought is so expressed that the words in which it is expressed are not those which the receiving mind uses for its own thinking, the unfamiliar words must be translated into corresponding words which are familiar. It makes no difference how close the approximation is between the words said and the words heard; there is no perfect understanding unless the two are identical. The thought of the imparting mind cannot become the thought of the receiving mind unless the formulation of it is exactly the same for both. As far as the imparting of thought goes, it is a case where a miss is as good as a mile. If it is not exactly the same in both cases, a third or intermediate thought links the two minds together. It is in this middle that the trouble lies. It may be a fairly good translation of the thought to be imparted; it may be, and it is far oftener than we have any idea of, merely a rough guess at it. But in neither case does the thought pass from one mind to the other. The only words which will convey thought to our mind are those we think with.

English is constantly changing as it passes through the minds of succeeding generations, in a process of development conditioned by physical and mental characteristics which at present we don't know anything about. The development is not apparent to us, for we hear only the speech current in our own generation. If, however, we could make ourselves citizens of the universe, — as we can partially do by the study of history, — we should clearly perceive this March of Speech alongside of the March of Thought. Reconstructing the past stages of English as well as we can from the internal evidence of literature and the external evidence of records, we know that the changes, even for a period of three centuries, practically give us a new language. These changes take place in the sound of words, in their accent, in their form, in their meaning, and in their arrangement. Written English takes little cognizance of them, so that we are not generally aware of their existence, and we print Shakespeare in our spelling and read it as if it were our own language. But we do not think Shakespeare's thought; we make a translation of it into our late New English and think that. Shakespeare's generation, however, did not have to do this. To them it was vernacular. And there is no good literature in English that was not immediately intelligible to those who read it at the time it was written. If we could only realize this truth and the more general one I have been trying to make clear, the importance of studying English historically would be apparent. For though in nine cases out of ten the translation is a correct one, in the tenth case it is grossly and palpably wrong. It is this tenth case that makes the trouble and introduces the confusion into writing by giving countenance to vagueness and inaptness of expression.

To illustrate, suppose we take some passages from Shakespeare.

I am reading Love's Labour's Lost. I meet with this (IV. ii. 78): —

"*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master Parson.

"*Hol.* Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

"*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

"*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth," etc.

Assuming that I know the thought these words carried to Elizabethan ears,

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I say to myself, "The schoolmaster has connected 'parson' with 'pierce one' and made a stupid pun, and Costard has carried this one step further." But what a travesty my English makes of Shakespeare's! His word for "parson" was *pĕrson* (not "pursun"); that for "parse" was *perse* ("pĕrs"); that for "one," *on* (not "wun"); that for "pierce" (to broach), *perse* ("pĕrs"). Our printers have flattened the passage to stupidity; our editors have emended the *perst* of the Folio and Quarto into a pointless "pierced," and the *persing* (that is, "parsing"), which shows that even the editor of the Quarto knew Holofernes did not see that Costard's joke was at his expense, into an equally pointless "piercing." Here it is our ignorance of the sound of Shakespeare's language that makes us miss the point entirely.

Let us take another case, still in Love's Labour 's Lost, where we are led astray by the meaning we attach to Shakespeare's words. I read (I. i. 92): —

> "Too much to know, is to know nought but fame."

I get no idea from it. I infer that Shakespeare intended to make Biron say something about too much knowledge, and so I think something about too much knowledge; probably, "Too much knowledge leads one to care for nothing but fame." I suppose Shakespeare meant that. I cannot see why Biron wanted to say such a thing just at that point, nor why he chose to say it in such a clumsy way. But after all, it sounds well, and it is as clear as hundreds of statements I read every day. But I have not really read the verse at all. I have merely translated it incorrectly without knowing that I have done so. Suppose, however, I know that in Shakespeare's English "fame" meant something like what I should call "hearsay." The meaning of the words becomes apparent, clear, apt, strong. They fit right into the context, —

> "Small have continual plodders ever won
> Save base authority from others' books,"

(supposing, for the nonce, that I understand these verses), and I have an eternal truth. But still I have it in my own words, — I don't think "fame." I say "fame" for the sake of the rhythm and rhyme, but I think "hearsay" in its place. It is still a translation, though this time a correct translation, and not a guess. I cannot make this "fame" a word of my own, because I cannot think it. It is not intelligible in terms of my experience. Shakespeare's thought can reach my mind only by an intermediate process of translation into my vernacular.

So we might illustrate the difference between Shakespeare's accent and ours, or the difference between his syntax and ours, such as that contained in the "small" quoted above. These instances suffice to show how, in reading Shakespeare's English as our own English, we are continually translating it, and frequently missing the thought. We forget that Shakespeare could not convey the thought in his mind by using the corresponding nineteenth-century forms of expression, because he did not know them. We assume that he did do so, and content ourselves with the badly focused photograph of his thought that we get in consequence of our assumption. We thus come to think that written words are different from spoken words, an idea that is strengthened by the fact that as soon as we write down our words we put them into forms that are different from those we use in thinking. We thus rob literature of its vitality, come to tolerate crude thought as literature, learn to write in vague and half-understood terms, — we, who have the best language in the world for clear thinking, speech moulded by generations of people impatient of nonsense, and a literature that plunges into the uttermost depths of human experience.

Mark H. Liddell.

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HER LAST APPEARANCE.

I.

THE weight of dullness oppressing the groups of passengers gathered on the deck of a great ocean steamer suddenly lifted. A whisper ran round that, for the first time on the voyage, Miss Vivienne was about to issue from her *cabine de luxe*. A file of deck-stewards appeared; the first bringing a reclining-chair; the second, rugs and cushions; the third, a low table, a bag, and a pile of books. Next came a correct-looking English maid, with foot-warmer, vinaigrette, and a beautiful little Skye terrier. Lastly, a tall, slender woman took all eyes: she wore a loose-fitting garment of sealskin; on her head was a sealskin cap, while over her face was a veil of brown tissue which crossed behind her neck and knotted under the chin.

Little comments were buzzed about as Miss Vivienne nestled into her chair. There was a dramatic effectiveness in the way she permitted herself to be propped with cushions and covered with rugs. One woman remarked that she wished she possessed the actress's secret of preserving her figure; another said it was her inborn natural stateliness which gave distinction to all she did; a third declared that almost any woman could show elegance and distinction in such a sealskin redingote, which must have cost at least five hundred dollars, while as for that rug of Russian sable and silver fox fur, conjecture lost itself in trying to fix a price; then still another murmured, "No, it is the business of these actresses to be diabolically effective."

She was their spectacle, and curiosity, observation, criticism, carried to almost any limit, were legitimate. Miss Vivienne, whether by chance or by intention, had established herself, not side by side with the other passengers, but at a sufficient distance to create the illusion of the line of footlights. The lookers-on saw study, pose, even in the way she turned and faced the sea, as if enjoying the keen air, the fresh scent, the joyous dappled expanse where whitecaps were dancing over dazzling stretches of blue and green. Society, besides applauding and patronizing Miss Vivienne, had recognized her all her life, since she had forced it to respect her and accept her profession for her sake. Still, at this moment it was the impulse of no one among the group of women to cross that line of demarcation. The men were chiefly gathered in the smoking-room, discussing the probabilities of the day's run. One man, however, who had been leaning against the rail, now went slowly up to Miss Vivienne.

"Who is that?" the women questioned one another.

"His name is Dwight. I was curious about him and asked the purser. His name is not in the passenger-list."

Mr. Dwight continued to stand quietly by the recumbent figure, until the Skye terrier, peeping jealously from between the rugs, snapped and growled. At this sound Miss Vivienne turned, and looked at the middle-aged man, whose well-set, capable head was gray, whose eyes were gray, whose mustache and also his suit of tweed were gray, — at first with languid indifference; then, recognizing him, she started up and caught his hand between both of hers.

"What, *you*, Owen?" she murmured, with intense surprise.

"It is I," he said, smiling, — "most surely I."

"*You* coming back from Europe? I did not know that you had ever crossed the ocean in your life."

"I never did until a fortnight ago. I happened to see in the paper, on the

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morning of September 20, that you were very ill at Geneva of Roman fever. I sailed that afternoon at three o'clock."

She uttered a slight exclamation; then after a moment's pause said, "Luckily it was not Roman fever. Do you mean that you went to Geneva to find me?"

"I reached Geneva the 29th. You had left for Clarens several days before."

"Yes, I reached Clarens the 24th. I was there just five days."

"When I got to Clarens I found that you were sailing from Bremen that very morning. I set off, and caught the steamer at Southampton."

She had lifted her veil. A clearly cut, fine, rather worn face with dark heavy-lidded eyes was disclosed.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "if I had had any idea that a friend was looking for me, was thinking of me! Of course there was my manager cabling message after message, but I knew he was chiefly anxious about the play he had set for the beginning of the season. If you had only written" —

"I ought to have sent a dispatch from New York that I was on the point of sailing; but," he laughed, "I did not have the presumption to feel sure you would be glad to see me. All I felt was that I must reach you, must know what was happening to you."

"I first felt feverish and ill on the way from Milan," Miss Vivienne now said, with evident relief in having a friend to confide in. "I was with the Cheneys, — not people to endure anybody who is sick or out of spirits. I had no idea that it was more than a bad headache, but I decided to stop in Geneva for two days, and then join them in Paris. I was to sail with them September 12th. The headache was only the beginning. I doubt if I was ever dangerously ill, but from the first, the doctor, the landlord, the servants, even my maid, seemed to have given me over, and to be ready to have me dead and buried without loss of time. If I had not had such a horror of dying alone, I might have died out of pure good nature, in order to oblige them. As it was, presently there came a day when I made them carry me on board the steamboat, and the air of the lake gave me new life on the instant. By the time I reached Montreux I was better, and my forces soon regathered. But I had never calculated on dying before I was a very old woman, and the experience gave me a feeling of earthquake. Not even yet does anything seem solid."

"How are you now?"

"Only needing strength and spirits. This is the first time I have ventured out of my stateroom. The weather was dreadful, and besides I had such a sense of nothingness. Why did you not let me know you were on board?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"It must have been horribly inconvenient," she said under her breath.

"What?"

"Crossing in such haste."

"I had no choice. I wanted news of you."

She burst out again: "It is such a relief to see a familiar face. I experienced a great void." She met his vivid look, and turned away with a little gesture. "Madeline, my maid, is an excellent woman," she pursued, with a low laugh, "but I could read her every thought, and I knew that she was trying to decide whether to stay and claim my effects, or to run away and shirk all responsibility. I was never actually delirious, but I was sleepless, and the new part I had been studying ran in my head; I had the nightmarish feeling that I must get up and be dressed, for Mr. Benson insisted I should act that very night, although I told him I had not even learned the lines. All sorts of such terrors took hold of me. I have not yet recovered my balance. I dread the going back. I say to myself fifty times a day that I hate the stage and everything belonging to it."

He looked at her with a curious in-

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tensity of glance. "The reality falls below your idea of it? The life does not satisfy you?"

"There is no reality; it is always like Sisyphus trying to roll up the stone, — what you have done to-day with all your strength has to be done over again to-morrow."

"Why go back to such a bondage?" he asked, with strong feeling in his face.

"I may say I want to give it up," she now confessed, laughing, "but I could n't. Ask a drunkard" —

She broke off. The steward, making his rounds with cups of bouillon, offered one to Miss Vivienne. Her maid approached, and Owen Dwight, remarking that he feared he had tired her, raised his cap and was withdrawing, when she cried eagerly, "You will keep in sight, cousin Owen?"

He nodded.

For the remainder of the voyage Miss Vivienne was absolutely dependent upon Dwight. He waited for her at her stateroom door; she leaned upon his arm as she paced the deck. She discoursed to him, and to him alone, in spite of the palpable envy of the men who would have been glad to take his place. There was a secret intoxication for Dwight in the mere situation. Kate (for she was his cousin by three removes, and her name was Katharine Vivienne Marcy) had been ill; she had become disenchanted with the stage, and for once in his life he had not missed his opportunity. He told her about himself. His business had prospered. He owned a place in the country, and spent but a few hours each day at his office in town. He was fond of gardening, had an orchid-house, and prided himself on his chrysanthemums. He confessed to some extravagance in pictures, but his joy was in his library. He could not help feeling that such a rounded and complete existence as he described must be acceptable to every instinct of a woman who realized her loneliness, who dreaded the renewed struggle of her profession, and confessed that even its victories brought disillusion and disappointment.

But on the last day of the voyage came a change. Miss Vivienne did not leave her stateroom until towards evening, and when she met him she was in a new mood, eager and absorbed. She had been hard at work, she said; and how delightful it was, after this listless, idealess existence, to set to work!

"Work is the only tonic," she declared. "The springs of activity it gives the mind are necessary to the body as well. The moment I actually set to work, I feel braced; I am now just my usual self."

Her words stabbed him with the sharpest irony. "Do you mean that you have been studying your new part?"

"Yes, and I am ready to say I never liked any part so well. It is so fresh, so full of life. At first it eluded me. I dreaded lest I had altogether lost the old *élan;* I could not throw myself into it. The whole play is intensely modern; it touches everything, it invades everything; not a chord of human nature escapes. The modern school of acting refuses to recognize anything save the making a vivid and personal representation; and to be individual and vivid you must be charming, or the result is caricature. I am always dreading lest I should lose my flexibility, my pliancy, — lest I should grow old. There is a great deal one can do without much work which has its own charm, grace, and logic; but that juvenile audacity expends itself; and when it is expended, one has, to take its place, experience, hard study, experiment, with endless touchings and retouchings. And all this conscientious work is tedious; it is all thrown away unless one is bewitching. Now, to-day I have for the first time approached my conception of the part of Corisande." She laughed and looked into his face. "You see, Owen, I do not mind confessing to you that I have no genius."

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"That means you have a great deal of talent."

"But talent does sometimes seem such a negative thing. Genius goes straight to the mark. Genius pierces right through theatricality and convention, — grasps the core of the matter; says and does what is most absolutely familiar, even trite, in a way which makes you feel it was never done before. There is a young actor in our company" —

"Paul Devine?" he asked quickly.

"You have seen him, then?"

"Seen him? Of course I have seen him. Whoever sees you sees him. He 's always your lover or your husband. I hate the fellow."

She laughed mischievously. "Confess that he has genius."

"Genius? Not a bit, except that he knows how to make love without appearing like a fool. I grant that he is natural and unaffected, — does not pose, — which is a relief." Then, with a note of indignation in his voice, he added, "I have heard that the women call him handsome."

She laughed again, but went on with eagerness: "I made him all he is. Cavendish, who used to take those parts, had grown unbearable. We were no longer on speaking terms. One day at rehearsal I stopped short and said to the manager, 'That may be Mr. Cavendish's notion of a lover, but to me it suggests a tiger.' He had to go. Benson gave him a company and sent him on the road. It was then that I brought Paul forward. There was a certain integrity about his acting; he had taken the most ordinary parts without any pretension, but I liked the way he looked, stood, and spoke. His father and mother had been on the stage; they had tried to keep him away from it, but he came back from pure love of the art. And heredity counts for a great deal. The art of the great actors is lost, but it is something to have even the tradition of it. A modern actor who has received in childhood the least hint of their method — the clear-cut speech, the sharp incisive emphasis, the search after strong effects — never slurs over passages as the new slipshod people do. The secret of the old acting — of all good acting — is to give color, character, human feeling, to the most indifferent passage. Nowadays, being unable to express emotion, actors and actresses rely on slow music, electric lights, the most obvious and trivial effects. I taught Paul first how to feel, then to express his feeling with insight into real emotion. He is one of the most poignantly realistic actors at times. There are at least two scenes in the new play where we shall be great." She said this with the quiet assurance of one who has studied one's self, for whom flattery does not exist. "You have seen me sometimes?" she now asked.

"I always buy a ticket for your first night in any part," Dwight answered.

"One is not quite at home, not quite at one's best, on a first night. One is thinking too much of the house, — one listens longing for the echo. I never see the audience until I have played a part at least half a dozen times. I wonder, however, that I never saw *you?*" A slight emphasis dwelt on the pronoun, and she looked at him with a smile that flattered. "I want you to see me in my new part," she went on. "I am rather a charming woman in it. It oppressed me for a time, but little by little I assimilated it, and now I have mastered it. I hope to make it superb."

He uttered an exclamation.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am not glad to hear that you like your part. I should prefer to have you go back to the mood you were in that first day you came on deck. It was the greatest pleasure I have had for years to hear you say that you hated the stage, that you wished you need not go back to it."

"What do you want me to do?" she inquired, with some archness.

"Marry me, and come and live in the country."

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She shook her head. "Go and live in the country," she repeated. "I always associate the phrase with the story that a dog bit the Duke of Buckingham, who anathematized the animal by bidding him go and live in the country."

"People like Buckingham" —

"Yes, people like Buckingham and like me do not long for the country. They need to be carried along by the full current of life in order to feel themselves alive."

"But, Kate, you have had your day, and a long, brilliant day it has been. It cannot last forever."

"It is still at its zenith," she declared.

"Call this the zenith, but from the moment it reaches the zenith it must decline."

"The moment the least hint reaches me that my powers are declining," retorted Miss Vivienne with spirit, "I will give up my place. 'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage' shall never be said of me. The most sensitive barometer of any change in the weather is in the tone of the manager, and you should have seen Benson's distracted messages. Everything is hanging on my return. Paul Devine's part waits to be created. If I had not known that I was needed to set everything going, I should have stayed ten days longer in Switzerland. But they are all at my mercy."

"I have not a particle of doubt," observed Dwight, "that some pretty actress is longing to step into your shoes, and is not too well pleased that you have recovered so speedily."

She turned upon him; then saw the quizzical smile on his face, and contented herself with saying, "How furious I should be with you for making that speech, if I did n't like you so much!"

"If you like me, listen to me, Kate. Abdicate at this moment, when your powers are most felt and your presence will be most missed. You asked if I had gone to see you act. I told you I had seen you in every part you had played. What I did not tell you was that always there mingled with my admiration a feeling of its being a profanation that you were on the stage at all. But you longed for the life, and I have rejoiced that you have had the very flower of it. Still, I have said to myself that finally the time must come; that you could not be content to grow old in that career; that you would long for a private life, for some one to turn to, some one to love, — at least somebody who loves you; and the only man who loves a woman of forty is the one who has loved her in her youth."

A cry escaped her. "Horrible!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "People don't say such things."

"I 'm not people. I 'm Owen. I 'm the man who has worshiped you all your life, — who has gone on all these years making a home fit for you."

"Nevertheless," she murmured, with a little smile at the corners of her lips, "this man who has loved me all his life married."

"Yes, I married. Circumstances made it a duty; and had she lived, had the child lived, even," — he drew in a deep breath, — "I — I should n't perhaps have felt free to rush across the ocean after you. But both are dead, fifteen — sixteen years ago. I am a wifeless, childless, lonely man except for you. I have no other duty anywhere, I have no other inclination anywhere. I am under the bondage of a feeling that has never set me free, — that never will set me free. Kate, old, gray, dull, commonplace as I am, if you will marry me, I will make you a happy woman."

He had spoken well. She was grateful to him, — indeed, he had moved her; for this old unalterable love of his, dating back to her girlhood, had meanings for her beyond the power of any present speech. She could recall how, when as a willful girl, without father or mother, brother or sister, she had declared her

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intention of going on the stage, he had given her up with an agony of renunciation, saying that he felt as if it were a crime to let her go; that it was like watching a little boat pushing out into deep seas where it must founder. She realized now how all these years he had watched her course. She had a vision, too, of the sort of fate which awaited her if she became his wife, — a happy woman — yes — perhaps. . . . Then she recalled the sweet insistence of another man's eyes and smile, the charm of his presence, his grateful, ardent words. A quick leap of the heart towards emotion, excitement, success, sent her thoughts traveling back to her profession.

"So long as I was ill," she said, "any temptation you could offer would have been powerful. But I am absolutely wedded to the stage. I have always said nothing could induce me to marry and give up my career. If I were to marry" — She broke off; then added, without finishing her sentence, "What you said just now about my age" —

"I was only quoting. I know that you are years and years younger than I am."

"I was going to say that it is only on the stage that age makes no difference to a woman. It does not matter whether I am forty so long as I look twenty."

"Is there then no magic in the idea of youth?"

"Those elegant young creatures who seem to have been transferred from a fashion-plate cannot act," said Miss Vivienne with disdain. "They have studied how to keep their trains in correct sweep; they can faint to admiration, and can coil their bodies like peacocks, so that you can behold the full spread of the tail while the face is turned toward you. But they move nobody; they are limited by their lack of feeling, by the commonness of mind that does not permit them to efface their vanity, and they remain cold, artificial, ill accepted. You remember the French saying, 'If youth knew, if old age could.' Now I flatter myself that I am at the age when I know, and yet have not lost my efficacy."

He stood looking at her, wondering at her.

"Perhaps ten years hence!" he cried abruptly out of his inner thought; then said, with a different note in his voice, "Of course I ought not to have spoken; but that first day when you seemed so ill, when you confessed yourself so tired" —

"It was pity, then?" she interrupted, smiling.

"Call it pity, if you like. Certainly I had but one longing, and that was to offer you all I possessed. I have offered it. Possibly ten years hence you may be glad to accept me as a refuge."

She had her hand inside his arm, and she pressed it slightly. "Owen," she murmured, "I'm horribly ungrateful. You are too good to be taken as a refuge, even as a foretaste of divine rest."

"I don't care so much how you take me. I only want you to take me," said Dwight.

II.

Miss Vivienne slept in her own luxurious little suite at the Vandyck on the following night. On Monday morning, she awoke with a sense of comfort in her familiar surroundings; in the feeling that work, successful work to the full measure of her strength, awaited her. She had said once to Owen Dwight that the worst of the stage was that publicity was the very breath of its nostrils, that everything was an advertisement, and that she hated the necessity of being advertised which her profession imposed. To-day, nevertheless, she was flushed with a sense of victory, for the ovation of yesterday had made it the most triumphant experience of her life, all the more that it had the charm of the unexpected. Mr. Benson and Paul Devine had come down in a steamer to meet her in the bay,

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with a party of friends. She had found her rooms full of flowers; on a basket of exquisite roses was Paul's card with the lines, —

"For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute."

Then, at eight o'clock, Mr. Benson had given her a dinner, an elegant, sumptuous affair, with many artistic and literary guests, herself and Paul Devine the only actors.

While she ate her breakfast she was glancing at the morning papers, each of which devoted at least a column to an account of her reception. One reporter described her sitting between her manager and her favorite *jeune premier*, Paul Devine, wearing a gown of steel-gray cloth, the perfect fit of which was revealed as she carelessly threw back a superb Russian mantle lined with fox and edged with sable. He went on to speak of the symmetrical impression the actress always produced; her quiet, nonchalant bearing, her dress, her whole movement and tone pervaded by that individual distinction which gave her charm and finesse as a woman. She had renewed her youth, he declared; no sign of age was apparent on that ever beautiful face.

Another recounted the dialogue he had enjoyed with the leading lady of the New Century Theatre. The actress had kindled into animation at the mention of the new play, Corisande, observing that she had never liked any part so well as the title rôle. Some parts had to be carried through by sheer force of will; this seized, stimulated, lent wings to the artist.

A third said there had been rumors that Miss Vivienne was out of health, and was about to relinquish the stage, and let her mantle fall on some younger member of the profession. Miss Vivienne had, however, put to flight such reports, declaring that never had she been in better health or more eager for the season to begin.

One writer eked out his plain statement of facts by a résumé of Miss Vivienne's long-established successes, the result of a method rounded to a perfect style; a genius which owed nothing to its spontaneity, everything to study, to a delight in the grasp of technical details. Hers was no restless spirit on the lookout for novelties; she pushed nothing to extremes, plucked no feathers from birds whose wings could essay higher flights than her own, but rested satisfied with her own traditions, and in the intense premeditation of her art was always to be commended and admired.

Miss Vivienne more than once knitted her brows while reading this.

"That is Louis Dupont," she said to herself. "He likes what he calls spontaneity and freedom; that is, he likes an actress who, whatever she does, seems always longing to dance the cancan."

Another reporter had asked the actress if the coming play demanded handsome gowns; and she had told him she had six, each a masterpiece, a creation of the best men-milliners in Paris. It needed but this statement, which was not even exaggeration, but pure fiction, to show the impressionistic tricks of the reporter's trade. It was nevertheless true that six new gowns were at this moment being ranged round the room by the painstaking Madeline, who declared that the customs people had creased them. It had just occurred to Miss Vivienne that it was perhaps her maid who had thus enlightened the paragraphist, and she was turning to put the question, when the woman, answering a knock at the door of the apartment, returned with a card on a salver. Miss Vivienne, bending to read the name, exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. Benson?"

"No, ma'am, a young lady."

Looking again, Miss Vivienne saw penciled above the manager's name, "Introducing Miss Lucy Angell."

"Who is Miss Lucy Angell?" she said to herself; then asked aloud, "A

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young lady, you say? What sort of a young lady?"

"Quite the lady, ma'am."

Miss Vivienne rose. "Have them take these things away," she said, making a gesture towards the breakfast service. "Then tell the young lady I am but just off the steamer, that I am very busy, and that if she does not object to coming to me here" —

She sat down at her desk, began to open a pile of letters and notes, and became absorbed in their contents. Presently permitting herself to be aware that some one had entered the room, she turned. A girl with a slight, elegant figure, dressed in dark serge, with a cravat of pale blue knotted at the throat under a turn-down collar, stood at a little distance looking wistfully at her. The face was charming; the hair was brown, the complexion fair and pure as a child's; only to meet the eyes, which were of some dark indefinable tint, and to notice the expression of the lips, was to feel the eloquence of a moving, unusual sort of beauty. Conjectures shot through Miss Vivienne's mind. Why had her manager sent this girl to her?

"You will forgive me for receiving you here? I am still giddy from my voyage." She took up the card again. "Can I do anything for you, Miss Angell?"

"You don't seem to remember me," the girl said tremulously.

Miss Vivienne gazed at the soft child's face, — a face with a curious courage and pride in its steadfast look.

"Have I ever met you before?" she inquired.

Miss Angell laughed slightly. "I've been your understudy for three years, Miss Vivienne," she answered.

"Probably, then, you know me better than I know you, Miss Angell," Miss Vivienne observed, with the slightest possible change of tone. "Pray sit down. Take that seat."

Miss Angell advanced a step, and put her hand on the back of the chair indicated. Perhaps she preferred to stand. She burst out impulsively: "I know every change in your face; I know every inflection in your voice, your every gesture and movement. I have moulded myself upon you, Miss Vivienne. People who have heard me go through your parts say that if they had closed their eyes they would have supposed it could be no one but yourself."

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery, they say," Miss Vivienne replied blandly. "Still, it seems a pity not to be more original."

"Oh, I'm original, I'm always original, — that's my strong point," Miss Angell insisted. "That's what makes me succeed."

"Ah, you succeed." Miss Vivienne, as she spoke, looked at the girl with a slight narrowing of the eyelids. "As until lately I was never ill, and have never lost a day of my engagement, I feared I had been so disobliging as to give you no chance to try your powers."

"I'm what they call 'Corisande up to date,'" explained Miss Angell. "I've been rehearsing the part for a month."

Miss Vivienne could not have told why the effect of this announcement was a sudden sense of eclipse. Was it because envy, jealousy, plucked at her heart with the reminder that Paul Devine had been acting up to this girl's Corisande, looking into these violet eyes, watching the play of expression on these red dewy lips? But what folly! Until he has entire freedom in a new part, an actor is all the time working like a slave at it; and, under the eye of a martinet like Benson, — who while early rehearsals were in progress was absolutely merciless, sitting down in the middle of the stage, ready to pounce upon the unhappy culprit who diverged a hair's breadth from the stringent rules, to breathe forth fire, almost slaughter, at the least sign of preoccupation, — there could be no opportunity for a whisper, hardly for a glance.

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No; Miss Vivienne reviled herself for the suggestion. Had not Paul told her yesterday that he was still as tired as a dog because the taskmaster, after four hours' rehearsal on Saturday, when they were all dropping with fatigue and starvation, had insisted on going through the last two acts again?

"Mr. Benson says he has hopes of the play," said Miss Vivienne, after this momentary reflection. "My absence has given you a very nice chance."

"I have been waiting for three years for something to happen," Miss Angell answered, with a sigh. "Twice I went traveling with the other company, but nothing worth having turned up. You see, Miss Vivienne, the stage is so crowded with leading ladies, there is very little demand for a girl with nothing but" — She broke off without finishing her sentence.

"Her face?" Miss Vivienne suggested. "'My face is my fortune, sir, she said!'"

"Oh, I 'm no beauty," said Miss Angell, smiling and dimpling, "and Mr. Benson says I don't make up worth a button. I never in my life had a dress fit to wear on the stage. But I do believe I can act."

Again that premonitory shiver passed through Miss Vivienne. The moment she spoke with feeling the girl was electrical.

"Why, the other day," Miss Angell resumed after an instant's pause, "when I was saying the lines at the beginning of the third act, the company all stopped and applauded." She looked at Miss Vivienne a moment in silence, and although something in the actress's face froze the question, she faltered humbly, "Will you let me recite them to you?"

"I cannot spare the time," replied Miss Vivienne quietly. "More than that, I cannot afford to sacrifice my own individual study of the part. I have promised to be at the rehearsal to-morrow. Then, if you are present, you can hear me in it."

Miss Angell had listened, the smile going off her lips, the expression changing in her eyes. Now she drew a long breath, as if summoning up her resolution.

"Can't you guess what I came to ask you to do for me?" she asked softly.

"No."

"I came to ask if, considering that you are not strong, you would not let me act Corisande for a week, — for two nights, — even for one night?"

"Act before the public?"

"Before the public."

"Your name on the bills?"

"My name on the bills."

Miss Vivienne was a mature woman, also an accomplished actress, but the torment of this moment tried her acutely. Her face flushed, her brain whirled. Her hands, as they lay clasped in her lap, turned cold and clammy.

"I know," faltered Miss Angell, with a sound in her voice not unlike a sob, "I know it 's horrible presumption, but it 's my one chance. It will make a difference with my whole life. If you had not got well" —

"You mean that if I had died, you would have taken my place."

But irony and innuendo were quite thrown away on the girl, whose whole face, her dark eyes and their darker lashes, her fitful color, the dimples about the sad little mouth that was made for joy, all showed that she was terribly in earnest.

"I only meant if you had not been able to come back before the opening of the season," she went on. "You see, I feel the part so much — if you would only be willing to wait a little — to let me have this one chance."

Miss Vivienne laughed. "What becomes of me while you are enjoying your triumph?"

Miss Angell again drew a deep breath. "You have had a thousand triumphs," she rejoined. "You do not need this. You have nothing to look forward to. All the prizes of the profession were

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yours years and years ago. You are rich, you are famous; while I — I am only twenty-one, and I am so poor."

"I am very sorry for you," Miss Vivienne now said kindly. "I will help you in some way. But in this you seem not to know what you are asking. You are like a child reaching out for the moon."

"I told you I knew I was presumptuous," the girl proceeded, "but it 's my whole life that weighs in the scale. I know that I am selfish, but just put yourself in my place. I am sure that I have talent. I am sure that I can act. Just think, with this sense of power pent up, with this longing to put it into speech and action, — think, I say, how hard it is to be put by, passed over. Acting is different from the other arts. It cannot exist without opportunity. One may make a statue, one may paint a picture, one may write a book, to show what is in one. But to act" — She broke off; then asked abruptly, "Don't you see what you are depriving me of?"

Miss Vivienne could not understand why she was so wrought upon by the girl's indignant look and speech that she could not seem to keep her hold of her place, but felt herself slipping down the incline. She tried her wits at the riddle.

"Did Mr. Benson send you to me?" she inquired.

"He knew that I was coming."

"And for what?"

"Yes."

"Did he give his sanction to your request that I should step aside in your behalf?"

"No: he only laughed; he told me he should like to know what you would say to me."

"You see what he thought of it."

"But he has praised me to the skies."

"How praised you?"

"He says I light up the play, — that I have youth on my side. Then once he burst out, 'Ah, Miss Angell, *you* dare to be spontaneous!'"

"He said that!" cried Miss Vivienne as if pierced.

"Then again he exclaimed, 'We shall begin the season with a thunderclap!'"

"Ah," said Miss Vivienne with disdain, "that is a phrase of Mr. Benson's. He used it twice over to me yesterday. One has one's own vocabulary." She was silent for a moment, averting her glance from the girl, whose eyes were full of anguished expectancy, then asked in a studiously quiet manner, "How about Paul Devine? Did he advise you to come?"

"No: he was angry with me for proposing it. He declared the thing was absurd, quite out of the question."

An exclamation burst from Miss Vivienne irresistibly. Her face lighted up as if what she had just heard had been what she had waited for, longed for.

The girl had flushed deeply as she spoke. Her eyes filled. "But he believes in me!" she cried. "He says that" — She broke off, her lips quivering.

"He says what?"

"That — he — should — like — to — act — Romeo — to — my — Juliet."

Miss Vivienne smiled. She had risen. Her whole manner had changed from luke-warm to blood-warm kindness. "My dear little girl," she said gently, "I am sorry to clip your glorious impulse. Of course you and Paul Devine could act Romeo and Juliet very prettily. You have youth on your side, and youth is a power in itself. But youth is not everything. You seem to consider that the advantages I have gained are something to keep or to hand over, as the case may be. I doubt if you begin to know what study and hard work are. Your wishes color everything for you. And if I had died, it seems as if you might have slipped easily into the rôle of Corisande." She made a little gesture. "As it is, I recovered. I expect to make a great success of Corisande."

It was clear that Miss Angell had hoped everything, and now saw that she had

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lost everything. There was no stoicism in her demeanor, — nothing but visible acute disappointment.

"I know," she said, speaking only by a great effort, "that it is like asking a queen to come down from her throne."

"Do queens ever come down from their thrones until they are obliged to come?"

The girl looked at the older woman as if she would have liked to exchange irony for irony.

"But your day may come," Miss Vivienne continued kindly.

"I want it now. Unless it comes now I shall miss all that I care about having."

"That is what it is to be young," Miss Vivienne said lightly. "You will find out a little later that it is better to have missed what seems at twenty-one the most splendid thing in life." Then, for a feminine diversion, she pointed to the toilettes laid out on the lounge and chairs. "Have you any curiosity to look at the gowns I am to wear in the play?" she asked.

"I saw them when I first came in. I have seen them all the time we have been talking, and what they have made me feel is that I should like to play Corisande in this old serge and make a success of it. I am certain that I could."

"I have played often enough in gowns I have made myself," Miss Vivienne retorted; "and fearfully and wonderfully made they were, too. But, unluckily, nowadays the public are educated up to a certain standard of taste, and like perfection, harmony, and symmetry."

In spite of her disavowal, curiosity, jealousy, or the mere feminine instinct for chiffons had made Miss Angell walk a few steps nearer the dresses, and now, lifting one, she uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Should you like to try it on?" Miss Vivienne asked indulgently.

"Not unless you will let me recite the first scene in the third act."

"Do you think, my dear, you are quite generous?" Miss Vivienne asked.

Miss Angell looked first blank, then puzzled, then stricken. But presently, as if she had argued the case anew in her own mind, she burst out, "I have no right to ask anything; only, you see, Miss Vivienne, I have nothing, and you — you have everything. I simply hold out my hand to you like a beggar. It does seem to me that you might give me just this one little chance. It ought to touch you as a woman. You were young once."

"I am a woman. I was young once, — I was young once, and now I suppose I am old," Miss Vivienne said, with a slight bitterness of tone; "but I have always had a scruple against insisting on receiving what I had not won by my own powers. I cannot afford to diminish my well-earned privileges."

"You could increase them if you did me this favor."

"How?"

"You would make me love you, — love you forever and forever."

"Ah!"

III.

Five minutes later Miss Vivienne was still standing staring straight before her, although the door had closed on her visitor. The interview had ended abruptly, for at her skeptical, half-ironical "Ah!" the girl had faltered, in breathless incoherence, "They all wish it — they all hoped for it. You are cruel — cruel — cruel!" then had rushed away. Left in possession of the field, Miss Vivienne still felt her rival like a living presence; still seemed to hear her say, "You were young once," "I hold out my hand to you like a beggar," "This is my one chance," "You are cruel — cruel — cruel!"

She suffered in remembering that such speeches had been hurled at her. They disturbed her sense of fairness. They were not only unjust, they were absurd. Now that it was too late she could think

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of a hundred cogent things to have answered. She ought, in a vein of good-natured sarcasm, to have remonstrated; to have pointed out to the girl, with a touch of humor, that she could hardly have supposed *this*, was it possible she had forgotten *that?* to have summoned logic and reason, and demanded some fair play in their behalf. Miss Vivienne was far from satisfied with the part she had played in the interview. It was incredible how little she had maintained her dignity, how easily she had been depressed by the girl's infatuated belief in her own talent. It seemed as if some hidden efficacy in the appeal had disarmed her ordinary good judgment.

"But one does not give up what is one's own!" she now exclaimed in passionate self-justification. "Except for her own statement, I do not even know that the girl can act."

The manager had said nothing of the "Corisande up to date." Instead, he was jubilant over his chief actress's return. "We shall begin the season with a thunderclap!" he had exclaimed; he had confided to her his belief that Corisande would be the most successful play he had ever put on the stage.

Paul Devine had alluded to the play but once, and then only to explain his fatigue and dullness by the prolonged rehearsal. His manner, always quiet and self-contained, had been touched with more than usual delicacy and tenderness when they had met the day before. The moment he had approached her, Owen Dwight, with his grimmest smile, had yielded up his place beside Miss Vivienne to the newcomer, and had gone to collect her luggage. She and Paul had said little that was personal or direct. She had talked chiefly, and he had listened, with sympathizing comment, to her accounts of her illness, the bad weather in the early part of the voyage, the sulks and despair of Toby, the terrier, her own joy in being at home again.

Of course one inward thought had absorbed her as it must have absorbed him. She had avoided his direct glance, for his eyes had looked the question he had had no chance to utter aloud. When, four months before, she and the young actor had parted, she had promised to tell him, when they met again, whether she would consent to become his wife. They had acted together for the season. He owed everything to her, although his own abilities, his good looks, his energy, his tenacity of purpose, had helped him. It was easily within her power to help him further yet in his profession; and when, with passionate gratitude, he had told her he wished to marry her, she could justify the quick leap of her heart towards this belated bloom of passion by the thought that he needed her money, her experience; that without her he would be condemned to a long, arduous struggle, with no sure rewards. However, she had not yielded at once. She had said to herself she must impose some test. She had, indeed, held him at arm's length, derided him, told him that she was years too old for him. He said he wanted her to be his inspiration, his enthroned queen; that she could never grow old, never become less than adorable. She had listened readily enough. She had ascribed to herself something above and beyond mere beauty, and it had always been her own belief that she was not one of the women whose charm is a mere morning-glory freshness.

Now, with the clear vision in her mind of that absolutely fresh thing of the dawn which had just left her, — that girl with her translucent skin, dewy lips, eyes like a gazelle's, a whole aspect made up, as it were, of fire and dew, — Miss Vivienne moved to the mirror and looked at the image of the woman who had repulsed her.

She was startled to find herself old, gray, furrowed. She had let her vexation and annoyance show themselves only too palpably. Her well-chiseled features, her flexible lips, her fine clear eyes, the

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way her hair grew off her forehead and temples, — these points, which she had considered the unalterable part of her beauty, could not redeem her. Her glance was cold, her lips were angry, her whole face was haggard. With the instinct of an actress, she set a smile going on her lips and lighted up the fire in her eyes. There was again the familiar reflection full of charm and finesse, but she had had a bad moment. With a sharp pang she realized that she had lost her youth.

But fact is always depressing to a woman after she is twenty-five. She must correct it by the persistence of an ideal which dowers her with the lost radiance of her early youth. Thus, after pulling herself together, as it were, Miss Vivienne regained her usual attitude of mind. What is success in life but the understanding how to win against odds? One must struggle in order to conquer. That human being who permits himself to be supplanted deserves to be supplanted. What she experienced at this moment was indignation, contempt, a wish to crush whatever impeded her free action. Reason and logic showed her that she dominated the situation. Why, then, irrationally, did she demand more than reason and logic? Why did the solid earth seem to shake under her feet? Why should she so long to be reassured, reinstated? Why was it that only one person in the world could reassure and reinstate her?

She did not try to analyze or answer this question. Instead, she darted to her desk, wrote a few words, tore the leaf from a tablet, inclosed it in an envelope, directed it to Paul Devine, New Century Theatre, rang the bell, and gave orders that the note should be sent by special messenger and the answer brought back; for it was not worth while to try to live at the mercy of these doubts, suspicions, apprehensions. The sting which had touched her at a single point multiplied into a thousand, and each dart was dipped in venom. Who was it the girl had meant when she said "they all wished" her, the Corisande up to date, to have the part? Of course it was not Paul; yet she must know, and at once. Everything precious hung on Paul's caring for no woman but herself; she must be loved by Paul absolutely. If he had looked at this girl; if, feature by feature, smile by smile, glance by glance, he had weighed her against the older woman, and found the balance in her favor —

What then? Until this instant she had hardly known how she had learned to look to Paul for all the charm, the flavor, the compensation of her life. Until he had come into the company she had gone on acting just as she had gone on eating and sleeping. Almost without knowing it, she had grown very tired of the stage; its triumphs had been necessary, but she realized their emptiness. She knew that the world behind the scenes bristled with strife, competitions, bitterness, but she had walked along her course blind to them. She did not like the members of her profession in general. She had little of the *laisser-aller*, the Bohemian point of view, the easy give and take, which insure popularity. She had contented herself with work, which had been in danger of becoming mere conscientious touching and retouching, polishing and repolishing. Then Paul had begun to act with her. He had brought back the passion, the illusion, of her art. Why did she now look forward so ardently to the part of Corisande? Was it not simply and wholly because he was the man who loved Corisande, and whom Corisande at last loved?

While she was walking to and fro, chafing restlessly under these thoughts, she heard a voice in the next room, and, believing that Paul had come, she opened the door and darted forward to meet him; then perceived that it was not he, but Owen Dwight.

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed, stopping short.

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"Were you expecting some one else?"

"Not quite yet. It is a relief to see you. I am so glad you came."

But he had only dropped in for a moment, he said, to tell her that the custom-house people were at last through with the box they had detained. All was right, all was arranged, and he had brought the key. Then observing the signs of spent emotion on her face, he added, "I expected to find you radiant."

"Radiant? Radiant about what?"

"When I read the morning papers, I said to myself, 'Well, Owen Dwight, this is the goddess you were inviting to sit opposite you at table the rest of your life, to pour out your coffee at breakfast and watch your slumbers before the fire in the evening.' I called myself a fool."

"One calls one's self such names sometimes, even if one does not quite believe in the truth of them. Yet there are disillusions the memory of which stings eternally."

"Kate, what has happened?"

"A mere trifle, yet it has spoiled my peace of mind."

"After the tribute you received yesterday, after such a perfect ovation, certainly no trifle ought to disturb you. However, I suppose what seems a triumphant success to us insignificant beings, whose comings and goings make no difference to anybody but ourselves, is mere everyday experience to you."

"Possibly you read what the reporter in the Prism said, — that my genius owed nothing to spontaneity, that it showed too much premeditation."

"Surely such nonsense could n't wreck your peace of mind. He only meant that you did good work, had a style of your own, respected your art, and did not juggle and experiment with it."

"It is not Louis Dupont's criticism that upset me, but something quite different." Her whole face showed that she was deeply in earnest.

"Tell me, Kate." He laid his hand on hers. She felt the cordiality of his look, the strength of his sustaining clasp.

"I want to know what has happened."

"Just fancy! A girl who calls herself Miss Angell — the girl who says she is my understudy, who has been reading my part while the company have been rehearsing Corisande — came here!"

"Well, what did she want?"

"Wanted me to give up the part to her!"

"Give up the part for good and all?"

"For a night, she said, — two nights, — a whole week!"

"What was her justification for such an extraordinary request?"

"She declared that the happiness of her whole future depended on her having this chance."

"The happiness of her whole future? What sort of a person is she?"

"Charming, young, a light graceful figure, a rose-leaf skin, eyes like — but I have not the words at hand to describe her. I assure you, her beauty made the whole thing superb. Her challenge left me breathless. 'The part of Corisande or your life,' she seemed to say."

"What did you tell her?"

"If I did not surrender on the instant, it was not that I did not feel myself dwindle to the vanishing-point. 'You are old, I am young,' she said, with a little more circumlocution, and I felt actually apologetic for spoiling her sunshine."

"The girl must be a presumptuous fool," Dwight said, his whole manner showing sympathy and concern. "Surely she had no backing?"

"Mr. Benson had lent her his card to introduce her. But she expressly said he laughed at her for coming. That is his way. He would tell me cynically, if I asked him what he meant, that he was sure her audacity would amuse me, — that I might get a hint from the situation."

"She has been rehearsing your part?"

"She says that the whole company stopped and applauded her. Benson told her she had youth on her side."

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"The insolence of youth, the insolence of life!"

"She had the grace to say that she knew it was like asking a queen to come down from her throne."

"Exactly. What did the queen say?"

"What do you suppose?" Miss Vivienne looked into Dwight's face, her own full of pride and determination. "What should you have wished me to say?"

"Of course my wish is that you should give up the whole thing," he responded in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner. "But what she asked was absurd."

"It was more than absurd; it was incredible, impossible! If I were to give up for a night, I should give up for all time. Humpty Dumpty could not have a greater fall."

Dwight not only saw that she suffered, but he suffered with her and for her. At the same time he saw beyond the present moment, and he realized that neither his sympathy nor her resolution could avert a result which was working itself out irresistibly. He was not a man to dogmatize on any subject, nor was it possible for him to insist on his own wishes, his own wants. But even while, with more and more soreness of feeling, she went on recalling the various aspects of her grievance, discussing it anew from every point of view, he could feel that she was every moment coming nearer and nearer to him, reëstablishing the old intimacy, the old habit of absolute frankness.

"The sting of it lies in the fact that she *is* younger, that she is more beautiful," she said, always returning by a different argument to the same climax.

"There is always a younger, there is always a fairer," Dwight said. "You are young for me, Kate; you will always be young for me. You are beautiful for me; you will always be beautiful for me." He had no time to say more. The words were hardly uttered when another man entered the room, — the man who had displaced him yesterday; a far younger man, slim, tall, rather delicate of aspect, but with deep-set blue eyes of peculiar brilliancy, and all his features, his whole bearing, showing character and capacity.

He went straight to Miss Vivienne. "You sent for me," he said.

"Yes." The look she bent on the newcomer was at once intimate, inquisitive, commanding. Dwight saw that this was no idle visit, and made haste to get away.

Left alone with Paul, Miss Vivienne stood passive. He studied her face. It seemed to accuse him.

"I know what it is!" he burst out, perhaps taking refuge in irritability from some conflict of feeling. "But I told her not to come."

"Are you alluding to Miss Lucy Angell?"

"Yes. I see from your face that, since yesterday, something has displeased you. I know of nothing else."

She did not speak, only continued to look at him. He advanced a step.

"Tell me what is troubling you, Kate," he said caressingly.

"Troubling me?" She evaded the hand reached out to take hers. She sat down in an armchair, and motioned that he should take the one opposite. "I simply wish to be sure where I stand. You know how it is with Benson, — he never really answers a question. I feel sure that you will be direct and candid. You evidently know that a very pretty young girl, calling herself Miss Angell, came here before I had finished my breakfast. She informed me that she had been rehearsing Corisande, that my part suited her, and that she wished me to give it up to her for a week, or at least for a night or two."

It was clear that as she spoke he followed her account with some anxiety. When she paused, he kept his eyes fixed on her as if expecting to hear more. Seeing that he waited, she continued, "I wanted to ask if she plays my part well?"

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At this question his lips showed a slight quivering. He answered, however, in a quiet, even tone. "She has a good deal of talent. She has wonderful naturalness; whatever she says or does seems to go straight to the mark. Of course she has certain little awkwardnesses."

"With such a face and figure, she could not do anything very awkward. Beauty covers a multitude of sins."

He sat silent, staring at her; then said under his breath, "She does very well; all her work has life in it."

"Then you advise me to give up my part to her?"

"I do not advise it. I told her she was too ambitious."

"She described how you all broke into applause in the opening scene of the third act. She said that when it was believed I could not get well" —

"Did she dare speak of such a thing?"

"Mr. Benson told her the season would open with a thunderclap."

Paul uttered an exclamation.

Miss Vivienne went on: "She flung her youth in my face."

"Shame on her, — shame on her!" cried Paul, his features working, his voice hoarse. "But she did not mean it, she is not so brutal. It is only that she has worked herself up into an intense longing for this chance. It means so much to her. She has been trying so hard to get a paying engagement. This part suits her, and she feels as if the opportunity would be everything to her."

"So she told me. She wants her share of the good things of the world. She wants my share."

He threw up his arms as if something cramped and fettered him. "She had no right to come," he said again. "I told her the idea was monstrous; it 's intolerable. Only" —

"Only what?"

"She knew that I owed everything to you — she believed that you might be willing" —

"Might be willing to do everything for her?"

"Yes," he said with dejection.

"She thought me so benevolent?"

"She was sure of it. You have everything, she has nothing."

"It was not her poverty which she thrust in my face; rather it was her youth, her talent, her beauty." Miss Vivienne flung this taunt; then when she saw that he was somehow gathering his forces to answer it, her mood seemed suddenly to change. "Paul," she said in a different tone, "it is a little strange that we should begin at once to talk about this girl. When we parted last May" —

He made a spring towards her, caught her hand and bent above her. "Yes," he said resolutely. "I know. That is the real question. What have you decided?" There was manliness, chivalry, devotion, in his manner, everything except what she longed for, — the passionate craving of a lover. Her eyes, raised to his, rested on his face. "Tell me, Kate," he said.

"What am I to tell you?"

"You were to come back and tell me whether you could find it in your heart to marry me."

"Tell me something first," said Miss Vivienne.

He drew a long breath. "Anything."

"Do you still wish me to marry you?"

"I expect it. I count on it. I have planned for it." But he spoke hoarsely and with an effort.

"Last spring you said you loved me."

"Surely, Kate, you have no doubt of me?"

"But tell me, do you still love me?"

"I love you devotedly." His eyes met hers; his whole face was intensely serious.

"You have heard," she now said gently, "that I was very ill. For three days it seemed possible that I might die."

His clasp tightened. "Thank God that you are here."

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"I had made my will. It was in my letter-case, but it was not signed. I asked the landlord to send for a notary, and it was signed before witnesses. I left everything to you, Paul."

"I do not deserve such goodness," he said in a broken voice.

"If you love me, why not? I have no near relatives. Who ought to profit by my death but the man I had made up my mind to marry?"

"Thank you," he said simply and breathlessly. For a moment he seemed lost to realities; then when he met her clear, unfaltering look, he said with decision, "When shall it be?" His look, as he asked this, was the look which had always pleased her. She had loved him for his youth, his grace, his expressive eyes and smile, but also for the capacity for kindling into high emotion which his whole face now showed.

"When shall what be?" she asked, smiling and coloring.

"When shall we be married?"

"Oh, not until the season is over!"

"The season has not begun."

"After it has begun and ended."

"No, now!" he cried, no longer merely trying to be fervent, but alive with feeling and driven by impatience.

"But why such haste?" she demanded archly.

"Can you ask?"

As he spoke, he bent over her with a caress which thrilled her. Why did she not let herself be moved to tenderness, — why not shut her eyes, her ears, permit herself to be borne along by the current of his ardor? His ardor? Was it that, in spite of his words, his manner, his readiness, his apparent desire to go beyond the mark rather than not to reach it, she felt his coldness, — that it made her cold as well? But she had always said that she had never had time or thought for love. In almost making up her mind to marry Paul, what she had felt had been that they were linked together by circumstance; not only their interests, but their tastes and aspirations were in common. He loved, admired, and believed in her, and she held the golden key which could open a future before him as an actor-manager. There was a secret intoxication in the idea of saying, "Yes, let us be married now;" in feeling that after a decisive step, a step which could not be retraced, doubts, hesitations, scruples, would settle themselves. Why should she yearn for warmth, for tenderness?

"You do love me, Paul, — love me with all your heart?" she demanded.

His brow furrowed. He bit his lip; he turned away and stamped his foot. "Why do you doubt me? Has somebody been telling you tales against me?"

"I have seen no one who has mentioned your name except Miss Angell."

They had drawn far apart.

"What can I say more than that I love you?" he asked, with a dignity that almost surprised her. "What can I do more than ask you to marry me, and at once? Surely, when I act in this way you cannot suspect me of being false to you!"

"False! I had not thought of calling you false, Paul. I sent for you, — I hardly know why, but I was disturbed, upset; everything was vague. That girl had threatened me. I saw how young she was, how pretty she was, — too lovely to be looked at, and" — Without finishing her sentence, she waited — fixing her eyes on his face — for him to speak. He had averted his glance.

"Yes," he said in a stiff tone, "she is young, she is pretty."

"Too young, too pretty, to be looked at coldly."

"Yes."

"And she acts well."

"She acts charmingly."

"And you fell in love with her."

"Yes," he returned in the same heavy, stiff tone, "I fell in love with her."

Her actual belief, her actual hope, had

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been in suspense until this moment. Now something in her heart or brain seemed to turn to lead, and with a sombre and speechless load oppress her senses. She did not try to answer this confession, and when she remained silent he turned and looked at her.

"I see," he said in a hopeless voice, "you despise me."

"No, I only despise myself for believing in you."

"You don't realize that a man may suddenly fall in love, and yet hold another woman sacred in his heart all the time" —

"That he suddenly catches love like a cold, and gets over it?"

"That a passion drags his heart and body at its heels, but that with his mind and soul" — He broke off. There was a pause; he glanced at her, and saw that her face was dark, her hands clenched in her lap. "It was the accident of our playing together," he faltered. "The words would have stirred me, no matter to whom I had to speak them, but when she" —

It seemed to him that she was suffering physically. Her whole body swayed.

"You have spoken to her — of love — outside of the play?" she asked.

"Once."

"Are you engaged to her?"

"No."

"The point of honor kept you true to me?"

"She knew that it was an impulse regretted as soon as yielded to."

"Did you tell her you were bound to me?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I have told her nothing. I have let her believe that I drew back because it was all rash, imprudent, foolish, — because she was poor, had no position. That is the reason she is so anxious to take the part of Corisande, — to be more nearly equal to me. She little realizes the horrible perfidy" —

"Horrible perfidy," — she repeated the words, still sitting in her chair as if stunned. Then suddenly flinging herself into the question, as if her vitality had been repressed until she saw this outlet for her emotion, she rose, crying out, "You say you love me!"

"I am yours. I have every feeling towards you a woman needs to ask of the man she consents to marry."

"Gratitude, admiration, loyalty!" — she enumerated these with feverish eagerness.

"Yes."

"You ask me to marry you at once."

"To-day."

"Not to-day; to-morrow, perhaps, — say next day."

"I thank you."

"I shall tell Mr. Benson that Miss Angell must be dismissed."

"She shall be dismissed."

Having thus established a basis, she began to analyze her position, to reduce it to its rational requirements, to justify her antagonism to what she had rejected. A woman has some rights. Surely, after her long struggle she deserved some compensation. Her whole life, her whole heart, her whole world, were in her art. Although she had had her successes, they had not come to her wholly unspoiled; they left her asking something more.

"You and I could do wonderful things together, Paul," she said with enthusiasm.

"Yes."

"And you do love me a little?" she faltered pitifully.

He said in a low, deliberate voice that he loved her, — he would be true to her, he would be good to her. At the same moment that he spoke he drew out his watch. "I have to go!" he exclaimed. "It is time for rehearsal."

"Rehearsal!"

"Yes, at one o'clock to-day."

She looked at him eagerly. She came nearer to him, with entreaty in her eyes.

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"I have to go," he repeated, as if answering her unuttered question.

"She will be there?"

"Of course," he returned sharply.

"Why did I tell Benson I could not rehearse to-day?" she cried. "I can, — I must. I will not sit down tamely and let that girl rob me of everything I had looked forward to and cared about. Call a carriage, Paul. Madeline can get me ready in five minutes."

Her mood was so restless that her words carried no weight with him.

"You would be flurried, Kate," he said compassionately. "You would not do your best." He paused a moment. "As — for — Miss — Angell," he then went on, "if it will be any comfort to you, I promise on my word and honor not to say a word to her outside of my part, — not even to look at her." As he spoke his tone indicated intense strength of will and purpose.

"I must go," he said again. He glanced at her, hesitated, then took a few steps towards the door.

"Kiss me good-by, Paul," she murmured in a trembling voice. But as he approached, panic and confusion beset her, — a sense of unfeminine presumption. "No, no, no!" she exclaimed, with a poignant note in her voice. "I did not mean it. Go, Paul, — go to rehearsal."

He stood irresolute for a moment; his lips moved, but no words came; perhaps none offered themselves. Once more he glanced at his watch, then with an ejaculation hurried away.

IV.

The theatre was dark, the obscurity of the great empty space of the auditorium traversed only here and there by a dusty sunbeam. The stage too was dark; for although at the sides an occasional jet of gas flared, it illumined nothing, — rather rendered the twilight more dull and gloomy. It was Tuesday morning. The rehearsal of Corisande was in progress. The first two acts were over; the third was about to begin. The roll-call had been gone through two hours before, when Mr. Benson had dryly explained that the chief part would once more be read by Miss Angell. This announcement not only roused surprise among the actors, but Mr. Benson's manner, as he made it, showed that something had happened to ruffle his temper. There was an ominous pucker between his brows, as he sat down in the middle of the stage, just in front of the footlights, and studied the *mise en scène*, resting his elbow on the arm of his chair and rubbing his clean-shaven chin with his hand. In spite of this attitude of repose, his whole figure had an active earnestness as if he longed for action. Every other moment, after an angry glance round the stage, he bounced out of his seat to re-chalk the position of a piece of furniture, calling on heaven, calling on the universe; when they did not respond, summoning the stage-manager, the property-man, the scene-shifter, — demanding, entreating, objurgating, all in a breath.

"Where is that tabouret? Send me that property-man. Where, I ask, sir, is that tabouret? Not ready, and I gave you twenty-four hours? Heavens and earth!" infusing into this apostrophe all the solemnity it was capable of expressing, "is the rehearsal to stop because the essential properties are not forthcoming? A low table, — a table exactly twenty-eight inches high, this instant. If not a table, a packing-case; if not a packing-case, a chair. The play cannot be obstructed by such imbecile inefficiency. *It must go on.*"

Then, when something to supply the place of the missing tabouret was tremblingly produced and set down, there came a snarl: "Not there! Not there!" The unhappy supernumerary lifted the substitute, staring about him helplessly.

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"That was an inch, a whole inch, outside the mark. Here — here, I say! Where is the armchair? I said the armchair. Put that armchair by the side of the tabouret. At the right hand, I say. Do you know your right hand from your left? Are you aware of the fact that on the stage the right hand is fixed, immutable? Heavens and earth! the right, I say, — to the right!"

This ominous mood had communicated itself to the whole company. Everybody was nervous. All through the first act the manager was merciless. Nothing suited him. The actors, conscious that a good six hours of agony and struggle were before them this day, looked at one another with a silent shrug of the shoulders. At the least deviation from position, at the faintest sign of hesitation in the lines or in the prescribed movement, there would come a despairing cry.

"Six inches to the left centre, — six inches, I say, madam." It was the heavy lady, a capital actress, but unwieldy and inert except in real action, and the manager's special abhorrence at rehearsal. "We must have a wheel-chair, — a wheel-chair at once I would have, if that devil of a property-man ever brought anything I wanted." In default of the wheel-chair the manager himself flew towards the actress, who, having seated herself in the nearest chair, seemed to refuse to budge.

"Sir," he demanded presently of another, "is that a bag of potatoes you are carrying? Good God, have I got the leisure to bother with your legs and elbows?"

Even Paul Devine, usually a first favorite, was declared to mumble his part to such a degree of extinction of voice that nobody heard his cues.

"You seem to be under a mistake, Mr. Devine: you think you are a mute at a funeral. You are not a mute at a funeral; we do not want a mute at a funeral; there is no one cast for a mute at a funeral in the entire play. What we want is a lively young fellow, a divine creature on two legs, — something between a man and an angel."

But this exordium failed to put spirit into Paul. It was clear that he liked neither objections nor suggestions; that he was nervous, rather irritable, acting feverishly by fits and starts. Even the scenes where he and Miss Angell had hitherto lighted up the dullness, and for a few kindling moments banished the terrors of rehearsal, passed off coldly.

The third act, as we have said before, was about to begin. Again there had been a conference between the manager and the various stage-setters, comparing lists, making notes, discussing positions. The actors, chafing restlessly, were gathered in groups, talking in low voices, all but Paul Devine, who was walking up and down alone behind the scenes. Miss Angell was standing at the corner of the stage with a walking-lady who was complaining in a whisper, when it seemed to the former that two figures had entered the opposite proscenium. There had been a momentary gleam of light as the door opened; then nothing but a deeper trail of shadow across the broad bars of darkness.

"Did you see?" the young actress said to her companion, with sudden excitement. "There are two people in that box."

"I thought something moved. But every door is locked, — Benson insists on that. Not a soul is to be let into the house. It must be somebody connected with the theatre."

Perhaps Miss Angell had seen what she longed for; at least no one else on the stage had had the vision revealed to her.

But still it is something to see even in mirage what one has longed for, and when she told herself that it might be Katharine Vivienne who had come to hear her in the third act, the wild conjecture brought inspiration. She had nothing to lose; she had everything to gain.

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She had the passionate will which made her believe in herself, in her own faculty, in her own right.

The first words she uttered, as she came forward at the signal, thrilled even the most sluggish actor. The scene-shifter, the carpenter, peeped from behind the wings. More than once a cry came from the manager.

"Good, excellent, my child. Just a little more pause, — stop and count ten." "A little farther away." "Crescendo — crescendo — not too much at the beginning — leave a little for the thunderbolt." "There, there, gently." "I only point out the defects; the beauties will take care of themselves. But heavens and earth! I want to ask, where did you get your style? It takes other people years and years!"

These interjections, thrown in as if irrepressibly as the play proceeded, were suddenly accented by a soft clapping of hands from the right-hand proscenium box.

"Who is that?" demanded Mr. Benson irascibly. "There is some one there. Who has been admitted against my express order? Who has had the audacity to give any permission?"

"Mr. Benson, — Mr. Benson, I say."

But Miss Vivienne — for it was she — had by this time reached the stage. She was followed by Owen Dwight, who, as if not in the least surprised at the novel rôle imposed upon him, played it with an ease, a quiet radiance of demeanor, which showed that he had no hesitations and no doubts.

"I have come," said Miss Vivienne, addressing the manager, "to explain why I broke my promise to attend rehearsal. I have come to tell you I am forced to break my engagement, — to give up my position. I have also come, Mr. Benson, to congratulate you on the acquisition of a Corisande who will make the play a brilliant success. I might use twenty adjectives, but I will content myself with one: Miss Angell is charming."

Mr. Benson, crimson, embarrassed, perplexed, doubtful whether he was to take Miss Vivienne seriously or consider it one of the actress's caprices, began to splutter: "But — but — but what is the matter? I don't understand this. What has gone wrong? Why, let me hear what reasons" —

Miss Vivienne, however, had gone up to Miss Angell. She put a hand on each of the girl's shoulders, leaned forward and kissed first one cheek and then the other.

"My dear," she said, "you see that, after all, I did hear you in the third act. You do it beautifully. I have studied the part for three months. I know the difficulties. I understand how fully you have overcome them. I shall insist on sending you the gown you liked, to play in." Then she let her eyes travel over the group of actors until they rested on Paul Devine's face. The expression it wore was full of pain, — startled and incredulous. "For this is my last appearance on the stage," she went on, with a peculiar inflection in her voice. "I am going to be married." She turned towards Dwight and rested her hand on his arm. "We are going to be married to-morrow."

Ellen Olney Kirk.

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A NOOK IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

II.

My spring campaign in Virginia was planned in the spirit of the old war-time bulletin, "All quiet on the Potomac;" happiness was to be its end, and idleness its means; and so far, at least, as my stay at Pulaski was concerned, this peaceful design was well carried out. There was nothing there to induce excessive activity: no glorious mountain summit whose daily beckoning must sooner or later be heeded; no long forest roads of the kind that will not let a man's imagination alone till he has seen the end of them. The town itself is small and compact, so that it was no great jaunt, even in sunny weather, to get away from it in any direction, — an unusual piece of good fortune, highly appreciated by a walking naturalist in our Southern country, — and such woods as especially invited exploration lay close at hand. In short, it was a place where, even to the walking naturalist aforesaid, it was easy to go slowly, and to spend a due share of every day in sitting still, which latter occupation, so it be engaged in neither upon a piazza nor on a lawn, is one of the best uses of those fullest parts of a busy man's life, his so-called vacations.

The measure of my indolence may be estimated from the fact that the one really picturesque road in the neighborhood was left undiscovered till nearly the last day of my sojourn. It takes its departure from the village[1] within a quarter of a mile of the hotel, and the friendly manager of the house, who seemed himself to have some idea of such pleasures as I was in quest of, commended its charms to me very shortly after my arrival. So I recollected afterward, but for the time I somehow allowed the significance of his words to escape me, else I should, no doubt, have traveled the road again and again. As things were, I spent but a single forenoon upon it, and went only as far as the "height of land."

The mountain road, as the townspeople call it, runs over the long ridge which fills the horizon east of Pulaski, and down into the valley on the other side. It has its beginning, at least, in a gap similar in all respects to the one, some half a mile to the northward, into which I had so many times followed a footpath, as already fully set forth. The traveler has first to pass half a dozen or more of cabins, where, if he is a stranger, he will probably find himself watched out of sight with flattering unanimity by the curious inmates. In my time, at all events, a solitary foot-passenger seemed to be regarded as nothing short of a phenomenon. What was more agreeable, I met here a little procession of happy-looking black children returning to the town loaded with big branches of flowering apple-trees; a sight which for some reason put me in mind of a child, a tiny thing, — a veritable pickaninny, — whom I had passed, some years before, near Tallahassee, and who pleased me by exclaiming to a companion, as a dove cooed in the distance, "Listen dat mournin' dove!" I wondered whether such children, living nearer to nature than some of us, might not be peculiarly susceptible to natural sights and sounds.

Before one of the last cabins stood three white children, and as they gazed

[1] Pulaski, or Pulaski City (the place goes by both names, — the second a reminiscence of its "booming" days, I should suppose), is so intermediate in size and appearance that I find myself speaking of it by turns as village, town, and city, with no thought of inconsistency or special inappropriateness.

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at me fixedly I wished them "Good-morning;" but they stared and answered nothing. Then, when I had passed, a woman's sharp voice called from within, "Why don't you speak when anybody speaks to you? I'd have some manners, if I was you." And I perceived that if the boys and girls were growing up in rustic diffidence (not the most ill-mannered condition in the world, by any means), it was not for lack of careful maternal instruction.

This gap, like its fellow, had its own brook, which after a time the road left on one side, and began climbing the mountain by a steeper and more direct course than the water had followed. Here were more of the rare hastate-leaved violets, and another bunch of the barren strawberry, with hepatica, fringed polygala, mitrewort, bloodroot, and a pretty show of a remarkably large and handsome chickweed, of which I had seen much also in other places, — *Stellaria pubera*, or "great chickweed," as I made it out.

I was admiring these lowly beauties as I idled along (there was little else to admire just then, the wood being scrubby and the ground lately burned over), when I came to a standstill at the sound of a strange song from the bushy hillside a few paces behind me. The bird, whatever it was, had let me go by, — as birds so often do, — and then had broken out into music. I turned back at once, and made short work of the mystery, — a worm-eating warbler. Thanks to the fire, there was no cover for it, had it desired any. I had seen a bird of the same species a few days previously on the opposite side of the town, — looking like a red-eyed vireo rigged out with a fanciful striped head-dress, — and sixteen years before I had fallen in with a few specimens in the District of Columbia, but this was my first hearing of the song. The queer little creature was picking about the ground, feeding, but every minute or two mounted some low perch, — a few inches seemed to satisfy its ambition, — and delivered itself of a simple, short trill, similar to the pine warbler's for length and form, but in a guttural voice decidedly unlike the pine warbler's clear, musical whistle. It was not a very pleasing song, in itself considered, but I was very much pleased to hear it; for let the worldly-minded say what they will, a new bird-song is an event. With a single exception, it was the only new one, I believe, of my Virginia trip.

The worm-eating warbler, it may be worth while to add, is one of the less widely known members of its numerous family; plainness itself in its appearance, save for its showy cap, and very lowly and sedate in its habits. The few that I have ever had sight of, perhaps a dozen in all, have been on the ground or close to it, though one, I remember, was traveling about the lower part of a tree-trunk after the manner of a black-and-white creeper; and all observers, so far as I know, agree in pronouncing the song an exceptionally meagre and dry affair. Ordinarily it has been likened to that of the chipper, but my bird had nothing like the chipper's gift of continuance.

This worm-eater's song must count as the best ornithological incident of the forenoon, since nothing else is quite so good as absolute novelty; but I was glad also to see for the first time hereabouts four commoner birds, — the pileated woodpecker, the sapsucker (yellow-bellied woodpecker), the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the black-throated blue warbler. I had undertaken a local list, of course, — a lazier kind of collecting, — and so was thankful for small favors. In the way of putting a shine upon common things the collecting spirit is second only to genius. I was glad to *see* them, I say; but, to be exact, I saw only three out of the four. The big woodpecker was heard, not seen. And while I stood still, hoping that he would repeat himself, and possibly show himself, I heard a chorus of crossbill notes, — like

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the cries of barnyard chickens a few weeks old, — and, looking up, descried the authors of them, a flock of ten birds flying across the valley. They were not new, even to my Pulaski notebook, but they gave me, for all that, an exhilarating sensation of unexpectedness. Crossbills are associated in my mind with Massachusetts winters and New Hampshire summers and autumns. On the 30th of April, and in southwestern Virginia, — a long way from New Hampshire to the mind of a creature whose handiest mode of locomotion is by rail, — they seemed out of place and out of season; the more so because, to the best of my knowledge, there were no very high mountains or extensive coniferous forests anywhere in the neighborhood. However, my sensation of surprise, agreeable though it was, and therefore not to be regretted, had, on reflection, no very good reason to give for itself. Crossbills are a kind of gypsies among birds, and one ought not to be astonished, I suppose, at meeting them almost anywhere. Some days after this (May 12), in the national cemetery at Arlington (across the Potomac from Washington), I glanced up into a low spruce-tree in response to the call of an orchard oriole, and there, at work upon the cones, hung a flock of five crossbills, three of them in red plumage. They were feeding, and had no thought of doing anything else. For the half-hour that I stayed by them — some other interesting birds, a true migratory wave, in fact, being near at hand — they remained in that treetop without uttering a syllable; and two hours later, when I came down the same path again, they had moved but two trees away, and were still eating in silence, paying absolutely no heed to me as I walked under them. Many kinds of northward-bound migrants were in the cemetery woods. Perhaps these ravenous crossbills [1] were of the party. I took them for stragglers, at any rate, not remembering at the time that birds of their sort are believed to have bred, at least in one instance, within the District of Columbia. Probably they *were* stragglers, but whether from the forests of the North or from the peaks of the southern Alleghanies is of course a point beyond my ken.

So far as our present knowledge of them goes, crossbills seem in a peculiar sense to be a law unto themselves. In northern New England they are said to lay their eggs in late winter or early spring, when the temperature is liable, or even certain, to run many degrees below zero. Yet, if the notion takes them, a pair will raise a brood in Massachusetts or in Maryland in the midde of May; which strikes me, I am bound to say, as a far more reasonable and Christian-like proceeding. And the same erratic quality pertains to their ordinary, every-day behavior. Even their simplest flight from one hill to another, as I witnessed it here in Virginia, for example, has an air of being all a matter of chance. Now they tack to the right, now to the left, now in close order, now every one for himself; no member of the flock appearing to know just how the course lies, and all hands calling incessantly, as the only means of coming into port together.

When I spoke just now of the worm-eating warbler's song as almost the only new one heard in Virginia, I ought perhaps to have guarded my words. I meant to say that the worm-eater was almost the only species that I there heard sing for the first time, — a somewhat different matter; for new songs, happily, — songs new to the individual listener, — are by no means so infrequent as the songs of new birds. On the very forenoon of which I am now writing, I heard another strain that was every whit as novel to my ear as the worm-eater's, — as novel, indeed, as if it had been the work of

[1] Mr. H. W. Henshaw once told me about a flock that appeared in winter in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, so exhausted that they could be picked off the trees like apples.

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some bird from the other side of the planet. Again and again it was given out, at tantalizing intervals, and I could not so much as guess at the identity of the singer; partly, it may be, because of the feverish anxiety I was in lest he should get away from me in that endless mountain-side forest. Every repetition I thought would be the last, and the bird gone forever. Finally, as I edged nearer and nearer, half a step at once, with infinite precaution, I caught a glimpse of a chickadee. A chickadee! Could he be doing that? Yes; for I watched him, and saw it done. And these were the notes, or the best that my pencil could make of them: *twee, twee, twee* (very quick), *twitty, twitty,* — the first measure in a thin, wire-drawn tone, the second a full, clear whistle. Sometimes the three *twees* were slurred almost into one. Altogether, the effect was most singular. I had never heard anything in the least resembling it, familiar as I had thought myself for some years with the normal four-syllabled song of *Parus carolinensis.* For the moment I was half disposed to be angry, — so much excitement, and so absurd an outcome; but on the whole it is very good fun to be fooled in this way by a bird who happens to have invented a tune of his own. Besides, we are all believers in originality, — are we nót? — whatever our own practice.

Human travelers were infrequent enough to be little more than a welcome diversion: two young men on horseback; a solitary foot-passenger, who kindly pointed out a trail by which a long elbow in the road could be saved on the descent; and, near the top of the mountain, a four-horse cart, the driver of which was riding one of the wheel-horses. At the summit I chose a seat (not the first one of the jaunt, by any means) and surveyed the valley beyond. It lay directly at my feet, the mountain dropping to it almost at a bound, and the stunted budding trees offered the least possible obstruction to the view. Narrow as the valley was, there was nothing else to be seen in that direction. Immediately behind it dense clouds hung so low that from my altitude there was no looking under them. In one respect it was better so, as sometimes, for the undistracted enjoyment of it, a single painting is better than a gallery.

There was nothing peculiar or striking in the scene, nothing in the slightest degree romantic or extraordinary: a common patch of earth, without so much as the play of sunlight and shadow to set it off; a pretty valley, closely shut in between a mountain and a cloud; a quiet, grassy place, fenced into small farms, the few scattered houses, perhaps half a dozen, each with its cluster of outbuildings and its orchard of blossoming fruit-trees. Here and there cattle were grazing, guinea fowls were calling *potrack* in tones which not even the magic of distance could render musical, and once the loud baa of a sheep came all the way up the mountain side. If the best reward of climbing be to look afar off, the next best is to look down thus into a tiny valley of a world. In either case, the gazer must take time enough, and be free enough in his spirit, to become a part of what he sees. Then he may hope to carry something of it home with him.

It was soon after quitting the summit, on my return, — for I left the valley a picture (I can see it yet), and turned back by the way I had come, — that I fell in with the grosbeaks before alluded to: a single taciturn female with two handsome males in devoted and tuneful attendance upon her. Happy creature! Among birds, so far as I have ever been able to gather, the gentler and more backward sex have never to wait for admirers. Their only anxiety lies in choosing one rather than another. That, no doubt, must be sometimes a trouble, since, as this imperfect world is constituted, choice includes rejection.

The law is general. Even in the mod-

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ern pastime which we dignify as the "observation of nature" there is no evading it. If we see one thing, we for that reason are blind to another. I had ascended this mountain road at a snail's pace, never walking many rods together without a halt, — whatever was to be seen, I meant to see it; yet now, on my way down, my eyes fell all at once upon a bank thickly set with plants quite unknown to me. There they stood, in all the charms of novelty, waiting to be discovered: low shrubs, perhaps two feet in height, of a very odd appearance, — not conspicuous, exactly, but decidedly noticeable, — covered with drooping racemes of small chocolate-colored flowers. They were directly upon the roadside. With half an eye, a man would have found it hard work to miss them. "The observation of nature"! Verily it is a great study, and its devotees acquire an amazing sharpness of vision. How many other things, equally strange and interesting, had I left unseen, both going and coming? I ought perhaps to have been surprised and humiliated by such an experience; but I cannot say that either emotion was what could be called poignant. I have been living with myself for a good many years; and besides, as was remarked just now, all our doings are under the universal law of selection and exclusion. On the whole, I am glad of it. Life will relish the longer for our not finding everything at once.

The identity of the shrub was quickly made out, the vivid yellow of the inner bark furnishing a clue which spared me the labor of a formal "analysis." It was *Xanthorrhiza apiifolia*, shrub yellow-root, — a name long familiar to my eye from having been read so many times in turning the leaves of the Manual, on one hunt and another. With a new song and a new flowering plant, the mountain road had used me pretty well, after all my neglect of it.

My one new bird at Pulaski — and the only one seen in Virginia — was stumbled upon in a grassy field on the farther border of the town. I had set out to spend an hour or two in a small wood beyond the brickyard, and was cutting the corner of a field by a foot-path, still feeling myself in the city, and not yet on the alert, when a bird flew up before me, crossed the street, and dropped on the other side of the wall. Half seen as it was, its appearance suggested nothing in particular; but it seemed not to be an English sparrow, — too common here, as it is getting to be everywhere, — and of course it might be worth attention. It is one capital advantage of being away from home that we take additional encouragement to investigate whatever falls in our way. Before I could get to the wall, however, the bird rose, along with two or three Britishers, and perched before me in a thorn-bush. Then I saw at a glance that it must be a lark sparrow (*Chondestes*). With those magnificent head-stripes it could hardly be anything else. What a prince it looked! — a prince in most ignoble company. It would have held its rank even among white-crowns, of which it made me think not only by its head-markings, but by its general color and — what was perhaps only the same thing — a certain cleanness of aspect. Presently it flew back to the field out of which I had frightened it; and there in the short grass it continued feeding for a long half-hour, while I stood, glass in hand, ogling it, and making penciled notes of its plumage, point by point, for comparison with Dr. Coues's description after I should return to the inn. I was almost directly under the windows of a house, — of a Sunday afternoon, — but that did not matter. Two or three carriages passed along the street, but I let them go. A new bird is a new bird. And it must be admitted that neither the occupants of the house nor the people in the carriages betrayed the slightest curiosity as to my unconventional behavior. The bird, for its part,

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minded me little more. It was engrossed with its dinner, and uttered no sound beyond two or three *tseeps*, in which I could recognize nothing distinctive. Its silence was a disappointment; and since I could not waste the afternoon in watching a bird, no matter how new and handsome, that would do nothing but eat grass seed (or something else), I finally took the road again and passed on. I did not see it afterward, though, under fresh accessions of curiosity, and for the chance of hearing it sing, I went in search of it twice.

From a reference to Dr. Rives's Catalogue of the Birds of the Virginias, which I had brought with me, I learned, what I thought I knew already, that the lark sparrow, abundantly at home in the interior of North America, is merely an accidental visitor in Virginia. The only records cited by Dr. Rives are those of two specimens, one captured, the other seen, in and near Washington. It seemed like a perversity of fate that I, hardly more than an accidental visitor myself, should be shown a bird which Dr. Rives — the ornithologist of the state, we may fairly call him — had never seen within the state limits. But it was not for me to complain; and for that matter, it is nothing new to say that it takes a green hand to make discoveries. I knew a man, only a few years ago, who, one season, was so uninstructed that he called me out to see a Henslow's bunting, which proved to be a song sparrow; but the very next year he found a snowbird summering a few miles from Boston (there was no mistake this time), — a thing utterly without precedent. In the same way, I knew of one lad who discovered a brown thrasher wintering in Massachusetts, the only recorded instance; and of another who went to an ornithologist of experience begging him to come into the woods and see a most wonderful many-colored bird, which turned out, to the experienced man's astonishment, to be nothing less rare than a nonpareil bunting! Providence favors the beginner, or so it seems; and the beginner, on his part, is prepared to be favored, because to him everything is worth looking at.

Dr. Rives's catalogue helped me to a somewhat lively interest in another bird, one so much an old story to me for many years that of itself its presence or absence here would scarcely have received a second thought. I speak of the blue golden-winged warbler. It is common in Massachusetts, — in that part of it, at least, where I happen to live, — and I have found it abundant in eastern Tennessee. That it should be at home here in southwestern Virginia, so near the Tennessee line and in a country so well adapted to its tastes, would have appeared to me the most natural thing in the world. But when I had noted my first specimens — on this same Sunday afternoon — and was back at the hotel, I took up the catalogue to check the name; and there I found the bird entered as a rare migrant, with only one record of its capture in Virginia proper, and that near Washington. Dr. Rives had never met with it!

This was on the 28th of April. Two days later I noticed one or two more, — probably two, but there was no certainty that I had not run upon the same bird twice; and on the morning of May 1, in a last hurried visit to the woods, I saw two together. All were males in full plumage, and one of the last two was singing. The warbler migration was just coming on, and I could not help believing that with a little time blue golden-wings would grow to be fairly numerous. That, of course, was matter of conjecture. I found no sign of the species at Natural Bridge, which is about a hundred miles from Pulaski in a northeasterly direction. In Massachusetts this beautiful warbler's distribution is decidedly local, and its commonness is believed to have increased greatly in the last twenty years. Possibly the same

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may be true in Virginia. Possibly, too, my seeing of five or six specimens, on opposite sides of the city, was nothing but a happy chance, and my inference from it a pure delusion.

I have implied that the warbler migration was approaching its height on the 1st of May. In point of fact, however, the brevity of my visit — and perhaps also its date, neither quite early enough nor quite late enough — rendered it impossible for me to gather much as to the course of this always interesting movement, or even to understand the significance of the little of it that came under my eye. My first day's walks — very short and altogether at haphazard, and that of the afternoon as good as thrown away — showed but three species of warblers; an anomalous state of things, especially as two of the birds were the oven-bird and the golden warbler, neither of them to be reckoned among the early comers of the family. The next day I saw six other species, including such prompt ones as the pine-creeper and the myrtle bird, and such a comparatively tardy one as the Blackburnian. On the 26th three additional names were listed, — the blue yellow-back, the chestnut-side, and the worm-eater. Not until the fourth day was anything seen or heard of the black-throated green. This fact of itself would establish the worthlessness of any conclusions that might be drawn from the progress of events as I had noted them.

On the 28th, when my first blue golden-wings made their appearance, there were present also in the same place three palm warblers, — my only meeting with them in Virginia, where Dr. Rives marks them "not common." With them, or in the same small wood, were a group of silent red-eyed vireos, several yellow-throated vireos, also silent, myrtle birds, one or two Blackburnians, one or two chestnut-sides, two or three redstarts, and one oven-bird, with black-and-white creepers, and something like a flock (a rare sight for me) of white-breasted nuthatches, — a typical body of migrants, to which may be added, though less clearly members of the same party, tufted titmice, Carolina chickadees, white-throated sparrows, Carolina doves, flickers, downy woodpeckers, and brown thrashers.

It is a curious circumstance, universally observed, that warblers, with a few partial exceptions, — blackpolls and myrtle birds especially, — travel thus in mixed companies; so that a flock of twenty birds may be found to contain representatives of six, eight, or ten species. Whatever its explanation, the habit is one to be thankful for from the field student's point of view. The pleasurable excitement which the semi-annual warbler movement affords him is at least several times greater than it could be if each species made the journey by itself. Every observer must have realized, for example, how comparatively uninteresting the blackpoll migration is, particularly in the autumn. Comparatively uninteresting, I say; for even with the birch-trees swarming with blackpolls, each exactly like its fellow, the hope, slight as it may be, of lighting upon a stray baybreast among them may encourage a man to keep up his scrutiny, leveling his glass upon bird after bird, looking for a dash of telltale color along the flanks, till at last he says, "Nothing but blackpolls," and turns away in search of more stirring adventures.

Students of natural history, like less favored people, should cultivate philosophy; and the primary lesson of philosophy is to make the best of things as they are. If an expected bird fails us, we are not therefore without resources and compensations; we may be interested in the fact of its absence; and so long as we are interested, though it be only in the endurance of privation, life has still something left for us. Herein, in part, lies the value to the traveling student of a local list of the things in

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his own line. It enables him to keep in view what he is missing, and so to increase the sum of his sensations. One of my surprises at Pulaski (and a surprise is better than nothing, even if it be on the wrong side of the account) was the absence of the phœbe, — "almost everywhere a common summer resident," says Dr. Rives. Another unexpected thing was the absence of the white-eyed vireo, — also a "common summer resident," — for which portions of the surrounding country seemed to be admirably suited. I should have thought, too, that Carolina wrens would have been here, — a pair or two, at least. As it was, Bewick seemed to have the field mostly to himself, although a house wren was singing on the morning of May 1, and I have already mentioned a winter wren which was seen on three or four occasions. He, however, may be assumed to have taken his departure northward (or southward) very soon after my final sight of him. Thrashers and catbirds are wrens, I know, — though I doubt whether *they* know it, — but it has not yet become natural for me to speak of them under that designation. The mocking-bird, another big wren, I did not find here, nor had I supposed myself likely to do so. Robins were common, I was glad to see, — one pair were building a nest in the vines of the hotel veranda, — and several pairs of song sparrows appeared to have established themselves along the banks of the creek north of the city. I saw them nowhere else. One need not go much beyond Virginia to find these omnipresent New Englanders endowed with all the attractions of rarity. I remember with what delight, in mid-May, I heard and saw one in North Carolina, very near the South Carolina line, — farther south than any of the books carry birds of his kind, in the breeding season, so far as my reading has gone.

Two or three spotted sandpipers about the stony bed of the creek (a dribbling stream at present, though within a month or so it had carried away bridges and set houses adrift), and a few killdeer plovers there and in the dry fields beyond, were the only water birds seen at Pulaski. One of the killdeers gave me a pretty display of what I took to be his antics as a wooer. I was returning over the grassy hills, where on the way out a colored boy's dog in advance of me had stirred up several killdeers, when suddenly I heard a strange kind of humming noise, — a sort of double-tonguing, I called it to myself, — and very soon recognized in it, as I thought, something of the killdeer's vocal quality. Sure enough, as I drew near the place I found the fellow in the midst of a real lover's ecstasy; his tail straight in the air, fully spread (the value of the bright cinnamon-colored rump and tail feathers being at once apparent), and he spinning round like a dervish, almost as if standing on his head (it was a wonder how he did it), and all the while emitting that quick throbbing whistle. His mate (that was, or was to be) maintained an air of perfect indifference, — maidenly reserve it might have been called, for aught I know, by a spectator possessed of a charitable imagination, — as female birds generally do in such cases; unless, as often happens, they repel their adorers with beak and claw. I have seen courtships that looked more ridiculous, because more human-like, — the flicker's, for example, — but never a crazier one, or one less describable. In the language of the boards, it was a star performance.

The same birds amused me at another time by their senseless conduct in the stony margins of the creek, where they had taken refuge when I pressed them too nearly. There they squatted close among the pebbles, as other plovers do, till it was all but impossible to tell feather from stone, though I had watched the whole proceeding; yet while they stood thus motionless and practically invisible (no cinnamon color in sight, now!),

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they could not for their lives keep their tongues still, but every little while uttered loud, characteristic cries. Their behavior was a mixture of shrewdness and stupidity such as even human beings would have been hard put to it to surpass.

Swallows were scarce, almost of course. A few pairs of rough-wings were most likely at home in the city or near it, and more than once two or three barn swallows were noticed hawking up and down the creek. There was small prospect of their settling hereabout, from any indications that I could discover. Chimney swifts, happily, were better provided for; pretty good substitutes for swallows, — so good, indeed, that people in general do not know the difference. And even an ornithologist may be glad to confess that the rarity of swallows throughout the Alleghanies is not an unmitigated misfortune, if it be connected in any way with the immunity of the same region from the plague of mosquitoes. It would be difficult to exaggerate the luxury to a dreaming naturalist, used to New England forests, of woods in which he can lounge at his ease, in warm weather, with no mosquito, black fly, or midge — "more formidable than wolves," as Thoreau says — to disturb his meditations.

By far the most characteristic birds of the city were the Bewick wrens, of whose town-loving habits I have already spoken. Constantly as I heard them, I could never become accustomed to the unwrennish character of their music. Again and again, when the bird happened to be a little way off, so that only the concluding measure of his tune reached me, I caught myself thinking of him as a song sparrow. If I had been in Massachusetts, I should certainly have passed on without a suspicion of the truth.

The tall old rock maples in the hotel yard — decaying at the tops — were occupied by a colony of bronzed grackles, busy and noisy from morning till night; excellent company, as they stalked about the lawn under my windows. In the same trees a gorgeous Baltimore oriole whistled for three or four days, and once I heard there a warbling vireo. Neither oriole nor vireo was detected elsewhere.

Of my seventy-five Pulaski species (April 24–May 1), eighteen were warblers and fifteen belonged to the sparrow-finch family. Six of the seventy-five names were added in a bunch at the very last moment, making me think with lively regret how much more respectable my list would be if I could remain a week or two longer. With my trunk packed and everything ready for my departure, I ran out once more to the border of the woods, at the point where I had first entered them a week before; and there, in the trees and shrubbery along the brookside path, I found myself all at once surrounded by a most interesting bevy of fresh arrivals, among which a hurried investigation disclosed a scarlet tanager, a humming-bird, a house wren, a chat, a wood pewee, and a Louisiana water thrush. The pewee was calling and the house wren singing (an unspeakable convenience when a man has but ten minutes in which to take the census of a thicket full of birds), and the water thrush, as he flew up the stream, keeping just ahead of me among the rhododendrons, stopped every few minutes to sing his prettiest, as if he were overjoyed to be once more at home after a winter's absence. I did not wonder at his happiness. The spot had been made for him. I was as sorry to leave it, perhaps, as he was glad to get back to it.

And while I followed the water thrush, Bruce, the hotel collie, my true friend of a week, whose frequent companionship on the mountain road and elsewhere has been too much ignored, was having a livelier chase on his own account, — a chase which I found time to enjoy, for the minute that it lasted, in spite of my preoccupation. He had stolen out of the house by a back door, and followed me to the woods without an invitation, —

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though he might have had one, since, being non-ornithological in his pursuits, he was never in the way, — and now was thrown into a sudden frenzy by the starting up before him of a rabbit. Hearing his bark, I turned about in season to see the two creatures going at lightning speed up the hillside, the rabbit's "cotton tail" (a fine "mark of direction," as naturalists say) immediately in front of the collie's nose. Once the rabbit ran plump into a log, and for an instant was fairly off its legs. I trembled for its safety; but it recovered itself, and in a moment more disappeared from view. Then after a few minutes Bruce came back, panting. It had been a great morning for him as well as for me, — a morning to haunt his after-dinner dreams, and set his legs twitching, for a week to come. I hope he has found many another walking guest and "fellow woodlander" since then, with whom to enjoy the pleasures of the road and the excitement of the chase.

For myself, there was no leisure for sentiment. I posted back to the inn on the run, and only after boarding the train was able to make a minute of the good things which the rim of the forest had shown me.

It was quite as well so. With prudent forethought, my farewell to the brook path and the clearing at the head of it had been taken the afternoon before. Here, again, Fortune smiled upon me. After three days of cloudiness and rain the sun was once more shining, and I took my usual seat on the dry grassy knoll among the rusty boulders for a last look at the world about me, — this peaceful, sequestered nook in the Alleghanies, into which by so happy a chance I had wandered on my first morning in Virginia. (How well I remembered the years when Virginia was anything but an abode of quietness!) The arbutus was still in plentiful bloom, and the dwarf fleur-de-lis also. On my way up the slope I had stopped to admire a close bunch of a dozen blossoms. The same soft breeze was blowing, and the same field sparrow chanting. Yes, and the same buzzard floated overhead and dropped the same moving shadow upon the hillside. Now a prairie warbler sang or a hyla peeped, but mostly the air was silent, except for the murmur of pine needles and the faint rustling of dry oak leaves. And all around me stood the hills, the nearest of them, to-day, blue with haze.

For a while I went farther up the slope, to a spot where I could look through a break in the circle and out upon the world. In one direction were green fields and blossoming apple-trees, and beyond them, of course, a wilderness of mountains. But I returned soon to my lower seat. It was pleasanter there, where I was quite shut in. The ground about me was sprinkled with low azalea bushes, unnoticed a week ago, now brightening with clustered pink buds. What a picture the hill would make a few days hence, and again, later still, when the laurel should come into its glory!

Parting is sweet pain. It must be a mark of inferiority, I suppose, to be fonder of places than of persons, — as cats are inferior to dogs. But then, on a vacation one *goes* to see places. And right or wrong, so it was. Kindly as the hotel people had treated me, — and none could have been kinder or more efficient, — there was nothing in Pulaski that I left with half so much regret, or have remembered half so often, as this hollow among the hills, wherein a man could look and listen and be quiet, with no thought of anything new or strange, contented for the time with the old thoughts and the old dreams.

Bradford Torrey.

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THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XV.

THE house of Elie Mattingley, the smuggler, stood in the Rue d'Egypte, not far east of the Vier Prison. It was a little larger than any other house in the street, a little higher, a little wider, a little older. It had belonged to a jurat of some repute, who had parted with it to Mattingley not long before he died, —on what terms no one had discovered. There was no doubt as to the validity of the transfer, for the deed was duly registered au greffe, and it said, "In consideration of one livre turnois," etc.; but not even the greffier believed that this was the real purchase money, and he was used to seeing strange examples of deed and purchase. Possibly, however, it was a libel on the departed jurat that he and Mattingley had had dealings unrecognized by customs laws, crystallizing at last into this legacy to the famous pirate-smuggler.

Unlike any other house in the street, this one had a high stone wall in front, inclosing a small square paved with flat stones. In this square was an old ivy-covered well, with beautiful ferns growing inside its hood. The well had a small antique iron gate, and the bucket, which hung on a hook inside the hood, was an old open wine-keg, — appropriate emblem for a smuggler's house. In one corner, girdled by about five square feet of green earth, grew a pear-tree, bearing large juicy fruit, reserved solely for the use of a certain distinguished lodger, the Chevalier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir.

In the summer the chevalier always had his breakfast under this tree. It consisted of a cup of coffee made by his faithful châtelaine, Carterette, a roll of bread, an omelet, and two ripe pears. This was his breakfast while the pears lasted; when they were done, he had the grapes that grew on the wall; and when they in turn were gone, it was time to take his breakfast indoors, and have done with fruits and summering.

Occasionally one other person had breakfast under the pear-tree with the chevalier. This was Savary *dit* Détricand, whom the chevalier met less frequently, however, than many people of the town, though they lived in the same house. Détricand had been but a fitful lodger, absent at times for a month or so, and running up bills for food and wine, of which payment was never summarily demanded by Mattingley, for some time or other he always paid. When he did pay he never questioned the bill, and, what was most important, whether he was sober or "warm as a thrush," he always treated Carterette with respect; though they quarreled often, too, and she was not sparing with her tongue under slight temptation. Yet, when he chanced to be there, Carterette herself usually cooked his breakfast; for Détricand had once said that no one could roast a conger as she could, and she had promptly succumbed to the frank flattery. But Carterette did more: she gave Détricand good advice in as candid and peremptory a way, yet with as good feeling, as ever woman gave to man. He accepted it nonchalantly, but he did not follow it; for he had no desire to reform for the sake of principle, and he did not care enough for Carterette to do it from personal feeling. It was given to Guida Landresse to rouse that personal feeling, and on his own part he had made a promise to her, and he intended to keep it.

Despite their many differences and Carterette's frequent bad tempers, when the day came for Détricand to leave for France; when, sober and in his right mind, and with an air of purpose in his

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face, he sat down under the pear-tree for his last breakfast with the chevalier, Carterette was very unhappy. The chevalier politely insisted on her sitting at table with them, — a thing he had never done before. Ever since yesterday, when Olivier Delagarde had appeared in the Vier Marchi, she had longed to speak to Détricand about him; but there had been no opportunity, and she had not dared do it with any obvious intention. Once or twice during breakfast Maître Ranulph's name was mentioned, and Carterette listened with beating heart; then the chevalier praised Ranulph's father, and Détricand turned the conversation. She noticed this.

Carterette spent the rest of the day in wondering what Ranulph's trouble was, and in what way it was associated with his father. Toward evening she determined that she would go to Ranulph's house to see M. Delagarde. Ranulph was not likely to return from St. Aubin's until sundown, and no doubt his father would be at home.

She was just starting when the door in the garden wall opened, and Olivier Delagarde entered. The evening sun was shining softly over the house and the granite wall, which in the soft light was mauve-tinted, while the well-worn paving-stones looked like some choice mineral. Carterette was standing in the door as the old man came in, and when he doffed his hat to her she thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than the smooth forehead, white hair, and long beard of the returned patriot. That was the first impression he produced; but as one looked closer one saw the quick, furtive, watery eye; and when by chance the mustache was lifted, the unwholesome, drooping mouth revealed a dark depth of depravity, and the teeth were broken, blackened, and irregular. There was, too, something sinister in the yellow stockings, luridly contrasting with the black knickerbockers and rusty blue coat.

At first Carterette was inclined to run toward the prophet-like figure, — it was Ranulph's father; next she drew back with dislike, — the smile was leering malice under the guise of amiable mirth. But he was old and he looked feeble, so her mind instantly changed again, and she offered him a seat on a bench beside the arched doorway with the inscription above it, —

"Nor Poverty nor Riches, but Daily Bread
Under Mine Own Fig Tree."

In front of the bench was a table, where Mattingley and Carterette were wont to eat their meals in summer, and in the table were round holes wherein small wooden bowls or trenchers were sunk. After the custom of the country, Carterette at once offered the old man refreshment. He asked for something to drink, and she brought him brandy. Good old brandy was always to be got at the house of Elie Mattingley. Then she brought forth a fine old delft bowl, with handles like a loving-cup, reserved for honored guests. It was full of conger-eel soup, and she fitted it into the hole occupied by the wooden trencher. As Olivier Delagarde drank, Carterette noticed a peculiar, uncanny twitching of the fingers and eyelids. The old man's eyes were continually watching, always shifting from place to place. He asked Carterette several questions. He had known the house years before. Did the deep stream still run beneath it? Was the round hole in the floor of the back room, from which water used to be drawn in old days? Yes, Carterette said, that was M. Détricand's bedroom now, and you could plainly hear the stream running beneath the house. Did not the noise of the water worry poor M. Détricand? And so it still went straight on into the sea, — and, of course, much swifter after such a heavy rain as they had had the day before!

Carterette took him into every room in the house, save her own and those of the Chevalier du Champsavoys. In the

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kitchen and in Détricand's bedroom Olivier Delagarde's eyes were very busy. He saw that the door of the kitchen opened immediately into a garden, with a gate in the wall at the back; he also saw that the lozenge-paned windows opened like doors, and were not securely fastened; and he tried the trap-door in Détricand's bedroom to see if the water flowed beneath just as it did when he was young. . . . Yes, there it was, running swiftly away to the sea!

At first Carterette thought it strange that Delagarde should show such interest in all this; but then, again, why should he not? He had known the house as a boy. Then he babbled all the way to the door that led into the street; for now he would stay no longer. He seemed in a hurry to be gone, nor could the suggestion that Elie Mattingley would soon return induce him to remain.

When he had gone, Carterette sat wondering why it was that Ranulph's father should inspire her with so much dislike. She knew that at this moment no man in Jersey was so popular as Olivier Delagarde. The longer she thought, the more puzzled she became. No sooner had she got one theory than another forced her to move on. In the language of her people, she did not know on which foot to dance.

As she sat and thought, Détricand entered, loaded with parcels and bundles, mostly gifts for her father and herself; and for Champsavoys there was a fine delft shaving-dish, shaped like a quarter-moon to fit the neck. These were distributed, and then came the packing of Détricand's bags; and by the time supper was over, and this was done, it was quite dark. Then Détricand said that he would go to bed at once, for it was ten o'clock, and he must be up at three, when his boat was to steal away to Brittany, and land him near to the outposts of the Royalist army led by La Rochejaquelein.

Détricand was having the best hour of an ill-spent life; he was enjoying that rare virtue, enthusiasm, which in his case was joined to that dangerous temptation, repentance with reformation, — deep pitfalls of pride and self-righteousness. No man so vain as he who, having erred and gone astray, is now returned to the dazzling heights of a self-conscious virtue.

He was, however, of those to whom is given the gift of humor, which saveth from haughtiness and the pious despotism of the returned prodigal. He was going back to France, to fight in what he believed to be a hopeless cause; but the very hopelessness of it appealed to him, and he would not have gone if it were sure to be successful. In a prosperous cause his gallantry and devotion would not necessarily count for much; in a despairing one they might put another stone on the pyramid of sacrifice and chivalry. He was quite ready to have it out with the ravagers of France, and to pay the price with his life, if need be.

Now at last the packing was finished, everything was done, and he was stooping over a bag to fasten it. The candle was in the window. Suddenly a hand — a long, skinny hand — reached softly out from behind a large press, and swallowed and crushed out the flame. Détricand raised his head quickly, astonished. There was no wind blowing; the candle had not even flickered when burning. But then, again, he had not heard a sound; perhaps that was because his foot was scraping the floor at the moment the light went out. He looked out of the window, but there was only starlight, and he could not see distinctly. Turning round, he went to the door of the outer hallway, opened it, and stepped into the garden. As he did so, a figure slipped from behind the press in the bedroom, swiftly raised the trap-door in the flooring, then, shadowed by the door leading into the hallway, waited for Détricand.

Presently Détricand's footstep was

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heard. He entered the hall, stood in the doorway of the bedroom for an instant, then stepped inside.

At once his attention was arrested. There was the sound of flowing water beneath his feet. This could always be heard in his room, but now how distinct and loud it was! He realized immediately that the trap-door was open, and he listened for a second. He was conscious of some one in the room. He made a step toward the door, but it closed softly. He moved swiftly to the window, for the presence was near the door.

What did it mean? Who was it? Was there one, or more? Was murder intended? The silence, the weirdness, stopped his tongue; besides, what was the good of crying out? Whatever was to happen would happen at once. He struck a light, and held it up. As he did so some one or something rushed at him. What a fool he had been, he thought: the light had revealed his situation perfectly. But at the same moment came the instinct to throw himself to one side. In that one flash he had seen — a man's white beard.

Next instant there was a sharp sting in his right shoulder. The knife had missed his breast, — the quick swerving had saved him. Even as the knife struck he threw himself on his assailant. Then came a struggle for the weapon. The long fingers of the man with the white beard clove to it like a dead soldier's to the handle of a sword. Once the knife gashed Détricand's hand, and then he pinioned the wrist of his enemy and tripped him up. The miscreant fell half across the opening in the floor. One foot, hanging down, almost touched the running water.

Détricand had his foe at his mercy. There was at first an inclination to drop him into the stream, but that was put away as quickly as it came. Presently he gave the wretch a sudden twist, pulling him clear of the hole, and wrenched the knife from his fingers.

"Now, monsieur," said he, "now we 'll have a look at you."

The figure lay quiet beneath him. The nervous strength was gone, the body was limp, the breathing was that of a frightened man. The light flared. Détricand held it down, and there was revealed the face of Olivier Delagarde, haggard, malicious, cowardly.

"So, monsieur the traitor," said Détricand, "so you 'd be a murderer, too, eh?"

The old man mumbled an oath.

"Hand of the devil," continued Détricand, "was there ever a greater beast than you! I have held my tongue about you these eleven years past, and I held it yesterday and saved your paltry life, and you 'd repay me by stabbing me in the dark, — in a fine old-fashioned way, too, with your trap-doors, and blown-out candle, and Italian tricks, and" — He held the candle down near the white beard as though he would singe it. "Come, sit up against the wall there, and let me look at you."

Cringingly the old man drew himself over to the wall. Détricand, seating himself in a chair, held the candle up before him. After a moment he said, "What I want to know is, how could a low-flying cormorant like you beget a gull of the cliffs like Maître Ranulph?"

The old man did not answer, but sat blinking with malignant yet fearful eyes at Détricand, who continued: —

"What did you come back for? Why did n't you stay dead? Ranulph had a name as clean as a piece of paper from the mill, and he can't write it now without turning sick because it 's the same name as yours. You 're the choice blackamoor of creation, are n't you! Now, what have you got to say?"

"Let me go, let me go," whined the other. "Let me go, monsieur. Don't send me to prison."

Détricand stirred him with his foot as one might stir a pile of dirt.

"Listen," said he. "Down there in

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the Vier Marchi they 're cutting off the ear of a man and nailing it to a post, because he ill used a cow! What do you suppose they 'd do to you, if I took you down to the Vier Marchi and told them that it was through you Rullecour landed, and that you 'd have seen them all murdered eleven years ago, — eh, maître cormorant?"

The old man crawled toward Détricand on his knees. "Let me go, let me go," he begged. "I was mad; I did n't know what I was doing; I have n't been right in the head since I was in the Guiana prison."

It struck Détricand that the man must have had some awful experience in prison, for now the most painful terror was in his eyes, the most abject fear. He had never seen so pitiable and craven a sight. This seemed more like an animal which had been cowed by torture than a man who had endured punishment.

"What were you in prison for in Guiana, and what did they do to you there?" asked Détricand curiously.

Again Delagarde shivered horribly, and tears streamed down his cheeks as he whined piteously, "Oh no, no, no! For the mercy of Christ, no!" He threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Détricand saw that this was not acting, — that it was a supreme terror, an awful momentary aberration; for the traitor's eyes were staring and dilated, the mouth was contracted in agony, the hands were rigidly clutching an imaginary something, the body stiffened where it crouched.

Détricand understood now. The old man had been tied to a triangle and whipped, — how horribly who might know? His mood toward the miserable creature changed; he spoke to him in a firm tone: "There, that 's enough; you 're not going to be hurt. Be quiet now, and you shall not be touched."

Then he stooped over, and quickly undoing Delagarde's vest, he pulled down the coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and looked at his back. As far as he could see it was scarred as though by a red-hot iron, and the healed welts were like whipcords on the shriveled skin. Buttoning the shirt and straightening the coat again with his own fingers, Détricand said: —

"Now, monsieur, you 're to go home and sleep the sleep of the unjust, and you 're to keep the sixth commandment, and you 're to make no more lying speeches in the Vier Marchi. You 've made a shameful mess of your son's life, and you 're to die now as soon as you can without attracting attention. You 're to pray for an accident to take you out of the world: a wind to blow you over a cliff, a roof to fall on you, a boat to go down with you, a hole in the ground to swallow you up, a fever or a plague to end you in a day."

He opened the door to let him go; but suddenly catching his arms he held him in a close grip. "Hush!" he said in a mysterious whisper. "Listen!"

There was only the weird sound of the running water through the open trap-door of the floor. He knew how superstitious was every Jerseyman, and he worked upon that weakness now.

"You hear that flood running to the sea," he said solemnly. "You tried to kill and drown me to-night. You 've heard how, when one man has drowned another, an invisible stream will follow the murderer wherever he goes, and he will hear it, hour after hour, month after month, year after year, until one day it will come on him in a huge flood, and he will be found, whether in the road, or in his bed, or at the table, or in the field, drowned and dead!"

The old man shivered violently.

"You know Manon Moignard, the witch?" continued Détricand. "Well, if you don't do what I say — and I shall find out, mind you — she shall bewitch the flood on you. Listen! . . . hear it! That 's the sound you 'll hear every day of your life, if you break the promise you 've got to make to me now."

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He spoke the promise with ghostly deliberation, and Delagarde, all the desperado gone out of him, repeated it in a husky voice. Whereupon Détricand led him into the garden, saw him safe out into the road, watched him disappear; then, slapping his hands as though to rid them of some pollution, and with an exclamation of disgust, he went back into the house.

Before morning he was standing on the soil of France, and by another sundown he saw the lights of the army of La Rochejaquelein in the valley of the Vendée.

XVI.

The night and morning after Guida's marriage came and went. The day drew on to the hour fixed for the going of the Narcissus. Guida had worked all the forenoon with a feverish unrest, not trusting herself, though the temptation was great, to go where she might see Philip's vessel lying in the tideway. She had determined that only when the moment for sailing arrived would she visit the shore; but from her kitchen doorway there was spread before her a wide acreage of blue water and a perfect sky; and out there was Noirmont Point, round which Philip's ship would go, and be lost to her vision thereafter.

The day wore on. She got her grandfather's dinner, saw him bestowed in his great armchair for his afternoon sleep, and when her household work was done settled herself at the spinning-wheel. The old man loved to have her spin and sing as he drowsed into a sound sleep. To-day his eyes had followed her everywhere. He could not have told why it was, but somehow all at once he seemed deeply to realize her, — her beauty, the joy of this innocent living intelligence moving through his home. She had always been necessary to him, but he had taken her presence as a matter of course. She had always been to him the most wonderful child ever given to comfort an old man's life, but now, as he abstractedly took a pinch of snuff from his little tortoise-shell case, and then forgot to put it to his nose, he seemed suddenly to get that clearness of sight, that separateness, that perspective, which enabled him to see her as she really was. He took another pinch of snuff, and again forgot to put it to his nose, but brushed imaginary dust from his coat, as was his wont, and whispered to himself: —

"Why now, why now, I had not thought she was so much a woman. Flowers of the sea, but what eyes, what a carriage, and what an air! I had not thought, — h'm! how strange, blind old bat that I am! — I had not thought she was grown such a lady. Why, it was only yesterday, surely but yesterday, that I rocked her to sleep there in the corner. Larchant de Mauprat," — he shook his head at himself, — "you are growing old. Let me see, — why yes, she was born the day I sold the blue enameled timepiece to his highness the Duc de Mauban. The duc was but putting the watch to his ear when a message comes to say the child there is born. 'Good,' says the Duc de Mauban, when he hears. 'Give me the honor, de Mauprat,' says he, 'for the sake of old days in France, to offer a name to the brave innocent, — for the sake of old associations,' says de Mauban. 'You knew my wife, de Mauprat,' says he; 'you knew the Duchesse Guida, — Guidabaldine. She 's been gone these ten years, alas! You were with me when we were married, de Mauprat,' says the duc; 'I should care to return the compliment, if you will allow me to offer a name, eh?' 'Monsieur le Duc,' said I, 'there is no honor I more desire for my grandchild.' 'Then let the name of Guidabaldine be somewhere among others she will carry, and — and I 'll not forget her, de Mauprat, I 'll not forget her.' . . . Eh, eh, I won-

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der — I wonder if he *has* forgotten the little Guidabaldine there? He sent her a golden cup for the christening, but I wonder — I wonder — if he has forgotten her since? So quick of tongue, so bright of eye, so light of foot, so sweet a face — if one could but be always young! When her grandmother, my wife, my Julie, when she was young — ah! she was fair, fairer than Guida, but not so tall — not quite so tall. Ah!"

He was growing more drowsy. The days of his life, though they lengthened on beyond fourscore, each in itself grew shorter. Sleep and a babbling memory, the pleasure of the sun, the calm and comfort of an existence freed from all passion, all ambition, all care, — this was his life.

He was slipping away into unconsciousness when he realized that Guida was singing: —

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,
And your wedding-dress you must put it on
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky —
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!"

She was smiling. She seemed quite unconscious of his presence; and how bright her eyes were, how alive with thought and vision was the face!

"I had never thought she was so much a woman," he said drowsily; "I — I wonder why — I never noticed it?" He roused himself again, brushed imaginary snuff from his coat, keeping time with his foot to the wheel as it went round. "I — I suppose she will wed soon. . . . I had forgotten. But she must marry well, she must marry well — she is the godchild of the Duc de Mauban. How the wheel goes round! I used to hear — her mother — sing that song, 'Gigoton, Mergaton — spin — spin — spin'" —

He was asleep.

Guida put by the wheel, and left the house. Passing through the Rue des Sablons, she came to the shore. It was high tide. This was the time that Philip's ship was to go. She had dressed herself with as much solicitude as to what might please his eye as though she were going to meet him in person. And not without reason, for, though she could not see him from the land, she knew he could see her plainly through his telescope, if he chose.

She reached the shore. The time had come for Philip to go, but there was his ship rocking in the tideway with no sails set. Perhaps the Narcissus was not going; perhaps, after all, Philip was to remain! She laughed with pleasure at the thought of that. Her eyes lingered lovingly upon the ship which was her husband's home upon the sea. Just such another vessel Philip would command. At a word from him, those guns, like long, black, threatening arms thrust out, would strike for England with thunder and fire.

A bugle-call came across the water to her. It was clear, vibrant, and compelling. It represented power. Power, — that was what Philip, with his ship, would stand for in the name of England. Danger, — oh yes, there would be danger, but Heaven would be good to her; Philip should go safe through storm and war, and some day great honors would be done him. He should be an admiral, and more, perhaps: he had said so. He was going to do it as much for her as for himself; and when he had done it, to be proud of it more for her than for himself: he had said so; she believed in him utterly. Since that day upon the Ecréhos it had never occurred to her not to believe him. Where she gave her faith she gave it wholly; where she withdrew it —

The bugle-call sounded again. Perhaps that was the signal to set sail. No, a boat was putting out from the side of the Narcissus! It was coming landward. As she watched its approach she heard a chorus of boisterous voices behind her. She turned, and saw nearing the shore

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from the Rue d'Egypte a half dozen sailors, singing cheerily: —

"Get you on, get you on, get you on,
Get you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome;
Leave your lasses, leave your beer,
For the bugle what you 'ear
Pipes you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome —
'Ome, 'ome, 'ome —
Pipes you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome."

Guida drew near.

"The Narcissus is not leaving to-day?" she asked of the foremost sailor.

The man touched his cap. "Not to-day, lady."

"When does she leave?"

"Well, that's more nor I can say, lady, but the cap'n of the maintop, yander, 'e knows."

She approached the captain of the maintop. "When does the Narcissus leave?" she asked.

He looked her up and down, at first with something like boldness, but instantly he touched his hat. "To-morrow, mistress, — she leaves at 'igh tide to-morrow."

With an eye for a fee or a bribe, he drew a little away from the others, and said to her in a low tone, "Is there anything what I could do for you, mistress? P'r'aps you wanted some word carried aboard, mistress?"

She hesitated an instant, then said, "No — no, thank you."

He still waited, however, rubbing his hand on his hip with a mock bashfulness. There was an instant's pause; then she divined his meaning.

She took from her pocket a shilling. She had never given away so much money in her life before, but she seemed to feel instinctively that now she must give freely, *now that she was the wife of an officer of the navy.* Strange how these sailors to-day appeared so different to her from any she had ever met before. She felt as if they all belonged to her. She offered the shilling to the captain of the maintop.

His eyes gloated over the money, but he protested with an affected surprise, "Oh, I could n't think of it, yer leddyship."

She smiled at him appealingly. Of course, she said to herself, he must take it: he was one of Philip's sailors, — one of her sailors now.

"Ah, but you will take it! I — I have a r-relative" — she hesitated at the word — "in the navy."

"'Ave you now, yer leddyship?" he returned. "Well, then, I 'm proud to 'ave the shilling to drink 'is 'ealth, yer leddyship." He touched his hat, and was about to turn away.

"Stay a little," she said, with bashful boldness. The joy of giving was rapidly growing to a vice. "Here 's something for them," she added, nodding toward his fellows, and a second shilling came from her pocket.

"Just as you say, yer leddyship," he said doubtfully and selfishly; "but for my part, I think they 've 'ad enough. I don't 'old with temptin' the weak passions of man."

"Well, then, perhaps you would n't mind keeping it?" she said sweetly.

"Yer 'ighness," he answered, drawing himself up, "if it was n't a werry hextrordinary occasion, I could n't never think on it. But seein' as you 're a seagoin' family, yer 'ighness, why, I 'opes yer 'ighness 'll give me leave to drink yer 'ighness' 'ealth this werry night as ever is." He tossed the shilling into his mouth, and touched his hat again.

A moment afterward the sailors were in the boat, rowing out toward the Narcissus. Their song came back across the water: —

"Oh, you A. B. sailor-man,
Wet your whistle while you can,
For the piping of the bugle calls you 'ome —
'Ome — 'ome — 'ome —
Calls you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome."

As the night came down, and Guida sat at the kitchen doorway looking out over the sea, she wondered that Philip had sent her no message. Of course he

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would not come himself; he must not: he had promised her. And yet how much she would like to see him for just one minute, to feel his arms about her, to hear him say good-by once more! Yet, too, she liked him the more for not coming.

By and by she became very restless. She would have been almost happier if he had gone that day: he was within call of her, yet they were not to see each other. She walked up and down the garden, Biribi, the dog, at her side. Sitting down on the bench beneath the apple-tree, she recalled every word that Philip had said to her two days before. Every tone of his voice, every look that he had given her, she went over in her mind, now smiling and now sighing. There is no reporting in the world so exact, so perfect, as that given by a woman's brain of the words, looks, and acts of her lover in the first days of mutual confession and understanding.

It can come but once, this dream, fantasy, illusion, — call it what you will: it belongs to the birth hour of a new and powerful feeling; it is the first sunrise of the heart. What comes after may be the calmer joy of a more truthful, a less ideal emotion, but the transitory glory of the love and passion of youth shoots higher than all other glories into the sky of time. The splendor of youth is its madness, and the splendor of that madness is its unconquerable belief. And great is the strength of it, because violence alone can destroy it. It does not yield to time nor to decay, to the long wash of experience that wears away the stone nor to disintegration. It is always broken into pieces at a blow. In the morning all is well, and ere the evening come the radiant temple is in ruins.

At night, when Guida went to bed, at first she could not sleep. Then came a drowsing, a floating between waking and sleeping, in which a hundred swift images of her short past flashed through her mind. A butterfly floating in the white haze of a dusty road, and the cap of the careless lad that struck it down. . . . Berry-picking along the hedges beyond the quarries of Mont Mado, and washing her hands in the strange green pools at the bottom of the quarries. . . . Stooping to a stream, and saying of it to a lad, "Ro, won't it never come back?" . . . From the front doorway watching a poor criminal shrink beneath the lash with which he was being flogged from the Vier Marchi to the Vier Prison. . . . Seeing a procession of bride and bridegroom with young men and women gay in ribbons and pretty cottons, calling from house to house to receive the good wishes of their friends, and drinking cinnamon wine and mulled cider, — the frolic, the buoyancy, the gayety of it all. Now, in a room full of people, she was standing on a veille all beautifully flourished with posies of broom and wild flowers, and Philip was there beside her, and he was holding her hand, and they were waiting and waiting for some one who never came. Nobody took any notice of her and Philip, she thought; they stood there waiting and waiting — Why, there was M. Savary *dit* Détricand in the doorway, waving a handkerchief at her, and saying, "I've found it! I've found it!" And she awoke with a start.

Her heart was beating hard, and for a moment she was dazed; but presently she went to sleep again, and dreamed once more.

This time she was on a great warship, in a storm which was driving them toward a rocky shore. The sea was washing over the deck. She recognized the shore: it was the cliff at Plemont, in the north of Jersey, and behind the ship lay the awful Paternosters. They were drifting, drifting on the wall of rock. High above on the shore there was a solitary stone hut. The ship came nearer and nearer. The storm increased in strength. In the midst of the violence she looked up and saw a man standing in the doorway of the hut. He turned

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his face toward her: it was Ranulph Delagarde, and he had a rope in his hand. He saw her and called to her, and made ready to throw the rope, but suddenly some one drew her back. She cried out, and then all grew black. . . .

And then, again, she knew she was in a small, dark cabin of the ship. She could hear the storm breaking over the deck. Now the ship struck. She could feel her grinding upon the rocks. She appeared to be sinking, sinking. There was a knocking, knocking at the door of the cabin, and a voice calling to her. How far away it seemed! Was she dying, was she drowning? The words of a nursery rhyme rang in her ears distinctly, keeping time to the knocking. She wondered who should be singing a nursery rhyme on a sinking ship.

"*La main morte,*
La main morte,
Tapp' à la porte,
Tapp' à la porte."

She shuddered. Why should the dead hand tap at her door? Yet there it was tapping louder, louder. . . . She struggled, she tried to cry out; then suddenly she grew quiet, and the tapping got fainter and fainter; her eyes opened; she was awake.

For an instant she did not know where she was. Was it a dream still? For there was a tapping — tapping at her door — no, it was at the window. A shiver ran through her. Her heart almost stopped beating. Some one was calling to her.

"Guida! Guida!"

It was Philip's voice. Her cheek had been cold the moment before; now she felt the blood tingling in her face. She slid to the floor, threw a shawl round her, and went to the casement. The tapping began again. At first she could not open the window. She was trembling from head to foot. Philip's voice quickly reassured her.

"Guida, Guida, open the window a minute!"

She hesitated. She could not — no — she could not do it. He tapped still louder.

"Guida, don't you hear me?" he asked.

She undid the catch, but she had hardly the courage even yet. He heard her now, and pressed the window a little. Then she opened it slowly, and her white face showed. "Oh, Philip," she said breathlessly, "why have you frightened me so?"

He caught her hand in his own. "Come out into the garden," he said. "Put on a dress and slippers, and come," he urged again, and kissed her hand.

"Philip," she protested, "oh, Philip, I cannot! It is too late. It is midnight. Do not ask me. Oh, why did you come?"

"Because I wanted to speak with you for one minute. I have only a little while. Please come and say good-by to me again. We are going to-morrow; there 's no doubt about it this time."

"Oh, Philip," she answered, her voice quivering, "how can I? Say good-by to me here, now."

"No, no, Guida, you must come. I can't kiss you good-by where you are."

"*Must* I come to you?" she asked helplessly. "Well, then, Philip," she added, "go to the bench by the apple-tree, and I shall be there in a moment."

"Dearest!" he exclaimed ardently.

She closed the window.

For a moment he looked about him; then went lightly through the garden, and sat down on the bench under the apple-tree, near to the summer-house. At last he heard her footstep. He rose quickly to meet her, and as she came timidly to him clasped her in his arms.

"Philip," she said, "I 'm sure this is n't right. You ought not to have come; you have broken your promise."

"Are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh, you know, you know that I 'm glad to see you, but you should n't have come — Hark! what 's that?"

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They both held their breath, for there was a sound outside the garden wall. *Clac-clac! clac-clac!* — a strange, uncanny footstep. It seemed to be hurrying away, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!*

"Ah, I know," whispered Guida: "it is Dormy Jamais. How foolish of me to be afraid!"

"Of course, of course," said Philip, — "Dormy Jamais, who never sleeps."

"Philip — if he saw us!"

"Foolish child, the garden wall is too high for that. Besides" —

"Yes, Philip?"

"Besides, you are my wife, Guida!"

"Oh no, Philip, no; not really so until all the world is told."

"My beloved Guida, what difference can that make?"

She sighed and shook her head. "To me, Philip, it is only that which makes it right, — that the whole world knows. Ah, Philip, I am so afraid of — of secrecy."

"Nonsense!" he answered, "nonsense! Poor little wood-bird, you 're frightened at nothing at all. Come and sit by me." He drew her close to him.

Her trembling presently grew less. Hundreds of glowworms were shimmering in the hedge. The grasshoppers were whirring in the mielles beyond; a flutter of wings went by overhead. The leaves were rustling softly; a fresh wind was coming up from the sea upon the soft, fragrant dusk.

They talked a little while in whispers, her hands in his, his voice soothing her, his low, hurried words giving her no time to think. But presently she shivered again, though her heart was throbbing hotly.

"Come into the summer-house, my Guida; you are cold, you are shivering." He rose, with his arm round her waist, raising her gently at the same time.

"Oh no, Philip dear," she said, "I 'm not really cold — I don't know what it is" —

"Oh, but you *are* cold," he answered. "There 's a stiff southeaster rising, and your hands are like ice. Come into the arbor for a minute. It 's warm there, and then — then we 'll say good-by, sweetheart!"

His arm round her, he drew her with him to the summer-house, talking to her tenderly all the time. There were reassurance and comfort and loving care in his very tones.

How brightly the stars shone! How clearly the music of the stream came over the hedge! With what lazy restfulness the distant "All 's well!" floated across the mielles from a ship at anchor in the tideway! How like a slumber song the wash of the sea rolled drowsily along the wind! How gracious the smell of the earth, drinking up the dew of the affluent air, which the sun on the morrow should turn into life-blood for the grass and trees and flowers!

XVII.

Philip was gone. Before breakfast was set upon the table Guida saw the Narcissus sail round Noirmont Point and disappear. Her face had taken on a new expression since yesterday. An old touch of dreaminess, of vague anticipation, was gone, — that look which belongs to youth, which feels the confident charm of the unknown future. Life was revealed, but, together with joy, wonder and pain and knowledge informed the revelation.

To Guida the marvel was brought home with vivid force: her life was linked to another's; she was a wife. Like the Spanish maiden who looks down from her window into the street and calls to her lover, so from the window of her brain Guida looked down into the highway of life, and saw one figure draw aside from the great progression and cry to her, "Mio destino!"

That was it. Philip would signal, and she must come until either he or she

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should die. He had taken her hand, and she must never withdraw it; the breath of his being must henceforth give her new and healthy life, or fill her veins with a fever which should corrode the heart and burn away the spirit. Young though she was, she realized it; but she realized it without defining it. Her knowledge was expressed in her person, was diffused in her character, in her face. This gave her a spiritual force, an air, a dignity which can come only through the influence of some deep and powerful joy, or through as great and deep a suffering.

Seldom had a day of Guida's life been so busy. It seemed to her that people came and went more than usual. She did all that was required of her. She talked, she laughed a little, she answered back the pleasantries of the seafaring folk who passed her doorway or her garden. She was attentive to her grandfather; she was punctual and exact with her household duties. But all the time she was thinking — thinking — thinking. Now and again she smiled, but at times, too, tears sprang to her eyes, and were quickly dried. More than once she drew in her breath with a quick, sibilant sound, as though some thought wounded her; and she flushed suddenly, then turned pale, then came to her natural color again. Yet there was an unusual transparency in her face to-day; a sort of shining, neither of joy nor of sorrow, but the light that comes from life's first deep experiences.

Among those who chanced to come to the cottage was Maîtresse Aimable. She came to ask Guida to go with her and Jean to the island of Sark, twelve miles away, where Guida had never been, but whither Jean had long promised to take her. They would be gone only one night, and, as Maîtresse Aimable said, the Sieur de Mauprat could very well make shift that long for once.

The invitation came to Guida like water to a thirsty land. She longed to get away from the town, to be where she could breathe; for all this day the earth seemed too small for breath: she gasped for the sea, to be alone there. To sail with Jean Touzel was practically to be alone; for Maîtresse Aimable never talked, and Jean knew Guida's ways, knew when she wished to be quiet, for he had an acuteness of temperament beyond his appearance or his reputation. In Jersey phrase, he saw beyond his spectacles, — great brass-rimmed things, which, added to the humorous rotundity of his cheeks, gave a droll, childlike kind of wisdom to his look.

Guida said that she would gladly go to Sark, at which Maîtresse Aimable smiled placidly, and seemed about to leave, when all at once, without any warning, she lowered herself like a vast crate upon the veille, and sat there looking at Guida with meditative inquiry.

Maîtresse Aimable was far from clever; she was thought to be as stupid as she was heavy: she spoke so little, she appeared so opaque, that only the children had any opinion of her. Yet, too, there were a few sick and bedridden folk who longed for her coming with something almost like pleasure, — not with excitement, but certainly with a sense of satisfaction; for though she brought only some soupe à la graisse, or a fresh-cooked conger-eel, or a little cider, and did nothing but sit and stare, and try hopelessly to find her voice, she exuded a sort of drowsy benevolence from her face. If by chance she said, "I believe you," or "Body of my life!" she was thought to be getting garrulous.

At first the grave inquiry of her look startled Guida. She was beginning to know that sensitive fear and timidity which assail those who are possessed and tyrannized over by a secret. Under the meditative regard of her visitor, Guida said to herself, with a quick suspicion, "What does Maîtresse Aimable know about Philip and me?"

How she loathed this secrecy! How

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guilty she now felt, where indeed no guilt was! How she longed to call her name, her new name, from the housetops, to testify to her absolute innocence; that her own verdict upon herself might not be like the antique verdict in the criminal procedure of the Jersey Royal Court, *More innocent than guilty*, — as if in her case there were any guilt at all! Nothing could satisfy her but the absolute, — that was her nature. She was not made for half-lights.

The voice of Maîtresse Aimable roused her. Her ponderous visitor had here made a discovery which had yet been made by no other human being. After her fashion, Maîtresse Aimable loved Jean Touzel as was given to few to love. Her absurd romance, her ancient illusion, had remained with her, vivifying her intelligence only in one direction. She knew when love lay behind a woman's face. Her portly stupidity gave way to intelligence now, and into the well where her voice had fallen there flashed a light from her own love-lorn, lonely, faithful heart, and the voice came up and spake freely, yet with that certainty belonging to a mechanical statement of fact. She said, "I was sixteen when I fell in love; you 're seventeen — you! Ah bah, so it goes!"

Guida's face crimsoned. What — how much did Maîtresse Aimable know? By what necromancy had this dull, fat, silent fisher-wife learned the secret which was the heart of her life, the soul of her being, — which was Philip? She was frightened, but danger made her cautious. She suddenly took her first step into that strange wood called by some Diplomacy, by others Ingenuity, by others, and not always rightly, Duplicity.

"Can you guess who it is?" she asked, without replying directly to the oblique charge.

"It is not Maître Ranulph," answered her friendly inquisitor; "it is not that M'sieu' Détricand, the vaurien." Guida flushed with annoyance. "It is not Maître Blampied, that farmer with fifty vergées, all potatoes. It is not M'sieu' Janvrin, that bat' d'la goule of an écrivain. Ah bah, so it goes!"

"Who is it, then?" persisted Guida.

"Ah bah, that is the thing!" And Maîtresse Aimable's voice dropped again into the well of silence, and for a time defied all efforts to bring it up.

"How can you tell that I am in love, Maîtresse Aimable?" asked Guida.

The other smiled with a torturing placidity, then opened her mouth; but nothing came of it. She watched Guida moving about the kitchen abstractedly. Her eye wandered to the raclyi, from which hung flitches of bacon, to the bellows hanging by the chimney, to the sanded floor, to the bottle-glass window with the lozenge-shaped panes set in lead, to the great Elizabethan oak chair, and at last back to Guida, as if through her the lost voice might be charmed up again.

The eyes of the two met at last, fairly, firmly; and now Guida was conscious of a look in Maîtresse Aimable's face which she had never seen before. Had she herself received a new sight? Was it that we never can see until we are touched by the finger of experience, which has been dipped in the pool of pain? Then and there Guida realized that, though seeing is joy, there is the painful moment when the light breaks in on the tender sight. Guida saw and understood the look in Maîtresse Aimable's face, and instantly knew it to be the same look which was in her own.

With a sudden impulse she laid down the bashin she was polishing, and, going over quickly, she leaned her cheek against Maîtresse Aimable silently. She could feel the huge breast heave, she felt the vast cheek turn hot, she was conscious of a voice struggling up from the well of silence to speech, and she heard it say at last, "Gatd'en'àle! rosemary tea cures a cough, but nothing cures the love. Ah bah, so it goes!"

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"Do you love Jean?" whispered Guida, not showing her face, but longing to hear the experience of another who suffered that joy called love.

Maîtresse Aimable's face got hotter; she did not speak, but patted Guida's back softly with her heavy hand and nodded complacently.

"Have you always loved him?" asked Guida again, with eager inquisition, which can be likened only to that of a wayside sinner turned chapel-going saint, who is hungry to know what chanced to others when they trod the primrose path.

Maîtresse Aimable again nodded, and her arm drew closer about Guida.

Then came an unsophisticated and disconcerting question: "Has Jean always loved you?"

There was a pause; the fingers did not noticeably caress Guida's shoulder, and the voice said, with the deliberate foresight and prudence of an unwilling and adroit witness, "It is not the man who wears the wedding-ring." Then, as if she had been disloyal in even suggesting that Jean might hold her lightly, she added, almost eagerly, — an enthusiasm tempered by the pathos of a half-truth, — "But my Jean always sleeps at home."

This larger excursion into speech gave her courage, and she said more; and even as Guida listened hungrily (so soon had come upon her the apprehensions and wavering moods of loving woman), she was wondering to hear this creature, considered so dull by all, speak as though out of a watchful and capable mind. What further Maîtresse Aimable said was proof that if she knew little and spake little, she knew that little well; and if she had gathered meagrely from life, she had at least winnowed out some small handfuls of grain from the straw and chaff. Her sagacity impelled her to say at last, "If a man's eyes won't see, elder-water can't make him; if he will — ah bah, glad and good!" And both arms went round Guida and hugged her awkwardly.

Maîtresse Aimable had, however, exhausted her reflections (for indeed she had talked more than she had ever done in any day of her life since she married), and her voice came up but once more that morning. As she left Guida in the doorway, she said, with a last effort, "I will have one bead to pray for you, tréjous." She showed her rosary, and, Huguenot though she was, Guida touched the bead reverently. "And if there is war, I will have two beads, tréjous. A bi'tôt — good-by!"

Such was the self-revelation of Maîtresse Aimable, wife of Jean Touzel, who was cruelly called in St. Helier's "la femme de ballast."

Guida stood watching her from the doorway, and the last words of the fisher-wife kept repeating themselves through her brain: "*And if there is war, I will have two beads, tréjous.*"

The allusion in the words was clear. It meant that Maîtresse Aimable knew she loved Philip. How strange it was that one should read so truly without words spoken, or even from seeing acts which reveal! She herself seemed to read Maîtresse Aimable all at once, — read her by virtue and in the light of the love, the consuming and primitive feeling in the breast of each for a man. Were not words necessary for speech, after all? But she stopped short suddenly; for if love might find and read love, why was it she needed speech of Philip? Why was it her spirit kept beating up against the hedge beyond which his inner self was, and, unable to see that beyond, needed reassurance by words, by promises and protestations?

All at once she was angry with herself for thinking thus where Philip was concerned. Of course Philip loved her deeply. Of course she had seen the light of love in his eyes, had felt the arms of love about her. . . . She shuddered and grew bitter, and a strange

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rebellion broke loose in her. Why had Philip failed to keep his promise? It was selfish, painfully, terribly selfish, of Philip. Why, even though she had been foolish in her request, why had he not done as she wished? Was that love, — was it love to break the first promise he had ever made to his wife? Did he not *know?*

Yet she excused him to herself. Women were different from men, and men did not understand what troubled a woman's heart and spirit; they were not shaken by the same gusts of emotion; they — they were not so fine; they did not think so deeply on what a woman, when she loves, thinks always, and acts according to her thought. If Philip were only here to resolve these fears, these perplexities, to quiet this storm in her! And yet, somehow, she felt that the storm was rooting up something very deep and radical in her. It frightened her, but she fought it down.

She went into her garden: and here among her flowers and her animals she grew brighter and gayer of heart; and she laughed a little, and was most tender and pretty with her grandfather when he came home from spending the day with the chevalier.

In this manner the day passed, — in happy reminiscence and in vague foreboding; in love and in reproaches as the secret wife, and yet as a loving, distracted girl, frightened at her own bitterness, though knowing it to be justified.

The late afternoon was spent in gayety with her grandfather and Amice Ingouville, the fat avocat; but at night, when she went to bed, she could not sleep. She tossed from side to side; a hundred thoughts came and went. She grew feverish, her breath choked her, and she got up and opened the window. It was clear, bright moonlight, and from where she lay she could see the mielles and the ocean, and the star-sown sky above and beyond. Myriad thoughts, illusions, and imaginings swept through her brain. Supersensitive, acute, filled with impressions of things she had seen and things and places of which she had read, her brain danced through an area of intense fancies, as a kaleidoscope flashes past the eye. She was in that halfway country where the tangible is merged into the intangible; with a consciousness of being awake, while the feeling is that of an egregious, unnatural sleep. At first her dreaming was all patches, — pictures of gulls and cormorants and tall rocks and cliffs and the surf-making sea; but by and by her flaming fancies took form and continuity, and she dreamed a strange dream of an island in the sea, and of a terrible thing that happened to Philip there.

Gilbert Parker.

(*To be continued.*)

WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

I.

For more than a generation, a period covering the most memorable events in American annals since we became a nation, I have been a quiet observer of men and things in Washington. I have seen Congresses and administrations come and go, the Union temporarily broken asunder and again united, and I have watched with keen interest the revolutions in politics which have rapidly succeeded one another. Most of the public men of the last generation have

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been familiar figures to me. Asked to contribute my own impressions of men and events during this stirring and momentous period, I have not felt at liberty to decline. Preserving the rule of reticence as to living persons, I will endeavor to convey as frank and impartial an estimate of the characteristics of some public men of the past, whether in legislative, executive, or judicial life, as my experience and judgment permit. No other merit is claimed for these sketches than that they are the fruit of a candid observation and an experience somewhat prolonged.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

Few of our public men have had a more marked and engaging personality than Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine. A great lawyer, an incorruptible patriot, a man of almost haughty independence, he left behind, at immeasurable distance, the rank and file of politicians. His small, fine, classically cut head and face, his feeble, dyspeptic body, his severe and quiet look, as of incessant pain overmastered by main force of will, united to mark a man cast in no common mould. His ripe judgment and wisdom brought to him in his later years the title of "the Father of the Senate." Even his faults, his somewhat irascible temper, his cool scorn of the weaklings and the fanatics of his party, the extreme literalness and almost narrowness of his unpoetic mind, and his habitual conservatism, which led him to cling to things established, even sometimes to established abuses, are rather remembered as salient traits of character than cited to his disparagement. He despised demagogues, and had a lifelong contempt for time-servers, sycophants, and bores.

When Fessenden first came to Washington, at the age of thirty-five, in the days of the great Whig victory of 1840, he was a young and ardent Whig, yet full of that even judgment and grasp of practical affairs which always rendered him an invaluable aid in the business of Congress. His first notable speech was on a proposed reduction of the army; and it is significant that he began by opposing his party, whose watchword of "retrenchment and reform" was to be carried out by cutting down the military force to a point which he deemed niggardly and insufficient. The new member was heard with wonder and some impatience, but his intellectual force was such as to give to his array of facts a weight which few new members ever command. Then he "wore the rose of youth upon him," and his straight, lithe figure, jet-black hair, piercing eye, and finely cut face, out of which intellect looked, made him one of the most admired men in the House. The Portland district, always until then Democratic, wished to send him back to Congress, but he obstinately declined; for he had no patrimony, and felt obliged to cultivate his profession to enable him to educate his family, an end which was incompatible with serving in Congress. He toiled at the bar during the next ten years with rare zeal and success.

Elected to the Senate early in 1854, he bore a conspicuous part in the whole anti-slavery struggle, which began with the "compromise" measures of 1850, followed by the Kansas-Nebraska bill of Douglas, and ended with the extinction of slavery and the elevation of the negro to citizenship. He has often been criticised, and even fiercely denounced, as unduly conservative in the anti-slavery struggle. The charge is not sustained by a perusal of his speeches and his record. No more signal proof of his fidelity to freedom need be adduced than the fact that, after President Andrew Johnson had broken wholly with the party which brought him into power, Fessenden was chosen by his colleagues chairman of the important joint committee of both Houses on Reconstruction. As such, he wrote that able Report which, for clearness, terseness,

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and vigorous treatment of the great questions then still at issue, stands unsurpassed in the political literature of the time.

Fessenden's manner and delivery as a speaker were almost unique in the Senate, where set speeches read from manuscript have been so common. He rarely used so much as a note of what he was to say, stood with easy grace in the aisle next to his seat, and talked in a quiet, almost conversational tone, but with clear, distinct utterance, and a precision of statement which marked his intellectual acuteness. He spoke often, but never at much length. Charles Sumner said of him that "nobody could match him in immediate and incisive reply."

His first speech in the Senate, March 3, 1854, on that revolutionary measure the Kansas-Nebraska bill, at once raised him to a front rank among the senatorial opponents of slavery extension. The little band of Senators who confronted the aggressive forces of the South, joined to the well-nigh compact democracy of the North, included Seward, Sumner, Chase, Wade, Everett, Hamlin, Fish, and Foot. Fessenden, as yet but little known on the stage of national affairs, made his maiden speech just before midnight, when the debate was about to be closed by Senator Douglas in behalf of the bill. With cool force of logic, he exposed the claim that the territories ought to be opened to slavery, notwithstanding their dedication to freedom by the compromise of 1820, and showed how the South had since secured the admission of four new slave states, while only the same number of free states had been admitted. Then he took up the compromise measures of 1850 (which he had vigorously opposed when the Whig National Convention of 1852 had indorsed them), and proceeded: —

"It has been claimed for these compromise measures of 1850 that they satisfied all parties, and restored peace to a distracted country. All differences had been settled. We were a happy people. Suddenly, in the midst of this concord, comes a proposition to take from the free states just that which had been given for all these advantages which had accrued to the South, — to take the little that was allowed to the free states by the compromise of 1820. . . . If this is designed as a measure of peace, let me tell you that anything but peace you will have. If this restriction is repealed, as to that territory, it is not yet in the Union, and it never will come into the Union except with exclusion of slavery."

This speech was heard by many Southerners, one of whom said to another as it proceeded, "What sort of a new Senator is this? All his guns are double-shotted."

As chairman of the Senate committee on finance, which at that day had entire charge of all appropriations as well as of revenue measures, Mr. Fessenden stood virtually as the leader of the Senate, at the head of its most important committee. In this responsible position his sagacity and ability were so fully demonstrated that when Mr. Chase resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury, in June, 1864, President Lincoln chose Mr. Fessenden as his successor. Scruples against accepting so onerous an office in his rather precarious state of health led him to decline, for he greatly preferred the Senate. But his reluctance was overborne by Mr. Lincoln's good-humored pertinacity, and by the urgent expressions which came from all parts of the country, pressing him as the one fit man for the place.

Congress was about to adjourn, after a long and anxious and laborious session, in which he had borne the conspicuous and responsible part of leader in the Senate, where he had been charged with all revenue measures and the financial policy of the government. He was weary with daily and nightly labor, and had looked forward longingly to the accustomed rest of the summer vacation. He went to the White House one morning (it was

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five days before the adjournment) to confer with Mr. Lincoln as to the measures of legislation then in their final stages, and to consult as to a proper candidate to be proposed for the Treasury Department. It was all essential to secure some one who would command public confidence at such a critical juncture. Mr. Lincoln put his hand upon Fessenden's shoulder and declared that he himself was that man. Surprised and almost confounded, the Senator told the President that he could not accept; that he was nearly worn out with the responsibilities and toils of the protracted session; and that for him to assume the onerous duties of the Treasury in the burning heat of Washington, at such a moment, would be dangerous, if not suicidal. He could not, would not accept the office, for, aside from his frail health, he did not feel himself qualified for it. Mr. Lincoln replied with feeling and energy in a strong appeal to Fessenden's patriotic impulses, with assurances that he had the confidence of the financial interests of the country, and that he should have the way smoothed by the aid of able lieutenants; and closed by telling him that the nomination had already been sent to the Senate. In fact, Fessenden's appointment had that day been unanimously confirmed.

He at once resolved to sink personal considerations, and to enter upon the office, with the proviso that he should be at liberty to withdraw whenever a fit successor should be found to relieve him. He himself said of it, "I took the office reluctantly and as a matter of duty, and vacated it just as soon as I could."

Secretary Chase, after the great victories which had attended the arms of the Union in preceding years, and aided by the eager and overwhelming patriotism of the country, had made a signal reputation by the marked success of the large popular loans negotiated during his administration. The price of gold — that infallible barometer of public confidence — had fallen, while the national revenues had steadily improved. But there came a time when the tide changed. In May and June, 1864, the slow progress of Grant's army toward Richmond, the ineffective battles of the Wilderness, and the losses at Cold Harbor, with the delay of Sherman's army in the movement upon Atlanta, had chilled the enthusiasm of the people, and had shaken their confidence in the early termination of the war. The result was seen in the financial situation quite as conspicuously as in the military. The government bonds, issued in ever increasing volume, went heavily. The willingness to invest slowly gave place to a feeling of distrust. A renewed attempt by Secretary Chase to secure a loan met with no response. Gold, which had hovered between 150 and 180, went up to 250 in June, 1864, and then to 285, the highest point reached during the entire period of the war. It was at this gloomy crisis, with the legal-tender money of the government worth barely thirty-five cents on the dollar, with a new loan of fifty millions unsalable, with an eminent Secretary of the Treasury just resigning his office, with revenues totally inadequate to daily expenditures, with a great army in the field no longer scoring victories, and with doubt and distrust on every side, that Fessenden was called to take charge of the Treasury Department.

In this new and untried position Fessenden exhibited the same qualities of energy, foresight, and grasp of affairs which had marked his career in the Senate. As a notable evidence of the appreciation in which his distinguished character and services were held in the public mind, the price of gold, which had stood at 280, fell to 225 on the day that his acceptance of the Treasury appointment was announced. The press of the country joined its voice to that of capitalists and bankers in declaring that a great crisis had been averted.

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But the situation was very far from reassuring. The expenditures were steadily in excess of the estimates which had been made for the year. Requisitions upon the Treasury, suspended because there was a lack of funds to meet them, had reached almost a hundred million dollars. The enormous scale upon which the armies of the Union were pushing the war in the South, under the lead of Grant and Sherman, had been unexampled in the history of modern warfare. The daily expenditure exceeded two million dollars, and sometimes reached two and a half millions. The depreciated greenback was a perpetual object-lesson and menace to the credit of the government.

Secretary Fessenden confronted this difficult situation with a courage which only an uncommonly strong man could have shown. He announced that no more paper money would be issued; but, with characteristic prudence, he did not put forth any declaration of an inflexible financial policy. He carefully watched developments, assuring the public creditors that temporary obligations would be met as soon as possible, that no new forms of indebtedness would be created, and that the discretionary power vested in him by law would be exerted to reduce the interest on the public debt. He asked the exhausted banks of New York for a loan of fifty millions; but they were unable to respond at that time, as they had strained their resources to take up former issues of bonds. Then he offered all the six per cent gold bonds yet unsold, proposing to take compound-interest notes in exchange at par; and, though opposed by the banks, this policy was vindicated by almost doubling the subscriptions. The demands for army needs still increasing, an authorized loan at seven and three tenths per cent interest was offered, but met with only moderate success. Then, by Secretary Fessenden's direction, the Treasury issued small denominations of the 7–30 bonds to the army paymasters, to be tendered to such officers and soldiers as chose to receive them in part payment of their overdue salaries. This met with much favor, and multitudes of brave and patriotic soldiers thus loaned their pay to the government, while fighting to preserve its integrity. Still there was a constantly yawning deficit between receipts and expenditures. Criticism of the Treasury policy was rife, and dictatorial leaders in the press and menacing letters from banking interests poured in on the new Secretary. He calmly went on his course, disregarding the claim for "more money;" well knowing that it was not more, but better money that was needed. Yet the subscriptions to the 7–30 loan had stopped; the demand certificates of indebtedness had mounted to over two hundred and forty millions; ninety-two cents was their current value in the market. Mr. Fessenden strove to arrest this rapid depreciation, and suspended further issues of these certificates. He also withdrew the six per cent bonds, and appealed once more to the banks for a 7–30 loan. But when he found that their resources were exhausted, he resolved to appeal to the people, and to popularize the loan by the aid of the same Philadelphia firm of bankers who in 1863 had succeeded in placing five hundred millions of six per cents at par. This plan met with great success; in the judgment of many, it saved the Treasury from bankruptcy. Nearly two hundred million dollars were secured. At the same time military victories revived drooping hopes, and fresh streams of money began to flow in through the operation of the amended tax-laws. Mr. Fessenden had a leading share in framing these, and their successful operation gratified him exceedingly.

He had still much labor to perform, however, before he could leave the Treasury. The war was yet in progress, and revenues for the ensuing year must be provided upon a scale at least as extensive as for the current one. He drew up

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a financial measure, which became a law March 3, 1865, providing for deficiencies by new authority for loans, and also empowering the Secretary to fund all forms of non-interest-bearing debt into a new form of bond: first into a five per cent issue, to run ten to forty years, at the option of the government; and then into four and four and a half per cents, after ten years from date of the first issue.

For this far-sighted and comprehensive policy of reducing debt, and thus at once cutting down expenses and strengthening incalculably the credit of the government, the country is largely indebted to Mr. Fessenden's sagacity. Having now arrived at a point where he could safely and honorably lay down the burdens of his exacting administrative office, and having been reëlected by the legislature of Maine to a third full term in the Senate from the 4th of March, 1865, he again took his seat in that body. He resumed, by unanimous choice of his Republican colleagues, his post as chairman of the committee on finance.

Here the great and difficult problems involved in the reconstruction of civil government in the Southern states were added to the questions of financial policy which had formed so large a share of his senatorial and administrative responsibility. He was made chairman not only of the finance committee, but also of the important joint committee of both Houses of Congress on Reconstruction. The task of that committee of fifteen was one of almost unprecedented difficulty. It had to make thorough inquiry into the condition of all the lately seceded states; to determine their actual status under the Constitution and public law; to define the powers of Congress over them as against their own autonomy; and to frame such legislation as would insure peace, safety, and the permanent preservation of the Union. The situation was entirely anomalous, and taxed to the utmost the knowledge, the political skill, and the patriotism of those who confronted it. Mr. Fessenden's Report, with accompanying bills, met with the acceptance of both Houses of Congress, and the measures of reconstruction proposed, which were the result of concessions of many conflicting opinions, became laws, including the recommendation to the states of a fourteenth constitutional amendment, fixing the basis of representation in Congress, and reducing it in the states in proportion to the exclusion by them from the elective franchise of any portion of their population. It also excluded from Congress and from federal office all the active participants in the rebellion, until relieved from disability by act of Congress; declared the sacredness of the public debt, and prohibited the recognition of any debts or claims incurred in aid of the insurrection or for the emancipation of slaves. This far-reaching amendment was ratified by thirty-three states, and became a part of the Constitution.

Mr. Fessenden had a strong man's indifference, which often amounted to contempt, for that public opinion which is manufactured by newspapers. The world's notion of a particular course of conduct, the party's notion of political necessity or expediency, had little importance in his eyes, when his own mind led him to a different conclusion.

As early as 1854, when catechised in the Senate upon the doctrine of instructions, he declared that a legislature had no right to instruct a Senator how he should vote. To him the post of Senator of the United States was a great trust, to be guarded jealously against all dictation or interference. When he came to pronounce his verdict in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson, it was curious to see how like a disinterested critic or spectator he spoke. He appeared completely to have dismissed all political feeling, and to have judged the case solely with regard to the law and the evidence.

The almost unexampled political ex-

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citement of that time can be but imperfectly apprehended by those who were neither participants nor witnesses of its scenes. With an overwhelming majority in both Houses opposed to the President, with the public in the North against him in immense and almost vindictive preponderance, with his own obstinate, imprudent, and exasperating utterances against Congress itself, it required an independence of party spirit very rare in the members of representative bodies, to rise above the clamor of the time, and to pronounce a calm, judicial judgment. This, Fessenden, a Republican of the Republicans, did; and in it he was joined by only seven out of forty-three of his colleagues belonging to that party. After a clear and searching review of the evidence, which he found insufficient to justify the removal of the President from office, he said: —

"To the suggestion that popular opinion demands the conviction of the President on these charges, I reply that he is not now on trial before the people, but before the Senate. They have not taken an oath 'to do impartial justice, according to the Constitution and the laws.' I have taken that oath. I cannot render judgment upon their convictions. The consequences which may follow either from conviction or acquittal are not for me to consider. . . . And I should consider myself undeserving the confidence of that just and intelligent people who imposed upon me this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if, for any fear of public reprobation, I should disregard the conviction of my judgment and my conscience."

The acquittal of President Johnson, by failure of only one vote to make a two-thirds majority, was the signal for opening upon Mr. Fessenden the batteries of denunciation and abuse. He was threatened with political destruction, with being read out of the Republican party; but he defended his vote with signal ability, and ultimately gained more respect than opprobrium by the act. In the National Republican Convention which met two months later and nominated General Grant for the presidency, hot-headed resolutions denouncing Republican Senators who had voted against impeachment were laid upon the table. And the sober second thought of the public, as in the similar case of the condemnation of Charles Sumner by the Massachusetts legislature for his resolutions against perpetuating the names of victories over fellow citizens in the civil war, may be said to have reversed the judgment first hastily rendered under stress of popular excitement.

Mr. Fessenden was always a comprehensive reader. In the severely laborious later years of his life novels and whist were his favorite recreations of an evening. The stores of biography and of history in the Congressional Library were frequently drawn upon by him. The works of Swift, Dryden, Pope, and De Quincey were among his familiar readings, and he keenly appreciated the masterly History of Gibbon. Thackeray and Balzac, Dumas and Edgar Poe, he read with zest. Goethe also he read much, and among American books he had a special admiration for the historical works of Motley.

Senator Fessenden was for nearly ten years a member of the Committee on the Library of Congress, and while it occupied the long, narrow room on the west front of the Capitol it was his delight to browse at will among its stores. When the question of purchasing for the library of the United States the great historical collection of books, pamphlets, periodicals, and manuscripts of Peter Force came up, in 1866, he was an earnest advocate of its acquisition, and his influence in the library committee and in Congress was a potential factor in its favor. For some years during his senatorial term he was a regent of the Smith-

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sonian Institution, an honor highly appreciated, and in his case well deserved.

Mr. Fessenden was one of the victims of the "National Hotel disease," which in 1857, by its fatal results to some prominent men in Washington, caused such a horror throughout the country, and the effect of it probably remained in his system to the last and embittered his final hours. This once inexplicable mystery is now supposed to be clearly traced to arsenic. About eighty dead rats were found in a water-tank in a certain part of the hotel, most of which had been poisoned. Mr. Fessenden's life, like those of some other public men who had their place of sojourn in that hostelry, was doubtless shortened by that most unfortunate calamity. He died at Portland, September 8, 1869, at the age of sixty-three.

PETER FORCE.

The life of such a man as Peter Force, who died in Washington in 1868, at the ripe old age of seventy-seven years, was worth more to American letters and to human history than the lives of a score of the military generals and other notables whose names are so generally blazoned abroad. He lived for more than half a century in Washington, having gone thither in 1815 from New York. He found the capital a straggling village of wood, and saw it become a stately city of brick and marble. He filled many public and responsible positions, and he was for nine years editor and proprietor of a daily journal which enjoyed the confidence of Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams; but it is not as mayor of Washington nor as an editor that he will be best remembered. His characteristic merit, which distinguishes him from the Ritchies, the Duff Greens, and the F. P. Blairs, who also bore an active part in political journalism at the national capital, is that he was more than a journalist, — he was an historian.

Born near Passaic Falls, N. J., on November 26, 1790 (his father, William Force, being a veteran of the Revolutionary War), Peter Force was by lineage, as well as by native tastes and talent, a worthy exponent of that branch of American history to which he dedicated so many years. Very early in life he evinced a zealous interest in historical investigations, and four years after coming to Washington he originated and published an annual of history, with statistical and official information of a varied character. The National Calendar and Annals of the United States, as he called it, antedated by ten years the publication of the old American Almanac, and was continuously published from 1820 to 1836, except the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. In 1823 he established a newspaper, the National Journal, which was continued until 1831. This drew to its columns some noted contributors, among them John Quincy Adams. The high-minded conduct of this paper in doing justice to the opponents of the administration once led to a committee of the ruling party waiting upon Mr. Force, and asking him to permit them to edit or to revise the political columns, with a view to more thorough partisan effect. He drew himself up to his full height (he was six feet tall), and, with that dignity of bearing which sat so naturally upon him, said, "I did not suppose that any gentleman would make such a proposition to me."

Among Mr. Force's publications of very great value to the students of American history were his series, in four volumes, octavo, of Historical Tracts. These were careful reprints of the rarest early pamphlets concerning America, long out of print, some of which could not be purchased, and others of which he could not afford to own; but he borrowed them from libraries for the purpose of reproducing them. "Whenever," said he, "I found a little more money in my purse than I absolutely needed, I printed a volume of Tracts." Many of the *raris-*

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simi of early American history or exploration thus owe to Peter Force their sole chance of preservation.

The series of American Archives, the great monumental work of his life, was published at intervals from 1837 to 1853. It embraces the period of American colonial history from March, 1774, to December, 1776, in nine stately folio volumes, printed in double columns, and most thoroughly indexed. These archives constitute a thesaurus of original information about the first two momentous years of the Revolutionary struggle, and especially concerning the Declaration of Independence and the early revolutionary action of the colonial assemblies, North and South, — of inestimable value. To this work, the bold conception of his own mind, to contain nothing less than the original fountains of American history, reproduced in systematic chronological order, he dedicated his long and useful life. For it he assembled, with keen, discriminating judgment and unwearied toil, that great collection of historical material, which now forms an invaluable part of the Congressional Library.

Nor was his literary and historical zeal by any means confined to the early history of America. He dignified and adorned his profession of printer by original authorship in many fields. He was profoundly interested in the annals of the art of printing, and the controversies over its true inventor. He gathered, by persistent search, a small library of *incunabula*, or books printed in the infancy of the art, representing every year from 1467 (his earliest black-letter imprint) up to 1500 and beyond. He studied the subject of arctic exploration, collecting all books published in that field, and himself writing upon it. He was the first to discover and publish, in the columns of the National Intelligencer, the true history of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May, 1775; proving by contemporaneous newspapers he had acquired that the true Resolutions were of date May 31, and that the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20, 1775, was spurious.

The American Archives imposed upon Mr. Force a devoted, patient, assiduous life-labor, in one spot, surrounded by the continually growing collection of books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, maps, and engravings, which contributed to throw light upon some period of his inquiry. To say that his library alone filled his commodious house almost to overflowing; that it embraced, besides the largest assemblage of books accumulated up to that time by a private citizen in this country, thirty thousand pamphlets and eight hundred volumes of newspapers; that it was rich in Revolutionary autographs, military papers, maps, portraits, and engravings; and that it embraced between forty and fifty thousand titles, — all this is to convey but a mechanical idea of the life-long and unintermitted labor which Mr. Force expended upon his favorite subject. He began to collect American books long before the birth of the extensive and mostly undiscriminating mania of book-collecting which of late years has become the rage, and he continued the unceasing pursuit until the very week before he was laid in his grave. He carried off prizes at book-auctions which no competitor had the nerve or the knowledge to dispute with him. He ransacked the bookshops of the United States, from Boston to Charleston, for rare volumes.

He had agents to pick up "unconsidered trifles" out of the garrets of New England housewives, and he read eagerly all the multifarious catalogues which swarmed in upon him, of books on sale in London and on the Continent. On one occasion he was a bidder against the United States for a large and valuable collection of bound pamphlets, the property of an early collector, which were brought to the hammer in Philadelphia.

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The Library of Congress had sent on a bid — a limited one — for the coveted volumes; but Mr. Force's order to his agent was peremptory, — "Buy me those pamphlets in an unbroken lot." They were bought. His purchases were often made at prices which would now seem fabulously cheap, yet he never boggled at a high price when once he was satisfied that he had an opportunity to procure a rare or unique volume. Thus, he used to tell how he had endeavored to buy two thin foolscap volumes containing Major-General Greene's manuscript letters and dispatches during the Southern Revolutionary campaign of 1781–82. The price demanded was two hundred dollars. Mr. Force offered one hundred and fifty dollars, which was refused. He then offered fifty dollars for the privilege of making a copy; this was also declined. Seeing that he could not otherwise possess himself of them, he wisely paid the two hundred dollars, and marched off with the precious volumes under his arm.

He carried away from an antiquarian bookseller in Boston the only file of Massachusetts Revolutionary newspapers which had been offered for sale in a quarter of a century, and when good-naturedly reproached by some Yankee visitors for thus stripping New England, he conclusively replied, "Why did n't you buy them yourselves, then?" To the last he was untiring in his efforts to secure complete and unbroken files of all the Washington newspapers. These were carefully laid in piles day by day, after such perusal as he chose to give them, and the mass of journals thus accumulated, for thirty years or upwards, occupied nearly all the large basement of his house. His file of the printed Army Orders issued by the War Department was a marvel of completeness, and it was secured only by the same untiring vigilance which he applied to all matters connected with the increase of his library. With the weight of seventy-five winters on his shoulders, he would drag himself up to the War Department regularly, to claim from some officer who knew him and his passion the current additions to the printed series promulgated in all branches of the military service during the civil war. He thus obtained for his private collection — now become the historic heirloom of the American people — articles which librarians and other functionaries, trusting to official channels of communication alone, have sought in vain to gather.

It was my good fortune, in the closing years of his life, to see him daily, and in his company to go through all the more precious stores of his vast collection. At eight o'clock each morning I found him already immersed in work. No luxurious library furnishings, no glazed bookcases of walnut or mahogany, no easy-chairs inviting to soft repose or slumber, were there, but only plain rough pine shelves and pine tables, heaped and piled with books, pamphlets, and journals. Among them moved familiarly two or more cats and a favorite dog; for the lonely scholar was fond of pets, as he was of children. He had near by bits of bread or broken meat or a saucer of milk, to feed his favorites in the intervals of his work.

As we went together through the various treasures of the collection, to enable me to make the needful notes for my report to Congress, he had frequent anecdotes to tell, — how he had picked up many a rare volume or tract on neglected and dust-laden shelves or from street bookstalls, how he had competed at auction for a coveted volume and borne it away in triumph, how he had by mere accident completed an imperfect copy of Stith's History of Virginia by finding in a heap of printed rubbish a missing signature, and how precious old pamphlets and early newspapers had been fished by him out of chests and barrels in the garrets of Virginia or Maryland.

In the rear of his workroom was a

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little garden, — now all built over by the brick edifice erected for the Washington Post, — in which he had planted trees, then grown to stately size, interspersed with grass and rose-bushes and box and tangled shrubbery. This green retreat, or thicket, he called his "wilderness" (and it had actually the wildness of nature, though begirt with busy streets), and here he walked when resting from his sedentary work.

His domestic life was singularly fortunate. He brought up and educated a family of seven well-gifted children, some of whom inherited the paternal zeal for historical investigation, and produced writings of recognized value.

The one supreme object which overshadowed all other objects with Peter Force was to amass the materials out of which a complete documentary history of the United States could be compiled. His work as an historiographer is known to comparatively few, since the great bulk and cost of the published volumes of his American Archives confine them chiefly to the large libraries of the country. The plan of the work comprised, in the language of its prospectus, "a collection of authentic records, state papers, debates, and letters, and other notices of public affairs; the whole forming a documentary history of the origin and progress of the North American colonies, of the causes and accomplishment of the American Revolution, and of the Constitution and government of the United States to the final ratification thereof."

His contract with the Department of State (executed in pursuance of an act of Congress) was to embrace about twenty folio volumes. He entered upon the work with such zeal that the fourth series, in six volumes, was completed and published in the seven years from 1837 to 1844. Three more volumes, forming the commencement of the fifth series, and bringing the history down to the close of 1776, were also printed, when Secretary of State Marcy arbitrarily stopped the work by withholding his approval of the contents of the volumes submitted to him for the continuation. This was in the year 1853; and this sudden and unlooked-for interruption of his cherished plans, and demolition of the fair and perfect historical edifice which was to be his lifelong labor and his monument, was a blow from which he never fully recovered. It was not alone that he had entered upon a scale of expenditure for materials commensurate with the projected extent of the work; that he had procured, at great cost, thousands of pages of manuscript, copied from the original archives of the various colonies and those of the State Department; that he had amassed an enormous library of books and newspapers, which encroached so heavily upon his means that he was compelled to mortgage his property to meet his bills; but it was the rude interruption of an important national work by those incompetent to judge of its true merits; it was the vexatious and unjust rescinding, by an officer of the government, of a contract to which Mr. Force had reason to believe that the faith of the government was pledged.

He was already past sixty years of age when this event happened. He never renewed his labor upon the Archives: the masses of manuscript remained untouched in the very spot where his work on them had been broken off; and he could never allude to the subject without some pardonable bitterness of feeling. Friends urged him to appeal to Congress, to try to prevail with new secretaries of state to renew the work, to sue for damages, to petition for relief. Not one of these things would he do. He had a sensitive pride of character joined to a true stoic loftiness of mind. He could suffer, but he could not beg. He never approached a member of Congress upon the subject, nor asked a favor where he might justly have claimed a right. He bore his heavy burdens

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manfully, cheered by no hope of recompense, struggling with debt, yet still laboring, day by day, amidst his books, and hospitably receiving and answering all persons who called upon him for information and historical aid. For this unrecompensed service, which became a constantly increasing tax upon his time, he got only thanks. He never made any overtures to sell his library to the government, nor did he, until two or three years before his death, entertain any idea of parting with it in his lifetime.

Many proposals had been made to him to buy his collection, either as a whole or by portions. Finally, in 1866, the matter was taken up in earnest by the Librarian of Congress, who shared in the strongest manner the conviction of those who knew its value, that it would be a national misfortune and disgrace if this great historical library should be dispersed; and Mr. Force consented to part with the entire collection for the price that had been put upon it by persons who sought to buy it for New York, namely, one hundred thousand dollars. The press of the country warmly seconded the effort, and the appropriation went through Congress without a word of objection in either House, — a rare example of wise and liberal legislation effected on its own merits. Rutherford B. Hayes, at that time chairman of the library committee on the part of the House, took a zealous interest, as did the entire committee, in the object of securing this invaluable and unique collection. Many of its volumes are enriched with the notes of Mr. Force, correcting errors of date, citing pages of Panzer or other catalogues of incunabula, or referring to books or newspapers in which other sources of information are to be found.

The transfer of the library to the Capitol took place in the spring of 1867. It was watched with careful interest by its venerable owner, who was left to his desolated shelves, and often lamented that he never again felt at home without his old companions around him. He was made free of the Library of Congress, and invited to take a desk there and continue his studies; but though he often came, he could not bring himself to sit down and work there.

He died January 23, 1868. His children erected a marble monument over his grave, on which is carved, above the name of Force, as a beautiful and appropriate device, a shelf of books bearing nine volumes inscribed "American Archives," with a civic crown of laurel. But his library, and his historical works, though unfinished, are his fitting monument, and these will preserve his name to the future ages of the great republic as that of a pure and unselfish patriot and student.

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

GREAT EXPLORERS OF THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS.

THE origin of the constellations is obscure. Some of them have been recognized from time immemorial, but they were first definitely fixed by Ptolemy about 140 A. D. As outlined by him they were used by the decadent Greeks and Romans, and with the fall of Alexandria before the victorious arms of Omar they passed into the knowledge of the Arabians. This singular people, still in the state of natural youth, were barely able to understand and preserve the treasure of astronomical science that had fallen into their hands, but could not materially enlarge it. Thus, the constellations of Ptolemy, who was probably a

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priest in the temple of Canopus, near Alexandria, passed unchanged to the Europeans after the crusades, and were maintained in the subsequent revival of letters and science.

Europe, however, is further north than Egypt, and hence fewer of the southern constellations are visible to the northern nations than were seen by Ptolemy at Alexandria. Yet, as the latitude of Ptolemy's station was about thirty-one degrees, there was a circle of stars round the south pole of this radius which never rose above his horizon, and hence for this hidden region no constellations were formed by the ancients. Nevertheless, the constellations extended well south, and included parts of the brilliant regions of the great ship Argo, the Centaur, the Cross, the Wolf, the Scorpion, the Altar, the Phœnix, and the river Eridanus. The present constellations, however, are not identical with those of Ptolemy; they have been considerably modified and rearranged by several modern astronomers.

When the early navigators, after the heroic expeditions of Columbus, began to pass beyond the equator, they realized for the first time that the richest and finest portion of the celestial sphere is invisible in Europe, and had either never been seen by the ancients, or seen only very near the southern horizon, where the density of the air obscured the real wonders of the heavens.

Magellan and his sailors recognized for the first time the great group of bright stars in the Galaxy near Centaurus and in Argo, and the dark holes in the Milky Way known as the Coal Sacks; nor could they fail to be impressed with those luminous starry patches separated from the Milky Way, and known as the two Magellanic Clouds, the most extraordinary objects in the face of the sky. The reports of these celestial wonders excited the interest of mankind, and in due course of events men of science were found eager to explore the new regions, and to extend the constellations over the expanse near the south pole.

Before giving an account of the division of the heavens into constellations — a process of apportionment somewhat analogous to the formation of states from the national domain, although it was accomplished, I believe, with less violence than has sometimes marked the creation of new states — let me say a few words about the precession of the equinoxes, and the effect of this motion of the poles among the stars, as respects the constellations visible in a given latitude.

The plane of the equator is inclined to the ecliptic by an angle of twenty-three and one half degrees, and as the earth's figure is oblate, owing to the rotatory motion it had when in a molten condition, the attraction of the sun and moon on the protuberant ring of matter about the equator tends to bring that plane into coincidence with the ecliptic; this slight turning caused by the sun and moon, combined with the rapid rotation of the earth about its axis, produces a shifting of the intersection of the two planes; and this westward motion of the equinox (as the intersection is called) along the ecliptic is known as the precession of the equinoxes. The effect of the precession is to make a great change in the apparent places of the fixed stars. For the pole is slowly revolved through a circle round the pole of the ecliptic about forty-seven degrees in diameter; and this change in the place of the pole shifts the apparent place of all the stars in the heavens. As the pole revolves on its long journey of twenty-five thousand eight hundred years, it passes successively by various stars; and the declinations of many of the stars may be changed by forty-seven degrees. Thus, a star which at the present epoch is twenty-three and a half degrees south of the equator may in twelve thousand nine hundred years be found the same distance north of the equator of that epoch. This great change in the decli-

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nations of the heavenly bodies is accompanied by a shifting of the orientation of the constellations with respect to the temporary position of the pole, though the situations of the constellations with respect to one another do not change from this cause. If Hipparchus or Job were now to rise from the dead and look upon the heavens, he would see the constellations related to one another as of old, but he would find that the pole had shifted its position among the stars; and if an immortal could witness the grand phenomenon which the precession produces, in about twelve thousand nine hundred years he would find the heavens so altered that the former aspect could be recognized only by an understanding of the changes which had intervened. As Humboldt justly remarks, the beautiful and celebrated constellation of the Southern Cross, never seen by the present inhabitants of Europe, and visible in the United States only on the southern coast, formerly shone on the shores of the Baltic, and may again be seen in that latitude in about eighteen thousand years. The Cross will then be visible on the shores of Hudson's Bay, but at present it is going rapidly southward, and in a few thousand years will be invisible even at the extreme point of Florida. In like manner, the brilliant star Canopus in the constellation Argo, situated some thirty-seven degrees south of Sirius, can now be seen in the southern portion of the United States; in about twelve thousand years it will cease to rise even in Central America. The changes thus resulting from the precession are among the grandest phenomena of which the mind can conceive, but they come about so slowly that they are hardly perceptible to an unscientific observer in an ordinary lifetime. Yet Hipparchus, who discovered the precession by comparing observations made one hundred and fifty years before Christ with others made a century before, mentions the fact traditionally reported by the inhabitants of Rhodes, that certain stars formerly to be seen there on the southern horizon had disappeared. From the same cause, if Ptolemy were to look again upon the heavens at Alexandria, he would be unable to find Alpha and Beta Centauri, which he easily saw and catalogued in the time of Hadrian; at present these magnificent stars are just visible at the pyramids near Cairo, and in a few thousand years they will be seen by dwellers on the Nile only in Upper Egypt.

While Hipparchus discovered the fact of the precession of the equinoxes, the cause of this grand phenomenon was unexplained for over eighteen centuries, till Newton showed that it arose from the attraction of the sun and moon upon the protuberant matter about the earth's equator.

After the general aspects of the southern skies were made known by the early navigators, the first to make a more scientific exploration of that region were the French Jesuit Fathers, men like Richaud and Feuillée, who were actuated by a religious zeal which overcame all difficulties and endured the hardships incident to adventures among the barbarians of the new hemisphere. But though the French Jesuits made known a number of striking individual objects, as for example the double star Alpha Centauri, they were not able to make good telescopic exploration of the heavens, or even a good catalogue of the stars visible to the naked eye. When instruments of precision had been much improved by Graham, and chronometers had been brought to a high state of perfection by Harrison, it was possible to make an accurate catalogue of the principal fixed stars. Accordingly, in 1676 the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley, then a youth of twenty years, landed at St. Helena for the purpose of cataloguing the conspicuous stars of the southern hemisphere. The station chosen for the observations was sufficiently far south, and had the great advantage at that time of being ac-

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cessible to merchant vessels trading with India; but it proved to be in a cloudy region, and was otherwise unsuitable for the prosecution of astronomical research; yet Halley's perseverance enabled him to fix with reasonable accuracy the places of 360 stars, and the labor was so important from every point of view that it gave him the title of the Southern Tycho. His expedition is also forever memorable for the observation of the retardation of the pendulum on approaching the equator, — a phenomenon proving that gravity is greater near the poles, and of the highest consequence for the establishment of the theory of universal gravitation, in which he was afterward to play so great a part as the friend and benefactor of Newton. Yet valuable as was Halley's work on the southern stars, and fruitful as were his numerous and profound astronomical researches, he had the misfortune to place among his new southern constellations one in memory of the Royal Oak; and as this personal allusion to his patron and friend, King James II., was not acceptable to astronomers of other nationalities, this apportionment of the sky was frustrated by his successors.

Some earlier astronomers of Holland and Spain had vaguely outlined certain southern constellations, and Bayer himself had given some stars in these regions when he published his maps of the northern heavens, and introduced the Greek letters for designating the stars in a given constellation according to brightness. For example, the Cross, whose stars had been observed by Ptolemy at Alexandria, and mentioned in 1515 by Andrea Corsali, and in 1520 by Pigafetta, who had accompanied Magellan and Del Cano in their circumnavigation of the globe, was depicted by Bayer. In like manner, Monoceros was given by Bartsch in a planisphere published in 1624, four years after the landing of the Mayflower, while the Dove of Noah had been introduced some years earlier by the Dutch geographer Petrus Plancius. These, with the Sextant and the Shield of Sobieski, introduced by Hevelius, were the only constellations, beside those given by Ptolemy, which were generally adopted by astronomers at the time of Lacaille's memorable expedition to the Cape of Good Hope in 1750.

Lacaille has been justly called the true Columbus of the southern skies. Born near Rheims in 1713, and left destitute at an early age, he was educated at the expense of the Duke of Bourbon. Having acquired proficiency in theology, like Laplace he abandoned that profession for the study of science, and by the favor of Cassini became one of the surveyors of the coast from Nantes to Bayonne, and in 1739 took part in the remeasurement of the French arc of the meridian. The perfection with which this work was done secured him admission to the Academy of Sciences, and a professorship at the Collége Mazarin, where he worked energetically in a small observatory fitted up for determining the places of the fixed stars. While occupied with this work he became impressed with the need of good observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly, he proposed an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, which was officially sanctioned, and carried out with marvelous rapidity and success. Landing in April, 1751, at the Cape, which was then a mere signal station for Indian vessels, he secured a location in the wild country near the great Table Mountain, and in fourteen months had observed the positions of nearly ten thousand stars with a degree of precision never before attempted in that region of the heavens. The great catalogue which he formed from these observations was published in 1763, and reprinted in 1847 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and until within the last twenty years was the chief source of our knowledge of the southern hemisphere.

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As we have seen, there were few constellations well defined at that time, and Lacaille had the pleasant but perplexing problem of apportioning the heavens for the guidance of future ages; and well did he perform this delicate and difficult task. A French savant of high order, in full sympathy with the scholarly ideals then dominating the French capital, he considered that nothing could be more appropriately commemorated in the skies than the principal implements of the sciences and the fine arts. Accordingly, after revising as best he could the boundaries and details of the constellations used by Ptolemy sixteen centuries before, and those added more recently by modern authors, he assigned to the remaining stellar regions the names of familiar objects, as, for instance, the Altar, the Clock, the Fly, the Crane, the Net, the Cross, the Rule.

A map of the southern heavens presents a fine, picturesque representation of the interests, beliefs, and achievements of mankind. The mixture of animals and birds, real and imaginary, with implements of the fine arts and physical apparatus has but little scientific foundation; yet it has prevailed in the northern skies from the earliest times, and it was felt that approximate homogeneity in the constellations spread over the celestial sphere was a desideratum, and that a sudden break for a new system in the regions unknown to the ancients would be incongruous, if not inelegant. Moreover, as the old names of the northern constellations were scattered throughout all literature, and rendered sacred by history and poetic association, there was no possibility of re-forming, except in minor details, the spaces assigned to various objects in the northern hemisphere. Under these circumstances, the picturesque system, representing mythology, history, tradition, and the arts and sciences, was extended and completed, so that the constellations are more or less homogeneous from pole to pole. In the case of the great ship Argo, which includes the most brilliant large region on the face of the celestial sphere, it was found that the constellation was too large for the convenience of astronomers; and hence Lacaille introduced the subdivisions of the Mast, the Sails, the Poop, and the Keel. With the exception of the Mast this apportionment has been retained, and each of the new constellations is in reality large and brilliant, and full of objects of high interest.

After Lacaille had returned to France the fame of his illustrious services to science rendered him an object of public attention, which caused a true philosopher of his modesty some uneasiness and embarrassment, and with a reticence so characteristic of high genius, and yet so seldom observed in the bearing of the noisy and the pushing, he retired to the seclusion of the Collége Mazarin, and continued his unremitting labors. Unfortunately his powers were overtaxed, and in 1762 his career came to a premature close, at the early age of forty-nine years. It was said of him by Lalande that in a short life he had made more observations and calculations than all other astronomers of his time put together, and this eulogy is amply justified by the judgment of posterity.

If the honor for having made the first great catalogue of the southern stars must go to France, we must concede to England the credit for a continuation of this glorious work. The provinces of the British Empire lying in the southern hemisphere offered ample opportunity for studying that region of the heavens, and in 1822 Sir Thomas Brisbane, a wealthy and illustrious nobleman who lived in Paramatta, New South Wales, founded an observatory for determining the places of the southern stars. Several professional observers were employed, and their activity was very great for a number of years; from 1822 to 1826 were accumulated the observations which served as the basis of the famous

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Brisbane catalogue, reduced by Richardson, and published in London in 1835. This grand work contained the places of 7385 stars; and although it did not see the light for nearly ten years after the observations were concluded, it had in the meantime left its impress on the astronomy of future ages. For at the time of Sir John Herschel's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Lacaille's results were not reduced in a manner adapted to his needs, and hence there was no large published work which could serve as a convenient catalogue of the stars of that region; he had accordingly applied to Brisbane for a working list of the places of the principal fixed stars in the constellations around the south pole. The star places given by Herschel in the Results of Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope depend, therefore, directly on the work done at Paramatta, and the discoveries made in Africa are thus associated with the labors previously executed in Australia.

Before the appearance of the Brisbane catalogue, another Englishman, Manuel J. Johnson, had made a series of accurate and reliable observations near the station originally chosen by the youthful Dr. Edmund Halley, in St. Helena; he supplied a most useful catalogue, with good places of 606 of the principal stars of the austral heavens.

Nor did the commercial spirit, which has always been a conspicuous trait of the English character, fail to contribute its share to the progress of science; for in 1830 the Honorable East India Company established an observatory at Madras, and the astronomer Mr. T. G. Taylor, during the next thirteen years, determined the places of about eleven thousand stars. From this long series of observations he prepared the fine general catalogue of the principal fixed stars published at Madras in 1844. While this work, like that of Brisbane, was of a less epoch-making character than that of Lacaille, it was nevertheless of very high value, and in the period before the great survey begun by Gould at Cordoba in 1870 occupied a distinguished place.

Deeper popular interest in the southern heavens had already been awakened by Humboldt's description of the steadiness and lustre of the stars in the American tropics, and the extraordinary impressiveness of the part of the heavens invisible in Europe. This, among other things, led to the expedition of Sir John Herschel to the Cape of Good Hope in 1834. The expedition of Herschel in turn exercised a determining influence on the founding of the National Observatory of the Argentine Republic, through the efforts of the great American astronomer Benjamin Apthorp Gould, whose work in the southern hemisphere has brought our knowledge of that region to almost as perfect a state as that of the northern heavens, and thus marked a great epoch in modern astronomy.

The results of the explorations of Herschel and Gould may be properly described as the first census of the southern stars; for Herschel first discerned with characteristic penetration, and made known in a clear and lucid style, the class of objects abounding in the regions about the south pole; and Gould, forty years later, determined their places and other peculiarities with a degree of precision never before attempted.

Sir John Herschel was the only son of the illustrious Sir William Herschel, whose fame toward the close of the eighteenth and in the early years of the nineteenth century filled the earth as had that of no other man since the days of Galileo. Thus born in the purple, and possessed of the highest intellectual endowments and the most noble qualities of mind, he was singularly fitted by nature and by his station in life to continue worthily the traditions developed by the many years of hardship and by the ceaseless exertion of the poor music teacher who was to shine in all future

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time as the discoverer of Uranus, and the true Copernicus of the starry heavens. Herschel, with a modesty not unlike that of Newton, always claimed that in his early years he had no strongly fixed predilections, but turned with equal facility to all subjects, to tire of each without being able to accomplish much. It is certain that he had a decided taste for physics, in particular for light, and for astronomy and mathematics, and he early made the celebrated compact with Babbage to "leave the world wiser than they had found it." In 1816 he began some preliminary work on double stars in connection with Sir James South, and during the next fifteen years these two observers were the principal contributors to this branch of science. In 1825, after formally pledging himself to astronomy, he undertook a review of all of his father's discoveries in the northern heavens; and finally presented the results of this extensive survey to the Royal Society in a series of papers of much value. The noteworthy reception of this work, and the interest now attaching to the part of the heavens unseen by his father, induced him to transport his twenty-foot reflector, five-inch refractor, and other instruments used at Slough, to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of completing the review of the whole face of the sidereal heavens on a uniform plan.

The first objects examined by Herschel were the brilliant double star Alpha Crucis and the great nebula about the variable star Eta Carinæ. The regular sweeps were begun on March 5, 1834, and continued with zeal and regularity till the whole region round the pole was swept over and reviewed. On January 22, 1838, the last work was done, and the expedition set sail for England.

Of the 1708 nebulæ noted by Herschel at least 300 were new; yet whether the nebulæ be new or old, his observations are accompanied by condensed but accurate descriptions of each mass. The Greater Magellanic Cloud, an object of wonder from the earliest times, was submitted to a searching examination, and found to be a vast system *sui generis*, situated in a desert region of the sky, and composed of innumerable masses of convoluted nebulosity intermixed with masses and groups of stars. He reckoned in this luminous area 278 distinct nebulæ and clusters, with numerous neighboring objects of a similar character; and, including the stars which are sprinkled so copiously over the region, he catalogued in all 919 bodies. In the case of the Lesser Magellanic Cloud he fixed the places of 244 objects, and executed a general sketch of the region, of high value to future observers. Though the study of southern double stars was made of secondary interest, he yet managed, in the four years of his activity at the Cape, to catalogue 2102 new systems. Many of these stars are of great interest, and several are already known to be in comparatively rapid orbital motion.

Herschel's survey may be said to have established the continuity of the scheme of stellar arrangement observed in the northern hemisphere, in addition to showing a striking richness of extraordinary objects in the regions around the south pole. For example, we have in the northern sky no clusters comparable to 47 Toucanæ, or Omega Centauri, "the noble globular cluster, beyond all comparison the richest and largest object of the kind in the heavens." "The stars are literally innumerable, and as their total light, when received by the naked eye, affects it hardly more than a star of the fifth magnitude, the minuteness of each may be imagined." This description of Omega Centauri by Herschel is amply justified by the photographs recently taken of it at the Harvard station in Peru and at the Cape, and by our own examination of it with the great Lowell telescope in Mexico.

Nor have we any objects so remarkable as the Magellanic Clouds or the Coal

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Sacks, — phenomena in the most striking contrast with their surroundings. On the other hand, the bright stars are more numerous in the region of Argo, Centaurus, Lupus, Scorpion, and the Cross than in any other corresponding area of the heavens. It may also be borne in mind that the three brightest of all the fixed stars, Sirius, Canopus, and Alpha Centauri, are in the southern hemisphere. These individual objects of the greatest lustre combined with the large group of bright stars just mentioned give the southern heavens an impressiveness difficult of conception by those who are acquainted only with the part of the sky visible in northern latitudes.

About the year 1848, Captain Gilliss, who had virtually founded the United States Naval Observatory in 1846, prevailed on the government and Congress to organize the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, for securing parallax observations of Venus, and for cataloguing the fixed stars within thirty degrees of the south pole. The expedition was at last set in motion, and finally better equipped than its earliest friends had dared to anticipate. Provided with the most essential instruments, and such means for running expenses as would meet necessary outlays, but give few luxuries, they selected a site at Santiago, in Chile, and for four years the work was carried on with a degree of zeal not unworthy of the successors of Lacaille. When the observations were concluded, it was arranged to print them in a series of quarto volumes, which should include a detailed account of the geography and the climatic and economic condition of Chile; but owing to unfortunate political machinations only a part of the work ever saw the light. Astronomers had given up hope of getting the rest of the results in print, but the Gilliss catalogue, containing good places of 16,748 stars, has at last appeared, after a delay of more than forty years.

Great and important as were the labors of Herschel and Gilliss in exploring and cataloguing the stars of the southern skies, their work for the future of stellar astronomy is insignificant when set beside the incomparable survey executed by Dr. Gould at Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, from 1870 to 1885.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould was born in Boston, September 27, 1824. Coming of an ancient and illustrious family, he enjoyed the best educational advantages to be found in the United States. Graduating at Harvard College in the class of 1844, he was for a year master of the Roxbury Latin School. A student and friend of Professor Benjamin Peirce, he early formed the project of consecrating his life to science, — a career at that time unique, and hardly considered legitimate, — and in July, 1845, set sail for England, to study astronomy at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. After passing a year with Airy, he proceeded to Paris, hoping that he might derive some benefit from the genius of Arago, who was then inspiring all France by his defense of pure science and by his apostolic eloquence in popularizing its results. After a short stay in France he started for Germany, to study under the illustrious Bessel, then the recognized leader of European astronomers; but, unfortunately, that great man, already weak from his indefatigable exertions and the ravages of a wasting disease, died the day Gould passed the border, and his only course then was to proceed to Berlin and seek the favor of Encke. The young man carried with him letters from John Quincy Adams, and these gave him the friendship of the American Minister, who in turn introduced him to Alexander von Humboldt. Encke would not listen to the idea of any one, least of all an American, studying at the new Royal Observatory, though Gould offered to clean the lamps or do anything that might give him the coveted privilege. Since no progress could

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be made by the offer of services, Gould's only course was to apply to Humboldt; and that great man, with a generosity characteristic of high genius, immediately championed the cause of the young American. As Encke was dependent upon the favor of Humboldt for certain appropriations, it did not require much further persuasion to admit young Gould to the observatory. After concluding his labors at Berlin he proceeded to Göttingen, where he was admitted to Gauss's household, and signalized his residence there by the computation of a number of planetary and cometary orbits. Gauss was very much taken with the young American, and Gould was equally devoted to his master, and to the end of his life preserved a lock of the great mathematician's hair, secured while at Göttingen. A short stay at Gotha and at Poulkowa concluded his residence abroad, and he returned to his native land full of enthusiasm for the advancement of science.

One of the earliest matters to receive his attention was the founding, in 1849, of the Astronomical Journal, for the publication of purely scientific papers. This at once took rank with the foremost astronomical publications of the world. In assuming the directorship of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, Gould entered upon an important and promising piece of work, which was destined to be cut short a few years later by the jealous intrigues of certain trustees who brought about his enforced retirement. He then passed several years in the service of the Coast Survey and of the government during the war for the preservation of the Union.

About 1865 Dr. Gould became greatly impressed with the need of a thorough survey of the southern hemisphere for the purpose of determining the exact places of the fixed stars. His high scientific standing and the influence of a large circle of friends and admirers in Boston soon proved adequate to provide the necessary means for a private astronomical expedition. The news of this venture reached the ear of the Argentine Minister at Washington, Señor Sarmiento, who not only welcomed the enterprise, but showed himself a zealous and active champion of the interests of science. Cordoba was selected as the observing station, chiefly from the knowledge of South America gained by the lamented Gilliss. Sarmiento transmitted Dr. Gould's application for certain privileges and assurances to the Argentine government, then under the presidency of Mitre, and these requests were at once conceded. These negotiations increased Sarmiento's interest in the plan; and when, soon afterward, he was himself elected President of the Republic, he obtained the assent of the Argentine Congress to the establishment of a permanent national observatory, and wrote asking Gould to change his plans accordingly. The government assumed the expense of the instruments and equipment already bespoken, and authorized the engagement of the requisite assistants. The task then devolved upon Dr. Gould of selecting men of ability, if not of special experience, in astronomical work, and of inspiring them with the degree of zeal and enthusiasm necessary for maintaining continued effort in so distant and unattractive a country, at the most laborious work; of purchasing instruments, and building and equipping the observatory; and of managing the whole undertaking in so acceptable a manner that change of political parties would not endanger an undertaking which had been founded or supported by the opposition. How well Dr. Gould carried out this enormous enterprise history is now a witness. Having reached his destination in 1870, previous to the arrival of any instruments, and while the observatory was still building, he set about the determination of the brightness of every naked-eye star within one hundred degrees of the south pole. This work

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included the critical study of over seven thousand stars, and led to the detection of a large number of variable stars. When completed, it made the much-desired Uranometria of the southern hemisphere. Along with the investigation of the brightness of the southern stars, Dr. Gould reviewed and carried into execution an idea suggested by Sir John Herschel of re-forming and rectifying the boundaries of the constellations, and embodied all this splendid work in the classic Uranometria Argentina, which fixes the southern constellations for future ages, as the Almagest of Ptolemy essentially fixes those in the northern hemisphere.

Dr. Gould's great work with the meridian circle consisted in observing the right ascensions and declinations of the stars in zones of a certain width. When the places were thus fixed by innumerable pointings of the telescope, notings of times of transits, and readings of the circles, and the resulting positions were reduced to a common epoch by infinite labor and calculation, he obtained the huge mass of material for the great Argentine Star Catalogues, which contain more than one hundred thousand stars. The immensity of the labor will be somewhat more intelligible to the lay reader if I say that when printed in fine type, with no waste space, these observations fill sixteen large quarto volumes of over five hundred pages each; and Dr. Gould's part in it can be appreciated when we recall that he not only organized and managed the observatory, but made the greater part of the observations and supervised all the calculations and printing.

Such a record is absolutely unique in astronomical history, and is in no way even approached by the labors of the greatest astronomers of past ages. We may even assert that the Cordoba observatory alone, from 1870 to 1885, by the wise direction and energy of one man, made more observations than all the observatories in the northern hemisphere put together. Though the determination of the places of the fixed stars in the northern hemisphere has engaged the attention of many observatories during the whole of this century, and our knowledge of the places of the northern stars would therefore presumably be nearly perfect, it is a fact that Gould's work practically equalized our knowledge of the two celestial hemispheres. Such an achievement is a veritable monument to the American nation, and has added new lustre to the American name. Had the American people never contributed anything beyond the labors of Gould to the world's knowledge of astronomy, this magnificent contribution alone would entitle the nation to an honorable place in the eyes of posterity. And yet how little is the work of Gould known to even the best circle of American readers! So great was his devotion to the cause of pure science, and so oblivious was he of contemporary fame, that none but professional men of science are able to appreciate his incomparable services to the sublimest of the sciences. It is certain that he has gained a place among the greatest astronomers of all ages and countries, and that the estimate now placed on his work will only increase with the flight of centuries. If England is justly proud of her Newton and Herschel, France of her Lagrange and Laplace, Germany of her Copernicus and Kepler, Italy of her Leonardo and Galileo, well may America honor her Peirce and Gould! The following stanzas by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, read at the complimentary dinner given to Dr. Gould on his return from Cordoba in 1885, will appropriately conclude this estimate of his character and illustrious services: —

"Thine was unstinted zeal, unchilled devotion,
While the blue realm had kingdoms to explore, —
Patience, like his who ploughed the unfurrowed ocean,
Till o'er its margin loomed San Salvador.

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"Through the long nights I see thee ever waking,
Thy footstool earth, thy roof the hemisphere,
While with thy griefs our weaker hearts are aching,
Firm as thine equatorial's rock-based pier.

"The souls that voyaged the azure depths before thee
Watch with thy tireless vigils, all unseen, —
Tycho and Kepler bend benignant o'er thee,
And with his toylike tube the Florentine, —

"He at whose word the orb that bore him shivered
To find her central sovereignty disowned,
While the wan lips of priest and pontiff quivered,
Their jargon stilled, their Baal disenthroned.

"Flamsteed and Newton look with brows unclouded,
Their strife forgotten with its faded scars, —
(Titans, who found the world of space too crowded
To walk in peace among its myriad stars.)

"All cluster round thee, — seers of earliest ages,
Persians, Ionians, Mizraim's learned kings,
From the dim days of Shinar's hoary sages
To his who weighed the planet's fluid rings."

T. J. J. See.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE BOOMS, AND AFTER.

THE West is now so vast in population and wealth, as well as in extent, that whatever economic condition affects it profoundly must be of immense consequence to the whole country. Here is the chief market for the consumption of manufactured articles, here is produced in great measure the food for the nation, and here are invested a large part of the people's savings.

Most men now feel confident that after seven or eight years of industrial depression, which deepened in 1893 into financial storm and darkness, a season of prosperity is beginning. While I shall not undertake to present an explanation of every phenomenon of this long period of gloom, nor to enumerate all its causes, I shall briefly review antecedent conditions in the West, in an effort to arrive at some clear conclusions at least regarding large economic and financial influences.

During the years from 1880 to 1887 or 1890, the date of the climax varying in different sections, there developed in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, in all the states and territories further west, and in some parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Missouri, a fever of speculation in real estate which affected the whole population, destroyed all true sense of value, created an enormous volume of fictitious wealth, infected with its poison all the veins and arteries of business, and swelled the cities to abnormal proportions. The East invested vast sums in Western property and securities; every hamlet contained people whose savings were thus hazarded; every Western concern had its clients, sometimes by the thousands, scattered throughout the cities, towns, and rural districts of the East. The rapid development of the resources of the West lent plausibility to every reckless prophecy of higher prices; the continued inundation of Eastern money seeking chances of speculation falsified the predictions of the foreboding. When the culmination was reached there was no explosion, — the region affected was too widely extended for that; as the "boom" collapsed by degrees in Kansas City or Omaha, the professional gamblers in city lots quietly slipped away to Galveston or to Los Angeles, and there organized another riot of high values. As the price of property became stationary, and then began to fall, at first very slowly, then more rapidly,

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the truth gradually dawned on the people, who were reluctant to believe it, that all their wealth had an appearance of unreality; and this conviction deepened as the volume of debt contracted in "flush" times pressed with deadly weight upon every community, flattening industries, breaking banks, and ruining individuals by thousands.

The ties connecting the two sections were too numerous and intimate for the distress so universal in the West not to be felt soon in the East. Distrust of all Western enterprises eventually permeated the East, and reacted injuriously upon those Western institutions which least deserved criticism. Then the great load of debt, apparently insupportable, suggested in some sections of the West the idea of repudiation, or at least of repayment in whatever form of money was cheapest; and the East became panic-stricken through fear that the integrity of the nation's money might be successfully assailed. So the disturbance, which was at first local, spread and deepened until it involved the finances of the whole country. It was checked when the election of 1896 showed that the people were honest at heart, and meant to bear their burdens with unflinching courage; but no marked relief could reasonably be expected until, by settlement, liquidation, limitation, or payment, the incubus of debt which lay upon the West should be lifted or adjusted.

All this seems so clear in the retrospect that it is difficult to see why it was not better apprehended in the first years of this decade. Yet many well-informed men, just before the panic of 1893, believed that we were entering on a period of great prosperity. Those who, at the end of 1892 and the beginning of 1893, believed that a crisis was at hand, did not at all agree as to the cause that would produce it. Some were confident that the advent of a Democratic administration, with its threat of a change in the tariff laws, would upset the business of the country, throw labor out of employment, increase the volume of imports, send a flood of gold out of the country, reduce the gold in the treasury below the danger-line, and bring on a panic. Others contended that the continued purchase of vast quantities of silver by the government, in the futile effort artificially to sustain its price, issuing in payment treasury notes which could be used to draw gold from the treasury, was fast destroying the confidence of the financial public in the ability of the government to maintain the parity of gold and silver. This opinion was expressed by President Cleveland, when, at the height of the disturbance in 1893, he convened Congress in extra session for the purpose of repealing the silver purchase clause of the so-called Sherman act. "Our unfortunate financial plight," he said, "is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions related to our natural resources, nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. . . . I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government."

"Our interests are not moribund," said the Financial Chronicle of New York, on August 5, 1893; "they are not in a state of insolvency or approaching insolvency. Nothing of that kind explains the idle spindles, the noiseless machinery, the stilled workshops, — animation is suspended, that is all; awaiting what? Is it liquidation or anything of that character? By no means — just waiting, ready to start up at any moment on the repeal by Congress of a little piece of injudicious legislation."

After some delay the little piece of legislation was repealed, but the wheels did not start up; the machinery remained almost as noiseless as before, during three years of anxious waiting, while values of both real and personal property con-

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tinued to shrink; banks, business houses, and individuals by thousands gradually sank into insolvency, and the pressure of hard times was felt in every corner of the land. And now, when the crisis is past, observers are not wanting who, while they give due heed to the influences of tariff changes, to the government's purchase of silver, and to the disturbing influences of both, believe that the people had grievously and persistently sinned in other ways against the laws of economic health.

The great financial and manufacturing companies of the East study the markets, concern themselves actively in legislation, foresee political changes, and watch anxiously the financial barometer; they are nervously sensitive to every fluctuation, and constantly apprehensive of storms. To them, a panic is a short, sharp convulsion that manifests itself in business failures, bank suspensions, and shrinkage in stocks and bonds. To the people of the West, on the other hand, the panic of 1893 was merely an episode in a long and complicated series of events beginning eight years or more before. It meant not merely bank failures, the shutting down of mills and factories, the passing of dividends; it meant primarily an enormous and universal depreciation in the value of real estate, and the vanishing of fortunes based on real estate values; while the suspension of banks, the collapse of mortgage loan companies, the failure of "bonused" corporate enterprises, were secondary results. Such disasters as these strike first the inhabitants of the West, who have borrowed money to develop their vast resources, and afterward the people of the East, who have loaned their money and cannot recover it. The gravest cause of the long depression, therefore, had its origin in the West. Here was bred the unwholesome condition which made it possible that the apprehension of a seven per cent reduction of the tariff and an unwise policy regarding silver should conjure up in the minds of the financial public a vision of impending ruin. The country was ripe for panic.

In any new country, when population is spreading rapidly over fresh territories, speculation in land is sure to become extravagant. The most striking feature of the panic of 1837 was the mania for the purchase of wild lands in the West. At no other time in our history, probably, has speculation gone so far beyond the bounds of reason: people seemed to believe that the advance in prices would never cease. The wildest speculation of all was in real estate. Paper cities sprang up in the wilderness, and lands in the inaccessible West were bought and sold at high prices decades in advance of any possible needs of the people. Everybody had speculated, and all who had bought lands or town lots had suddenly become rich. The country was at the zenith of apparent prosperity when the crash came. Then this imaginary wealth vanished more quickly than it grew. The distress of the people was as real as their fortunes had been unsubstantial. Naturally, they did not believe that the calamity was in any degree the result of their own folly. The banks, the manufacturers, the party out of power, and most of the great orators denounced Jackson as having deliberately caused the ruin of the country. The city of New York turned out in an immense mass meeting, and with one voice vehemently charged the whole trouble to Jackson's attack upon the National Bank and his specie circular. A committee of fifty was appointed, who waited upon the President and presented their petition, in which, after depicting with the greatest earnestness the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen the city and the country, they declared that these evils flowed, not from any excessive development of mercantile enterprise, but "from the unwise system which aimed to substitute a metallic for a paper currency." The President re-

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fused to rescind the circular, but was finally compelled to call a special session of Congress. In his message he gave a vivid picture of the excessive speculations and enormous indebtedness in which all classes had become involved, and he attributed the present condition to "overaction in all the departments of business," — an opinion in which every student of the period must concur. This was what had brought the country to a state of unsoundness, in which any act of the government, wise or unwise, which called the people's attention sharply to their own condition, would bring the inevitable day of liquidation and produce crash.

There are few more curious parallels than that between the condition of things at the beginning of Van Buren's administration in 1837 and of Cleveland's in 1893. The chief difference was that in 1893 the banking system was sound, and the only feature of the national currency which had any element of unsoundness was the effort of the government to keep an immense and constantly increasing volume of silver at a parity with gold; while in 1837 the currency consisted almost wholly of bank paper in all degrees of depreciation, and constantly swelling in volume to meet the demands of an insatiable thirst for speculation. This difference is, of course, of the highest importance; and to it is due the fact that the panic of 1893 came some years after the crest of the wave of speculation, which reached its maximum in 1887 and the years immediately following. The reaction, instead of being instantaneous and explosive, came on by degrees. If prosperity has now come, it is because the reaction has fully spent its force.

How general and excessive throughout the West this speculation was during the ten years preceding the crisis of 1893 is shown by the following illustrations. The city of Milwaukee has been regarded as a comparatively conservative town, though full of enterprise and animated by the true Western spirit. As compared with Duluth, Kansas City, Seattle, and Wichita, for example, it is regarded as quite sober. After a few years of active but moderate speculation, when the excitement had begun to subside in many cities, it broke out afresh in Milwaukee. The record of sales and mortgages for three successive years was as follows: —

	Sales.	Mortgages.
1889	$10,203,335	$8,254,225
1890	16,491,302	12,327,717
1891	19,790,751	19,921,431

The Chamber of Commerce regarded this state of things with much satisfaction. In its report for 1892 it says: —

"One of the best indications of the growth and prosperity of Milwaukee is furnished by the continued activity and enhanced value of real estate, not only within the limits of the city, but in all the territory surrounding it for miles beyond. The people who expected that the great 'boom' of 1890 would be followed by reaction made a greater mistake than those who supposed that values had reached the top for many years to come, in 1889. On the contrary, that was only the beginning of the upward movement. Desirable inside property has advanced steadily from year to year, with a better demand and greater confidence in values than has ever before been known in the history of Milwaukee, while outlying and suburban property has risen from fifty to one hundred per cent annually for the last three years."

It would be interesting to know how many of the holders of the twenty million dollars of mortgages given in Milwaukee in 1891 have received their money, and whether they still have an abiding faith that outlying lots can always go on advancing at the rate of fifty or one hundred per cent a year.

The cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul were no less abundantly blessed, although there the speculative movement reached its culmination as early as 1887, since

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which time the holders of city lots have been suffering the pangs of gradual and irresistible depreciation. If Milwaukee was happy with twenty millions a year, the Minneapolis speculators with fifty-nine millions were jubilant. During the decade beginning with 1884 the yearly sales were: —

	No.	Amount.
1884	8,382	$21,076,000
1885	8,560	24,788,000
1886	14,250	38,319,000
1887	16,700	58,915,000
1888	11,400	42,100,000
1889	10,087	33,039,000
1890	9,194	32,145,000
1891	7,397	28,733,000
1892	7,075	28,538,000
1893	6,272	22,544,000

As in Milwaukee, nearly all of the property thus purchased was heavily mortgaged, and the wealth of thousands of citizens consisted either in such mortgages or in the property so encumbered, — wealth which, in the succeeding years, gradually evaporated. As the population of Minneapolis in 1887 was about 160,000, there was one purchase for every ten of her inhabitants, including babies, during the year. After the lapse of ten years, the prices of 1887 seem like the golden visions of a vanished dream.

St. Paul closely paralleled this record. Her sales reached fourteen millions in 1885, twenty-seven millions in 1886, and fifty-eight millions in 1887; and this excess was followed by exhaustion so intense that scarcely a sign of recovery is yet visible. Another century will dawn before vacant real estate, not required for business, will have a definite value.

Omaha had the same experience. Her citizens speculated in city property with even greater recklessness. Between 1885 and 1888 sales increased more than seven hundred per cent: —

1885	$4,426,143
1886	15,178,448
1887	31,148,425

In Seattle the assessed valuation rose by leaps from $1,626,275 in 1880 to $26,431,455 in 1890, while the sales of real estate from 1887 to 1890 increased from three millions to twenty-three millions. It would be easy to trace the evidences of this passion for gambling throughout the western three quarters of the continent in all the cities and large towns from Lake Superior to Texas, from Galveston to San Diego, thence to Tacoma and Seattle, and back to Duluth; accompanied everywhere by boundless individual indebtedness incurred in buying land, and in some sections by city, county, and township debts created in aid of railroads, water-works, electric lights, and all sorts of public improvements. The mania for land was curiously illustrated by the rush of settlers and speculators upon the opening of new lands in Oklahoma. An immense multitude left homes in a dozen states, and flocked thither by rail, in wagons, on horseback, and on foot, camped out for weeks and months along the borders of the promised land, suffered all kinds of privations, and raced madly across the line when the gun was fired; only to find that there were ten competitors for every quarter section, and that the land, when they got it, was far inferior to that which they had left behind. The unsuccessful ones eked out a miserable existence as long as they could in the mushroom towns, and finally drifted forlornly away. Many Western towns deliberately intoxicated themselves in imitation of their neighbors. Prices were forced up by means of brass-band auctions and artificial excitement. Raw villages on the prairies indulged in rosy dreams of greatness, and gaslights twinkled where the coyotes should have been left undisturbed. Every city and town in the regions chiefly affected by the great "boom" contained families impoverished by the collapse. It had its root in the true spirit of gambling, and has borne its legitimate fruit.

In the train of the real estate craze came a great number of loan and invest-

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ment companies. Many of them were conducted by honest men, who lent the money of Eastern clients in immense quantities, their estimate of value being, of course, affected by the prevailing exaggeration; many more institutions were organized to burst, and, after flourishing a few years in the hot atmosphere of speculation, fulfilled their destiny, and spread ruin among thousands of innocent victims. No large Western town has been exempt from these two classes of concerns, and their collapse justly aroused in the East a deep feeling of distrust and insecurity, and led to a condemnation of Western investments and Western business methods, in which good and bad were confounded. Honest Western business men even yet complain of this suspicion; but in a measure they have deserved it, because in the "flush" times, without investigation, they permitted their names to be used as directors and figureheads of companies organized on the worst principles and run by the most corrupt men, and thus allowed themselves to be used as decoys for the undoing of thousands.

Hard times cannot be regarded as evils, if they arrest evil tendencies. The only means by which a wayward community can be turned back into the right path is the severe lashing of its individuals when they go wrong. Many of the most valuable results of hard times are reaped whether or not the people understand their causes and correctly interpret their lessons. The shifting of population during the last fifteen years is a good illustration of this principle.

The years preceding the panic of 1893 saw a most remarkable migration toward the cities, — streams of people drawn thither by the extraordinary opportunities to make money in real estate, and by the fictitious prosperity which such easily acquired wealth diffused among all the inhabitants. During this period of enormous increase in the size of the large cities, the villages and rural districts lost their population relatively so fast that thousands of townships were less populous in 1890 than in 1880. Industries as well as persons migrated. The village shops and factories disappeared. Land companies offered big bonuses in land and money to induce mills and shops to remove from small towns. The smaller towns were thus plundered of their institutions, and also of their skilled workers. Industries flourish best where they have grown up, and endure bodily transplanting hardly better than full-grown trees. Accordingly, every large Western town can show a long list of such "assisted emigrants," stranded high and dry like driftwood after a freshet, — great buildings silent and deserted, with hundreds of idle employees walking the streets. The wrecks among manufacturing concerns in the West have come, in a very large proportion, from among those which joined the general movement in the eighties and removed from smaller places. The railroads actively assisted the movement. In their eager competition for the business of the large towns, they deliberately sacrificed the interests of non-competing points. They practically levied upon the local towns the expense of incessant rate wars, so that no industry could survive in a place having but one railroad, and a removal to a city enjoying cheap rates was a necessity. The phenomenal growth of the large cities was thus due, in great part, to unjustifiable discriminations in their favor. But cities and towns must depend for existence upon the adjacent territories, and when their growth is out of proportion to that of the region tributary, depression follows hard upon the heels of prosperity. A state is not prosperous when only its large cities are thriving; its real welfare may be most substantial when the cities are stagnant from too rapid growth. Hunger drives the redundant population of the cities back to the country, and their labor finds once more a productive

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field. Hence it is that, though the census of 1890 showed an unparalleled rush to the cities, and an absolute diminution of numbers in a majority of rural townships and small villages in many states, this movement was in a great measure arrested by the hard times culminating in the panic of 1893. Thus the nation automatically corrects its unequal development. The people once more turn to the upbuilding of their own industries; the stream of humanity that pours from a hundred rills into the great centres of population is stopped, — at least for a time, — the evils of overgrown cities are to a degree cured, and the just balance between city and country is reëstablished.

The hard times have taught the people of the West a truth they had well-nigh forgotten, — that the slow accumulations of legitimate industry are a more solid foundation for wealth than the gains from gambling in any form. Men who have doubled their investment in a single year in a real estate venture find savings in ordinary business very tedious; their neighbors catch the contagion of their success; the old ways of making money are too slow; the community becomes accustomed to the display of sudden wealth; though everybody is in debt, no one thinks of payment; extravagance in personal expenditure and official salaries, prodigality in the use of public funds, become the rule; sound banking and mercantile principles are disregarded; stock jobbing corporations are hatched in swarms; there is a letting down of moral principle in all the affairs of business, a toleration of bad men in places of trust, a general envious admiration of success, however won. It was the consciousness that the foundations of credit were false and hollow which made it possible for the threat of tariff changes to send a thrill of fear through the community; it was the consciousness of insolvency throughout wide reaches of Western territory which conjured up the spectre of free silver repudiation; it was the demoralization caused by unsound business methods which inspired the attack upon the creditor classes in Kansas and other Western states, and which in turn is still, in some districts, shutting the door in the face of returning prosperity. The people of the West are being led, through a long experience of suffering, back to a basis of happiness, surer, more enduring, because founded in truth and honesty. They are learning that fictitious wealth is no wealth at all, and that solid progress is not heralded with a brass band.

It hardly need be said that the people of the Western states are not different from, certainly not inferior to, those of other communities, in their appreciation of the virtue of honesty, whether personal or political; and their intelligence and patriotism are no more open to doubt. If they departed from the path that leads to true prosperity, it was in obedience to impulses which nearly always affect human nature in the same way. Keen enterprise and unbounded opportunity, if unchecked by the recollections of bitter experience and a conservatism born of established custom and tradition, will carry most men into excess, whether in England, America, Argentina, Australia, or South Africa. The consciousness, in new countries, that the present is the golden opportunity for men who are rich in nerve, but poor in purse, impels them to take all chances. When a community runs headlong into riotous speculation, it requires the castigation of hard times to bring it back, and keep it thereafter within the lines wherein alone lies permanent safety. This experience the West has had in abundant measure; and with a spirit chastened, but not subdued by affliction, its people are now resuming the task of developing its mighty resources.

Henry J. Fletcher.

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GILLESPIE.

(1806.)

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind;
Before he turned by the westward road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

"The devil's abroad in false Vellore, —
The devil that stabs by night," he said.
"Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead."

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned;
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town;
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons!
Sound to saddle and spur!" he said.
"He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim;
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore;
The walls were lined, the gates were barred;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the sergeant's guard.

"Sergeant, sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all?" he said.
Heavily came the sergeant's voice,
"There are two living and forty dead."

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"A rope, a rope!" Gillespie cried.
They bound their belts to serve his need.
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge;
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more:
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

Henry Newbolt.

SONG OF THE WANDERING DUST.

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be,—
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Yellow all along the fields, hey ho, the morn!
All the throb of those old days lingers in my feet,
Pleasant moods of growing grass and young laugh of the corn,
And the life of the yellow dust is sweet!

When I bend my head low and listen at the ground,
I can hear vague voices that I used to know,
Stirring in dim places, faint and restless sound;
I remember how it was when the grass began to grow!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be,—
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the glistening kelp that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

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Blown along the sea beach! Oh, but those were days!
How we loved the lightning, straight and keen and white!
Bosomed with the ribboned kelp! Hist! through all the ways
Of my brain I hear the sea, calling through the night.

How we used to jostle, braced together each to each,
When the sea came booming, stalwart, up the strand!
Ridged our shoulders, met the thunder, groaned and held the beach!
I thank the God that made me I am brother to the sand!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red upon the highroad that travels up to town!
I have nigh forgotten how the old way goes.
Ay, but I was there once, trampled up and down!
Shod feet and bare feet, I was friend to those!

Old feet and young feet, — still within my breast
I can feel the steady march, tread, tread, tread!
In my heart they left their blood, — God give them rest!
In my bones I feel the dust raised from their dead!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Dumb along the highroad or fashioned in the brain;
Once my flesh was beaten from the white sand by the sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red dust and yellow dust, whither shall we go?
Up the road and by the sea and through the hearts of men!
Red dust and yellow dust, when the great winds blow,
We shall meet and mingle, pass and meet again.

Red dust and yellow dust, I can feel them yet,
On my lips and through my soul, fine-grained in my mood.
Still the solemn kinship calls, the old loves will not forget,
And my heart answers back to its blood.

Old dust and strange dust, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red along the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea,
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Anna Hempstead Branch.

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AFTER RAIN.

After rain, after rain,
O sparkling Earth!
All things are new again,
Bathed as at birth.
Now the lovely storm hath ceased,
Drenched and released
Upward springs the glistening bough,
In sunshine now;
And the raindrop from the leaf
Runs and slips;
Ancient forests have relief;
Old foliage drips.
All the Earth doth seem
Like to Diana issuing from the stream,
Her body flushing from the wave,
Glistening in beauty grave;
Or like perhaps to Venus, when she rose,
And looked with dreamy stare across the sea,
As yet unconscious of her woes,
Her woes, and all her wounds that were to be.
Or now again!
After the rain,
Earth like that early garden shines,
Vested in vines.
Oh, green, green
Eden is seen!
After weeping skies
Rising Paradise!
God there for his pleasure,
In divinest leisure,
Walking in the sun,
Which hath newly run.
Soon I might perceive
The long-tressèd Eve,
Startled by the shower,
Venture from her bower,
Looking for Adam under perilous sky;
While he hard by
Emerges from the slowly dropping blooms,
And odorous green glooms.

Stephen Phillips.

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GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

At last the bird that sang so long
In twilight circles hushed his song;
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night! Some hearts were bowed,
But some within the waiting crowd,
Because of too much youth,
Felt not that mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone,
With dirge and candle-flame,
The cross of Passion came,

Did my glad being feel reproof;
Though on the awful tree aloof,
Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I),

I said: "These youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,—
The spear, the garment torn,
The flagel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummery?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned:
Throned 'mid its hundred candles, burned
The jeweled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

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I knelt: the idol's waxen stare
Grew soft and speaking; slowly there
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet
With lemon flowers; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends,
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked toward the odorous hill.
The light was little yet; his will
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend! Master!" I said falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of thee!
But by the light divine
My mother shares with thine,

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder, and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!"
So, through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the last orchard bound,
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

William Vaughn Moody.

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NO QUARTER.

THE room was square, with a window piercing each broad side except one; on that side, a door connected it with the rest of the ill-constructed house. That particular room gained by the non-existence of any architectural finger in its erection. It was big, unmodified, and delightful; no portions of it were cut off; it stood undefaced, a whole room, and was called the library. Books there were, certainly, a fireplace in the corner, some tables, very little bricabrac, but indications of occupation of a varied nature, — skates hanging on a nail, sewing in a basket, a half-written letter, a book on its face, a piano open, and a cigarette half smoked. It looked like an inhabited spot, and in so much was a pleasant room.

Elizabeth sat before the fire in a chair framed for a giant; it enabled her to draw her feet up beside her, a luxury to a long-limbed, loosely built person. She was flushed a little, — with sleep, perhaps, for her eyelids looked heavy, and a winter's afternoon before a fire ends in sleep sometimes. A note lay open on her lap. Raising it, she read it again. It had come an hour before from town; for the Winters lived in the suburbs.

DEAR MISS WINTER, — I am sorry that I cannot come to see you this afternoon, but I find I have so many things to do, before my train leaves to-night, that I shall not have a moment's breathing-space. Perhaps it is just as well; good-bys are not pleasant things, and discretion is the better part of valor. A year is a long time to wait, but do not forget me, and I will write from San Francisco.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD GRAHAM.

It sounded sensible enough; but that is the kind of note that people get sometimes, which is opened eagerly, is read fast, and, like a chill through wine, slowly penetrates, and ends by freezing somewhere in the middle.

Miss Winter was considered cool, offhand, easily interested, difficult of access, — a character more common in men than women, and yet she was not in the least like a man. She was good-looking, fair, finely made, of middle height, but slender, and so giving an impression of length. Her eyes were indifferently called gray, blue, or green, as the observer felt inclined, but at this moment the pupils were dilated, and a stranger might almost have thought them black.

It was not late; the room was full of pleasant sunlight still, and the fire was in an especially merry and dancing mood: it suggested to Miss Winter the advisability of burning her note, but she refused, — she might want to read it again; to her it seemed less simple than it may seem to you or me.

"A gentleman to see you, miss." Annie was a new servant, and gave her mistress the card which she had insisted on bringing.

Having grown red twice in Annie's presence that day, Elizabeth exercised some self-control, and looking at the card read the name, — Mr. Austin Bryant.

"Well, I suppose he can come in. Show him in here, Annie. If any one else comes, let me see the card; don't send any one away." For Annie had seemed somewhat disposed to exercise her own discretion.

The maid left the room, and Elizabeth settled back into her chair, manifesting no intention to prepare for the coming of her visitor.

He came in, and, putting his hat down, crossed the room directly to her. He had closed the door behind him.

"How d' you do?" Bryant stood near

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the fire, looking down at her. "Won't you shake hands?"

"Too much trouble." She had the grace to smile after this speech.

"But if it gives me a good deal of innocent pleasure? I think you are selfish, rather, don't you?"

"Perhaps, but why should n't I be?" She put her hand under her chin and looked him over. His dark eyes roved.

"Well, there is no reason, if you want to be. How are you this afternoon? Been skating lately?" He drew off his gloves as he spoke.

"Yesterday." She sat up with some animation. "It was immense! Why don't you come some time, you great big impostor? What is the use of your six feet of length, and forty four or six or eight inches round the chest, whatever it is, if you don't do anything with them? Now don't say you used to play football, because that is worn threadbare. When I was a little girl I jumped rope, but I have n't been going on that ever since."

Bryant's handsome face, with its brick-red color and dark finishings, lowered. "I wonder why I like you so much?" he said slowly. "You are neither civil nor friendly at times."

"Am I not?" Elizabeth looked toward the fire. "Well, perhaps that is the very thing you like; you get a good deal of civility, in one way or another, — more than you should, in fact."

"No, it is n't that that I like. I may be peculiar, but I prefer to be treated with politeness. I stand it with you because — well, because I have something to gain."

She turned toward him. "What a characteristic speech!"

"In what way?"

"It gives the keynote of your life, — something to gain. Don't be angry, for after all you have the requisite quality, whatever it is, to fulfill your wishes; you get things pretty generally." She smiled at him in a friendly way that he would have thought devilish if he had known her inward frame of mind.

"You think I get what I want?" Bryant smiled back at her. "You would back me to succeed in most things, then?" His clean-shaven lips were well cut, but restless; his deep-set eyes were keen, but not direct. One thinks of big, heavily built men as with few nerves and sensibilities; this big, heavily built man was conscious and sensitive to his finger-tips.

Miss Winter played with the fringe on the arm of her great chair. She had rebuffed Bryant for months, and now had an impulse to see what he would be like when roused. Besides, when you are choked with dust and ashes, you are not particular in what spring you seek the waters of oblivion. To be amused, — that is always something.

"Yes, certainly, and lay long odds you would win. But what took you from the charms of Mrs. Bristow's Wednesdays? I thought you were her standby." She raised her brilliant eyes and looked at him, gravely, innocently.

"I thought you would be tired after last night's dance. I heard of your being at the Hansons', and I chanced your staying in to-day. I see some one has been before me." He glanced at the cigarette.

She looked at him keenly. "Do you? Why do you think that?"

He made a gesture.

"That? That is mine. Will you have one? We allow smoking here after lunch."

Bryant leaned back in his chair and looked at her; he did not know whether he was a little jarred or a little attracted, but a certain adherence to a standard of womanliness which made it dangerous for women to enjoy themselves except in gratifying men made him protest. "I did n't know you were a smoking woman," he said.

Elizabeth felt that to spring from the depths of her chair and strike him would

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be natural, proper, and right; then the idea of her hand in contact with his face followed fast, and she merely stared at him; then, "A smoking woman? It sounds like a half-burnt house. But there are a number of things you don't know about me, Mr. Bryant; did you think there were not?" She leaned forward, and the firelight rendered her for the moment irresistible, — to Bryant, at least; he threw his standards to the wind, and laid his hand on the arm of her chair.

"Whatever I do know about you makes me hopelessly in love with you, Miss Winter."

When a woman does not feel any desire to protect a man; when she feels a moral certainty that what she is treading on is, not his heart, but his vanity; when he is a good-looking brute, whose complacency has offended her, the temptation is great. Elizabeth had some misery to work out, and felt a reckless relief in playing with fire; for Bryant was no contemptible antagonist. She did not draw back, grow rigid and civil, and change the subject; she looked toward the fire and said, "Hopelessly?" which was very wrong; then added quickly, "Yes, I suppose it is hopelessly. But, Mr. Bryant, you would n't find me at all satisfactory on further acquaintance. I can assure you, you may be glad I have n't" — she hesitated — "fallen in love with you or your money," she finished, and laughed with a sudden impudent gayety.

Bryant colored; then threw away his conventionality as he had his standards, and, being really in earnest, showed his hand.

"Miss Winter," he began, pressingly, not eagerly, — he was not oblivious even then of their future relations, — "money is n't to be despised. Wait one moment," as she made a gesture; "think of it, won't you? I have a great deal, which would be entirely at your disposal. There are things in life, such as travel, pleasure, the power to do good, which money alone gives. I am not in the least unwilling to use it as an argument, if it will get me the desire of my heart. I believe I can make you — make you" —

Elizabeth interrupted him with a sort of frowning smile. "Make me happy, is that it? How? Part of the programme would be my gradually becoming as devoted to you as you would be to me, would it not? But if I did not, what would happen then? No, Mr. Bryant, I will confess I have let you go thus far because you do interest me, and I thought I should like to see your real self. I don't think I have succeeded, and now I am done. I have n't the least intention of even considering your proposal. I don't even like you."

The young man stood up with something that suggested an oath.

"Yes, I know that seems rude, but it is n't. Let me say something more. You are very rich, you are not stupid, and you are rather handsome. You have, as a consequence, treated me with a subdued insolence which I have resented; you have been perfectly sure that in the long run I would agree to any proposal you should make me. I have seen you gradually making up your mind that though you disliked certain things I did, you found me sufficiently attractive to induce you to overlook them. You have done various things to women whom I like, said and done things for which I thought you required correction. Some women like cavalier manners and the compliments of a pasha; I do not." She stood by the fireplace, and pushed a log with her boot-tip. There was silence.

"Have you quite done?" He rested one hand on the table, with the other buttoned his coat.

She faced him. "Quite, I think."

"Then I will say good-afternoon, Miss Winter. If I have an opportunity, you may be sure I shall do my best to overtake it and cry quits." He walked

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to the door, and tried to turn the knob; his fingers shook.

Miss Winter crossed the room, and stood by the table. "In other words, I may expect reprisals?"

He gave her a steady look that suggested to her what life was like when people used physical force with one another, and managing the door-knob opened the door and left the room.

Elizabeth stood a moment, impressed with something very like dread; then going back to the fire, she looked at the clock. "He will catch the five o'clock train; only five minutes to wait at the station. I hope nobody will get in his way; if they do — murder and sudden death! Well!" She threw herself into a chair and rumpled her hair. "Well!" she repeated aloud; a nervous tension made her treat herself dramatically. "I don't care a pennyworth. What can Austin Bryant do to me? Cut me? He won't dare to; it would look too badly. Say nasty things? Let him; every one knows he has wanted to marry me, which draws his sting somewhat. I am glad I did it. I had some injuries to wipe out. Fanny's account is squared, and so is Helen's. The great black hound, without magnanimity enough to let little dogs alone! If he only bit beasts of his size, — but trust him not to do that. And he is attractive to many women: that was what nerved my hand, — it dried up any pity." The clock struck five. "Off to town he goes, and the up train came in five minutes ago. By rights — by rights" — and, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Miss Winter's eyes filled with tears.

She sat by the fire in silence. Mrs. Winter had gone to town for the day and night. Elizabeth was not sure whether the absence of any one to whom it was possible to speak was a relief or an added trial. The door opened to admit Annie. "Mr. Graham, miss." No card this time.

"Mr. Graham?" repeated Elizabeth dully. The twilight lightened. What a blazing fire she had made! "Say I will see him, Annie."

The maid closed the door. For a moment Elizabeth was alone. She instinctively put her hands to her hair and smoothed it, then turned to the fire. The door opened, and she rose to meet her second visitor as he came into the room.

"I did not expect you," said Elizabeth. They shook hands.

"You got my note?" There was an unusual constraint in his manner; he stood leaning his arm on the little shelf over the fire. "I thought I could n't get out, and then at the last moment found I could."

She could not understand the barrier he erected between them, and, as she talked, tried to account for it.

"When does your train leave? Late? Have you been busy?" What stupid questions!

"Yes, I get off at twelve, and I have been a good deal rushed toward the end. I had many last things to decide with Harold, you see. Australia is a good way off, after all, and I can't come back in a hurry; it will be a year or two, certainly." He stopped abruptly, and walked to the window.

Elizabeth leaped to a conclusion: he did not want to commit himself, and had intended to stay away to avoid doing so; he had come out thoroughly decided not to say anything that would lead to an explanation. In other words, he liked her, yes, but not enough to ask her to go to Australia with him or to tie himself down. Many miles and a few months would cure him, he thought. It all came with the rapidity that is characteristic of such insights. She felt a sense of utter blinding pain.

He stood looking through the wide casement. "How beautiful the hills are against that last faint light in the west! I shall not forget this room." He turned back toward her, his eyes searching for her through the gathering darkness.

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"Will you ring for the lamp and tea?" she asked.

He obeyed, and going back to the window stood there in silence till the light was brought, and the tea-things. It was not long, but it seemed long to both of them.

"Come over here," said Elizabeth. "Sit there," — she pointed to a chair near her. "I must look at you carefully, since I may never see you again." She stopped pouring the tea to look at him; their eyes met. Should she ever forget the look of his black hair on his temples? — the skin showed its natural white there. How long would it take to put out of mind the blue eyes, clear and cold as spring water, the handsome jut of the nose, the dark line on the short upper lip, the long, graceful, clever hands? Turning away, she stared into the fire.

"You are very silent," said Graham. "Have you no good wishes to give me? I shall think of you very often, Miss Winter."

She turned toward him. "Did you come out to say that, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, partly. I came — I came — God knows why I came!" and getting up he took a hasty turn up and down the room, then sat down again. "Forgive me; I will be cheerful and sensible. We have only half an hour together, — let us enjoy it; we have enjoyed many before this."

"And shall enjoy many again," she added quickly. "So tell me, have you settled everything for your brother, and when will you come back again?" She handed him his cup.

"Harold? Oh yes, he 's all right now; and I was selfishly glad of his difficulties, since it brought me home for these six months. But about coming back, — that is in the limbo of the future. I must look after myself, Miss Winter. I should hate to fail, and leaving the ranch has been a dangerous experiment, not to be tried soon again." He had forgotten his constraint.

"What do you hear from your overseer?"

"Excellent news; but they need me, and I shall be glad to be back, too, in many ways. I love the life, you know. I" —

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know. You have told me enough to make me feel as though I understood it all pretty well, and it must be a pleasant life."

Graham looked at her, stared at her almost, then turned away and put his cup down. "I fear I must have bored you very often when you were too kind to say so, and I want to tell you how kind I think you have been. I should have felt awfully out of place here, after my long absence, if — if" —

"If I had not been kind to you? Have I been kind to you?" It seemed impossible the pain in her voice should not reach his ears; for all her dignity, she wished it would.

"You have indeed, most kind; when I look back with open eyes, I thank you for it all. But I must not keep you now. The skating yesterday and the dance must have tired you. You do things hard when you do them, and you must want rest. I ought to go." He got up and stood near her. "I wish you every happiness, I wish you every good thing. Don't forget me utterly, and good-by, Miss Winter." He held out his hand.

She put hers in it and stood up beside him; there was a moment's painful pressure, then he turned to leave the room.

"Mr. Graham, I have said nothing; I have n't even wished you luck. You know how much interest I take, how much I want your welfare. Won't you write to me when you get home, to say how it all is, — how the sheep are, and the ranch, and" —

Graham took her outstretched hand and raised it to his lips; then, without an answer, he left the room. A minute later, opening the door of the library, she heard the house door close. Very quickly Miss Winter went up the wide stair-

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case to her own room, and locked the door.

Mrs. Washburn's tea was almost over, and the hostess, her niece, and the two girls who had received with her were beginning to relax their attention. Half a dozen men who were to stay and have supper at half past seven had gathered round the fire, and Elizabeth Winter threw herself on a sofa in the front room, for the moment alone.

She was not tired. She had felt as though her muscles were of steel and would compel her to move restlessly about; but now she sat relaxed and quiet, consumed with a longing for the hour when she could leave the house and take the train home; only ten minutes more then, and she would be in peace. Looking across the room, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, fine gray gown and all, and it seemed as though it must be some other woman who had such red lips and bright eyes. Another figure blotted out hers in the mirror, and a man sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Mr. Bryant?" Her voice demanded an explanation.

"I have only come to square accounts, Miss Winter. I warned you last week, and my opportunity was sudden. I took it. Will you hear what it was? May I say in parenthesis that, much as I regret having to acknowledge it, you are certainly very beautiful to-night?"

She looked at him steadily. "What have you said or done, Mr. Bryant, if I am to be told, though why" —

"I think you will be glad to know." He had less color than usual, but his eyes had a certain savage steadiness that improved his expression. "I had five minutes at the station; while I waited a train came in from town, and on it — Graham." He stopped.

"Yes?"

"I am not a fool, Miss Winter. I had seen a letter lying on the mantelpiece, and recognized the hand. When I saw Graham I remembered, and something in his expression led me to a conclusion. He was going out to propose to you before he left for Australia." He stopped again, his eyes unwavering. They were directly facing each other, each with an arm on the back of the sofa. Bryant resumed: "I had guessed somewhat of his feelings before; I knew you liked him, — liked him a good deal, — and it occurred to me that at any rate his saying nothing would not please you; you like men to propose in full form, even when you intend to refuse them. I stopped him, said I had come from you, looked radiant, he stared, and then I was overcome with friendly confidence, took his arm, and told him that of course he had seen how it would end. I loved you. You — well, I was the happiest man in the world. Nothing settled — not to be spoken of — but — I did it pretty well. He took it like a man, drew a deep breath, and went on to see you instead of going back to town with me, as most men would have done. The rest you know better than I, Miss Winter. What do you think of my story? Are we quits?"

It was touch and go. She pressed the sofa with rigid fingers, but the look of exultation in Bryant's eyes ran like wildfire through her veins. She dragged herself together, and there entered into her a great rage.

"Quits?" She spoke with deliberation. "Not yet. Give me time, Mr. Bryant. Come, we will have our supper first." Bryant stared at her, speechless. "Come," and she moved past him into the other room.

"Are you all ready?" Miss Winter drew off her gloves, and sat down at the table where her aunt was seated. "I am hungry; come, let us begin. Miss Rose March can flirt with uncle Charles after supper."

They all sat down with laughing alacrity, — all except Bryant; he had grown gray as Miss Winter's dress, and took his

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place by her aunt with a sort of horror in his eyes.

"Are all the glasses filled?" Miss Winter was in high spirits. "I propose as a toast — let me see — aunt and uncle first, of course."

The health was drunk, and the party became a merry one. Elizabeth's sallies were especially applauded, and Bryant's cheek regained some of its native red. There was a pause, and Miss Winter leaned forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a story to tell you." She threw back her head and laughed. "It is to illustrate the changes that have taken place in the principles of warfare. Will you have it?" Applause and assent. She pushed back her chair and fanned herself.

"Very well, to begin! It used to be the custom in America, is still in places, that a blow in the face should be returned in kind; in fact, if dealt by a woman, I have heard it is at times not returned at all. However, granting the justice of hitting back when you are struck, the injured man attacks his adversary in open fight, does he not?"

A roar of yeas from the men; the girls laughed.

"Well, a variation has been introduced, and I want your opinion on it. A week ago I struck Mr. Bryant in the face, morally speaking, and he stabbed me in the back in return. Is this according to the rules of honest warfare?" She paused; there was an intense silence.

"The details are these. Mr. Bryant proposed to me,"—her aunt gave a gasp, the girls were white, the men red, feeling ran with Bryant, — "and I refused him. I then took the opportunity to tell him my opinion of him; it was not a pleasant one. Wait!" Public feeling still with Bryant; the room horribly still. Bryant, with his arms folded, looked at Elizabeth.

"He left me, saying he would be quits, and at the station met Mr. Graham. He decided that Mr. Graham was coming to do as he had done; he thought his chances good, so, displaying some dramatic gift, he told Mr. Graham that he had proposed to me and been accepted — and been accepted." The passionate utterance of those last three words echoed in a sort of groan from the men.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have ruined your supper, and made myself most disagreeable; but I will relieve you of the necessity of saying anything to me. You can discuss us at your leisure. Good-night, aunt," and before any one had answered, Elizabeth had disappeared through the doorway.

A moment later, coming downstairs in her wraps, with her maid, she found her aunt and uncle waiting for her in the hall.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth dearest," began Mrs. Washburn. "How terrible this all is, but why, why" —

Mr. Washburn interposed. "Let the child go home, my dear. She is what few women are, — game."

Elizabeth gave him an answering look, and, kissing Mrs. Washburn, saw Bryant coming down the stairway.

He stopped before her, and there was a silence that made the hum of voices in the dining-room audible.

"You asked me to say quits, Mr. Bryant: I will do so. Will you open the door?"

He complied mechanically, and she passed out, followed by her maid.

Bryant bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, who stood speechless, and going out closed the door behind him. He turned toward the Club. A sudden realization of what would greet him in the next hour, if one of the men he had left at the Washburns' came in, penetrated his being. Could he face it all down? Hardly. Europe for a year would be the best solution; he hated the continent of America, — and with this in his heart he walked home.

Francis Willing Wharton.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN I venture to discuss the evolution of the gentleman, I may be expected to begin with a definition; but for the present I must decline this invidious task. In the Century Dictionary I find as the first definition, "A man of good family; a man of gentle birth." The sixth definition is, "An apparatus used in soldering circular pewter ware." Between the gentleman who is born and the gentleman who is made, in connection with pewter ware, there is a wide range for choice. After all, definitions are luxuries, not necessities of thought. When Alice told her name to Humpty Dumpty, that intolerable pedant asked, "'What does it mean?'

"'Must a name mean something?' Alice asked doubtfully.

"'Of course it must,' Humpty Dumpty said, with a short laugh. 'My name means the shape I am, — and a good handsome shape I am, too.'"

I suppose that almost any man, if he were asked what a gentleman is, would be inclined to answer, "It is the shape I am." I judge this because, though the average man would not be insulted if you were to say, "You are no saint," it would not be safe to say, "You are no gentleman." Perhaps, then, we may as well follow the formula of Humpty Dumpty, and say that a gentleman, if not the shape that every man actually is, is the shape in which every man desires to appear to others.

It is needless to remark that this aspiration is not always adequately fulfilled. Sometimes we see only the actual boor in our acquaintance, while the astral body of the gentleman which he is endeavoring to project at us is not sufficiently materialized for our imperfect vision. There are those who have to admit as did Boss Tweed when reviewing his attempts at lofty political virtue, "I tried to do right, but somehow I seemed to have bad luck." All this is but to say that the word "gentleman" represents an ideal. Above whatever coarseness and sordidness there may be in actual life there rises the idea of a finer kind of man, with gentler manners and truer speech and braver actions.

It follows, also, that the idea of the gentleman has grown, as from time to time new elements have been added to it. In every age we shall find the real gentleman, — that is, the man who in genuine fashion represents the best ideal of his time; and we shall find the mimicry of him, the would-be gentleman, who copies the form, while ignorant of the substance. These two characters furnish the material, on the one hand for the romancer, and on the other hand for the satirist.

If there had been no real gentlemen, the epics, the solemn tragedies, and the stirring tales of chivalry would have remained unwritten; and if there had been no pretended gentlemen, the humorist would find his occupation gone. But always these contrasted characters are on the stage together. Simple dignity is followed by strutting pomposity, and after the hero the braggart swaggers and storms. So ridicule and admiration bear rule by turns.

For the sake of convenience, it might be well to indicate the difference by calling one the gentleman, and the other the genteelman. Below the genteelman there is still another species. Parasites have parasites of their own, and the genteelman has his admiring but unsuccessful imitators. I do not know the scientific name for an individual of this species, but I believe that he calls himself a "gent."

The process of evolution, as we know, is a continual play between the organism and the environment. It is a cosmic

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game of "Pussy wants a corner." Each creature wants to get into a snug corner of its own; but no sooner does it find it than it is tempted out by the prospect of another. Then ensues a scramble with other aspirants for the coveted position; and as there are never enough corners to go around, some one must fail. Though this is hard on the disappointed players, the philosophers find it easy to show that it is an admirable arrangement. If there were enough corners to go around, and every one were content to stay in the corner in which he found himself, the game would be over. That would be an end of progress, which, after all, most of us, in our more energetic moods, acknowledge to be worth what it costs.

We do not always find the gentleman in his proper environment. Nature seems sometimes like the careless nurse in the story books who mixes the children up, so that the rightful heir does not come to his own. But in the long run the type is preserved and improved.

The idea of the gentleman involves the sense of personal dignity and worth. He is not a means to an end: he is an end in himself. How early this sense arose we may not know. Professor Huxley made merry over the sentimentalists who picture the simple dignity of primitive man. He had no admiration to throw away on "the dignified and unclothed savage sitting in solitary meditation under trees." And yet I am inclined to think that the gentleman may have appeared even before the advent of tailors. The peasants who followed Wat Tyler sang, —

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?"

But a writer in the age of Queen Elizabeth published a book in which he argued that Adam himself was a perfect gentleman. He had, at least, the advantage, dear to the theological mind, that though affirmative proof might be lacking, it was equally difficult to prove the negative.

As civilization advances and literature catches its changing features, the outlines of the gentleman grow distinct. Read the book of Genesis, the Analects of Confucius, and Plutarch's Lives. What a portrait gallery of gentlemen of the antique world! And yet how different each from the others!

In the book of Genesis we see Abraham sitting at his tent door. Three strangers appear. When he sees them, he goes to meet them, and bows, and says to the foremost, "My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on."

There may have been giants in those days, and churls, and all manner of barbarians, but as we watch the strangers resting under the oak we say, "There were also gentlemen in those days." How simple it all is! It is like a single palm-tree outlined against the desert and the sky.

How different the Chinese gentleman! Everything with him is exact. The disciples of Confucius are careful to tell us how he adjusted the skirts of his robe before and behind, how he insisted that his mince-meat should be cut quite small and should have exactly the right proportion of rice, and that his mat must be laid straight before he would sit on it. Such details of deportment were thought very important. But we forget the mats and the mince-meat when we read: "Three things the master had not, — he had no prejudices, he had no obstinacy, he had no egotism." And we forget the fantastic garb and the stiff Chinese genuflections, and come to the conclusion that the true gentleman is as simple-hearted amid the etiquette of the court as in the tent in the desert, when we hear the master saying: "Sincerity is the way of Heaven; the wise are the unas-

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suming. It is said of Virtue that over her embroidered robe she puts a plain single garment."

Turn to the pages of Plutarch, where are fixed for all time the Greek and Roman ideals of the gentleman. No embroidered robes here, but a masculine virtue, in a plain single garment. What a breed of men they were, brave, forceful, self-contained! No holiday gentlemen these! Their manners were not veneered, but part of themselves. With the same lofty gravity they faced life and death. When fortune smiled there was no unseemly exultation; when fortune frowned there was no unseemly repining. With the same dignity the Roman rode in his triumphal chariot through the streets and lay down to die when his hour had come. No wonder that men who thus learned how to conquer themselves conquered the world.

Most of Plutarch's worthies were gentlemen, though there were exceptions. There was, for example, Cato the Censor, who bullied the Roman youth into virtue, and got a statue erected to himself as the restorer of the good old manners. Poor Plutarch, who likes to do well by his heroes, is put to his wits' end to know what to do with testy, patriotic, honest, fearless, parsimonious Cato. Cato was undoubtedly a great man and a good citizen; but when we are told how he sold his old slaves, at a bargain, when they became infirm, and how he left his war-horse in Spain to save the cost of transportation, Plutarch adds, "Whether such things be an evidence of greatness or littleness of soul let the reader judge for himself." The judicious reader will conclude that it is possible to be a great man and a reformer, and yet not be quite a gentleman.

When the Roman Empire was destroyed the antique type of gentleman perished. The very names of the tribes which destroyed him have yet terrible associations. Goths, Vandals, Huns, — to the civilized man of the fifth and sixth centuries these sounded like the names of wild beasts rather than of men. You might as well have said tigers, hyenas, wolves. The end had come of a civilization that had been the slow growth of centuries.

Yet out of these fierce tribes, destroyers of the old order, a new order was to arise. Out of chaos and might a new kind of gentleman was to be evolved. The romances of the Middle Ages are variations on a single theme, the appearance of the finer type of manhood and its struggle for existence. In the palace built by the enchantment of Merlin were four zones of sculpture.

> "And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
> And in the second men are slaying beasts,
> And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
> And on the fourth are men with growing wings."

Europe was in the second stage, when men were slaying beasts and what was most brutal in humanity. If the higher manhood was to live, it must fight, and so the gentleman appears, sword in hand. Whether we are reading of Charlemagne and his paladins, or of Siegfried, or of Arthur, the story is the same. The gentleman has appeared. He has come into a waste land,

> "Thick with wet woods and many a beast therein,
> And none or few to scare or chase the beast."

He comes amid savage anarchy where heathen hordes are "reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood." The gentleman sends forth his clear defiance. All this shall no longer be. He is ready to meet force with force; he is ready to stake his life upon the issue, the hazard of new fortunes for the race.

It is as a pioneer of the new civilization that the gentleman has "pitched

> "His tent beside the forest. And he drave
> The heathen, and he slew the beast, and felled
> The forest, and let in the sun."

The ballads and romances chronicle a struggle desperate in its beginning and triumphant in its conclusion. They are

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in praise of force, but it is a noble force. There is something better, they say, than brute force: it is manly force. The giant is no match for the gentleman.

If we would get at the mediæval idea of the gentleman, we must not listen merely to the romances as they are retold by men of genius in our own day. Scott and Tennyson clothe their characters in the old draperies, but their ideals are those of the nineteenth century rather than of the Middle Ages. Tennyson expressly disclaims the attempt to reproduce the King Arthur

> "whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
> Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
> That hovered between war and wantonness."

When we go back and read Sir Thomas Malory's Morte Darthur, we find ourselves among men of somewhat different mould from the knights of Tennyson's idylls. It is not the blameless King Arthur, but the passionate Sir Launcelot, who wins admiration. We hear Sir Ector crying over Launcelot's body, "Ah, Launcelot, thou wert the head of the Christian knights. Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover for a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall with ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

We must take, not one of these qualities, but all of them together, to understand the gentleman of those ages when good and evil struggled so fiercely for the mastery. No saint was this Sir Launcelot. There was in him no fine balance of virtues, but only a wild tumult of the blood. He was proud, self-willed, passionate, pleasure-loving; capable of great sin and of sublime expiation. What shall we say of this gentlest, sternest, kindest, goodliest, sinfulest, of knights, — this man who knew no middle path, but who, when treading in perilous places and following false lights, yet draws all men admiringly to himself?

We can only say this: he was the prototype of those mighty men who were the makers of the modern world. They were the men who fought with Charlemagne, and with William the Conqueror, and with Richard; they were the men who "beat down the heathen, and upheld the Christ;" they were the men from whom came the crusades, and the feudal system, and the great charter. As we read the history, we say at one moment, "These men were mail-clad ruffians," and at the next, "What great-hearted gentlemen!"

Perhaps the wisest thing would be to confess to both judgments at once. In this stage of his evolution the gentleman may boast of feats that would now be rehearsed only in bar-rooms. This indicates that the standard of society has improved, and that what was possible once for the nobler sort of men is now characteristic of the baser sort. The modern rowdy frequently appears in the cast-off manners of the old-time gentleman. Time, the old-clothes man, thus furnishes his customers with many strange misfits. What is of importance is that through these transition years there was a ceaseless struggle to preserve the finer types of manhood.

The ideal of the mediæval gentleman was expressed in the word "gallantry." The essence of gallantry is courage; but it is not the sober courage of the stoic. It is courage charged with qualities that give it sparkle and effervescence. It is the courage that not only faces danger, but delights in it. What suggestions of physical and mental elasticity are in Shakespeare's description of the "spring-

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ing, brave Plantagenet"! Scott's lines express the gallant spirit: —

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

Gallantry came to have another implication, equally characteristic. The knight was gallant not only in war, but in love also. There had come a new worship, the worship of woman. In the Church it found expression in the adoration of the Madonna, but in the camp and the court it found its place as well. Chivalry was the elaborate and often fantastic ritual, and the gentleman was minister at the altar. The ancient gentleman stood alone; the mediæval gentleman offered all to the lady of his love. Here, too, gallantry implied the same overflowing joy in life. If you are anxious to have a test by which to recognize the time when you are growing old, — so old that imagination is chilled within you, — I should advise you to turn to the chapter in the Romance of King Arthur entitled "How Queen Guenever went maying with certain Knights of the Table Round, clad all in green." Then read: "So it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride maying into the woods and fields besides Westminster, and I warn you that none of you but that he be well horsed and that ye all be clothed in green. . . . I shall bring with me ten ladies and every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen. So upon the morn they took their horses with the Queen and rode on maying through the woods and meadows in great joy and delights."

If you cannot see them riding on, a gallant company over the meadows, and you hear no echoes of their laughter, and if there is no longer any enchantment in the vision of that time when all were "blithe and debonair," then undoubtedly you are growing old. It is time to close the romances: perhaps you may still find solace in Young's Night Thoughts or Pollock's Course of Time. Happy are they who far into the seventies still see Queen Guenever riding in the pleasant month of May: these are they who have found the true fountain of youth.

The gentleman militant will always be the hero of ballads and romances; and in spite of the apostles of realism, I fancy he has not lost his charm. There are Jeremiahs of evolution, who tell us that after a time men will be so highly developed as to have neither hair nor teeth. In that day, when the operating dentists have ceased from troubling, and given way to the manufacturing dentists, and the barbers have been superseded by the wig-makers, it is quite possible that the romances may give place to some tedious department of comparative mythology. In that day, Chaucer's knight who "loved chevalrie, trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie," will be forgotten, though his armor on the museum walls will be learnedly described. But that dreadful day is still far distant; before it comes, not only teeth and hair must be improved out of existence, but a substitute must be found for good red blood. Till that time "no laggard in love or dastard in war" can steal our hearts from young Lochinvar.

The sixteenth century marks an epoch in the history of the gentleman, as in all else. Old ideas disappear, to come again in new combinations. Cervantes "laughs Spain's chivalry away," and his merry laughter echoes through all Europe. The same hands wielded the sword and the pen. The scholars, the artists, the poets, began to feel a sense of personal worth, and carried the gallant spirit of the gentleman into their work. They were not mere specialists, but men of action. The artist was not only an instrument to give pleasure to others, but he was himself a centre of admiration. Out of this new consciousness how many interesting characters were produced! There were men who engaged in controversies as if they

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were tournaments, and who wrote books and painted pictures and carved statues, not in the spirit of professionalism, but as those who would in this activity enjoy "one crowded hour of glorious life." Very frequently, these gentlemen and scholars, and gentlemen and artists, overdid the matter, and were more belligerent in disposition than were the warriors with whom they began to claim equality.

To this self-assertion we owe the most delightful of autobiographies, — that of Benvenuto Cellini. He aspired to be not only an artist, but a fine gentleman. No one could be more certain of the sufficiency of Humpty Dumpty's definition of a gentleman than was he.

If we did not have his word for it, we could scarcely believe that any one could be so valiant in fight and so uninterrupted in the pursuit of honor without its interfering with his professional work. Take, for example, that memorable day when, escaping from the magistrates, he makes an attack upon the household of his enemy, Gherardo Guascanti. "I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin, but doing him not the least harm in the world." After this attack, and after magnanimously pardoning Gherardo's father, mother, and sisters, he says: "I ran storming down the staircase, and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons: one of them seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe; one had an anvil, some hammers, some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one, and now at another. Those who remained upright plied with both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and the anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, he so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another."

What fine old days those were, when the toughness of skin matched so wonderfully the stoutness of heart! One has a suspicion that in these degenerate days, were a family dinner-party interrupted by such an avalanche of daggers, cudgels, and anvils, some one would be hurt. As for Benvenuto, he does not so much as complain of a headache.

There is an easy, gentleman-like grace in the way in which he recounts his incidental homicides. When he is hiding behind a hedge at midnight, waiting for the opportunity to assassinate his enemies, his heart is open to all the sweet influences of nature, and he enjoys "the glorious heaven of stars." He was not only an artist and a fine gentleman, but a saint as well, and "often had recourse with pious heart to holy prayers." Above all, he had the indubitable evidence of sainthood, a halo. "I will not omit to relate another circumstance, which is perhaps the most remarkable that ever happened to any one. I do so in order to justify the divinity of God and of his secrets, who deigned to grant me this great favor: forever since the time of my strange vision until now, an aureole of glory (marvelous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of man to whom I have chosen to point it out, but these have been few." He adds ingenuously, "I am always able to see it." He says, "I first became aware of it in France, at Paris; for the air in those parts is so much freer from mists that one can see it far better than in Italy."

Happy Benvenuto with his Parisian halo, which did not interfere with the manly arts of self-defense! His self-complacency was possible only in a stage of evolution when the saint and the assassin were not altogether clearly differentiated. Some one has said, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I can get along without the necessities." Like many of

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his time, Benvenuto had all the luxuries that belong to the character of a Christian gentleman, though he was destitute of the necessities. An appreciation of common honesty as an essential to a gentleman seems to be more slowly developed than the more romantic sentiment that is called honor.

The evolution of the gentleman has its main line of progress where there is a constant though slow advance; but, on the other hand, there are arrested developments, and quaint survivals, and abortive attempts.

In each generation there have been men of fashion who have mistaken themselves for gentlemen. They are uninteresting enough while in the flesh, but after a generation or two they become very quaint and curious, when considered as specimens. Each generation imagines that it has discovered a new variety, and invents a name for it. The dude, the swell, the dandy, the fop, the spark, the macaroni, the blade, the popinjay, the coxcomb, — these are butterflies of different summers. There is here endless variation, but no advancement. One fashion comes after another, but we cannot call it better. One would like to see representatives of the different generations together in full dress. What variety in oaths and small talk! What anachronisms in swords and canes and eye-glasses, in ruffles, in collars, in wigs! What affluence in powders and perfumes and colors! But would they "know each other there"? The real gentlemen would be sure to recognize each other. Abraham and Marcus Aurelius and Confucius would find much in common. Launcelot and Sir Philip Sidney and Chinese Gordon would need no introduction. Montaigne and Mr. Spectator and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table would fall into delightful chat. But would a "swell" recognize a "spark"? And might we not expect a "dude" to fall into immoderate laughter at the sight of a "popinjay"?

Fashion has its revenges. Nothing seems so ridiculous to it as an old fashion. The fop has no toleration for the obsolete foppery. The artificial gentleman is as inconceivable out of his artificial surroundings as the waxen-faced gentleman of the clothing store outside his show window.

There was Beau Nash, for example, — a much-admired person in his day, when he ruled from his throne in the pump-room in Bath. Everything was in keeping. There was Queen Anne architecture, and Queen Anne furniture, and Queen Anne religion, and the Queen Anne fashion in fine gentlemen. What a curious piece of bricabrac this fine gentleman was, to be sure! He was not fitted for any useful purpose under the sun, but in his place he was quite ornamental, and undoubtedly very expensive. Art was as self-complacent as if nature had never been invented. What multitudes of the baser sort must be employed in furnishing the fine gentleman with clothes! All Bath admired the way in which Beau Nash refused to pay for them. Once when a vulgar tradesman insisted on payment, Nash compromised by lending him twenty pounds, — which he did with the air of a prince. So great was the impression he made upon his time that a statue was erected to him, while beneath were placed the busts of two minor contemporaries, Pope and Newton. This led Lord Chesterfield to write: —

> "This statue placed the busts between
> Adds to the satire strength,
> Wisdom and wit are little seen,
> But folly at full length."

Lord Chesterfield himself had nothing in common with the absurd imitation gentlemen, and yet the gentleman whom he described and pretended to admire was altogether artificial. He was the Machiavelli of the fashionable world. He saw through it, and recognized its hollowness; but such as it was it must be accepted. The only thing was to

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learn how to get on in it. "In courts you may expect to meet connections without friendships, enmities without hatred, honor without virtue, appearances saved and realities sacrificed, good manners and bad morals."

There is something earnestly didactic about Lord Chesterfield. He gives line upon line, and precept upon precept, to his "dear boy." Never did a Puritan father teach more conscientiously the shorter catechism than did he the whole duty of the gentleman, which was to save appearances even though he must sacrifice reality. "My dear boy," he writes affectionately, "I advise you to trust neither man nor woman more than is absolutely necessary. Accept proffered friendships with great civility, but with great incredulity."

Poor little Rollo was not more strenuously prodded up the steep and narrow path of virtue than was little Philip Stanhope up the steep and narrow path of fashion. Worldliness made into a religion was not without its asceticism. "Though you think you dance well, do not think you dance well enough. Though you are told that you are genteel, still aim at being genteeler. . . . Airs, address, manners, graces, are of such infinite importance and are so essentially necessary to you that now, as the time of meeting draws near, I tremble for fear that I may not find you possessed of them."

Lord Chesterfield's gentleman was a man of the world; but it was, after all, a very hard and empty world. It was a world that had no eternal laws, only changing fashions. It had no broken hearts, only broken vows. It was a world covered with glittering ice, and the gentleman was one who had learned to skim over its dangerous places, not caring what happened to those who followed him.

It is a relief to get away from such a world, and, leaving the fine gentleman behind, to take the rumbling stagecoach to the estates of Sir Roger de Coverley. His is not the great world at all, and his interests are limited to his own parish. But it is a real world, and much better suited to a real gentleman. His fashions are not the fashions of the court, but they are the fashions that wear. Even when following the hounds Sir Roger has time for friendly greetings. "The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight, which he requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles."

But even dear old Roger de Coverley cannot rest undisturbed as an ideal gentleman. He belonged, after all, to a privileged order, and there is a force at work to destroy all social privileges. A generation of farmers' sons must arise not to be so easily satisfied with a kindly nod and smile. Liberty, fraternity, and equality have to be reckoned with. Democracy has come with its leveling processes.

> "The calm Olympian height
> Of ancient order feels its bases yield."

In a revolutionary period the virtues of an aristocracy become more irritating than their vices. People cease to attribute merit to what comes through good fortune. No wonder that the disciples of the older time cry: —

> "What hope for the fine-nerved humanities
> That made earth gracious once with gentler arts?"

What becomes of the gentleman in an age of democratic equality? Just what becomes of every ideal when the time has arrived for a larger fulfillment. What is unessential drops off; what is essential remains. Under the influence of democracy, the word "gentleman" ceases to denote a privilege, and comes to denote a character. This step in the evolution of the idea is a necessary one.

When, in 1485, Caxton, printed the Romance of King Arthur, he declared, "I William Caxton, simple person, present the book following, . . . which treat-

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eth of noble acts, feats of arms, of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness." These were the elements which constituted the gentleman. What we see now is that they might be as truly manifested in William Caxton, simple person, as in any of the high-born knights whose deeds he chronicled.

Milton, in memorable words, pointed out the transition which must take place from the gentleman of romance to the gentleman of enduring reality. After narrating how, in his youth, he betook himself "to those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and thence had in renown through all Christendom," he says, "This my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect a gilt spur or the laying on of a sword upon his shoulder."

S. M. Crothers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Experiment in Time.

I WAS going downhill, feeling tired and discouraged. The landscape was monotonous, the hills seemed low, and the birds sang only occasionally in the hedges.

Suddenly it came to me how good, how very good, everything had been to my palate as a child. I thought how much easier the journey would be if I could go back just for a few minutes.

I turned quickly, retraced the few feet of descent from the brow of the hill over which I had come; then I made a desperate leap across the chasm of middle life, and passed rapidly back over the highway of time.

I stood for a moment by the enchanted pool of youth, where those who sail know not whether the boat be in the sky, or the sky in the water, but sit watching the reflections of themselves and their companions entangled with the stars.

I passed through the white birches on the bank to the further side, then along the fields till I came to the brown house by the river; I did not look carefully at the house, but I knew that the shutters were closed. I went through the orchard, up the hill, climbed the fence, and found myself at the edge of the beech woods. There, on a stone, exactly where I expected to find him, sat the little brown kobold.

"Good-afternoon," said I.

"Good-afternoon," he returned pleasantly.

"I am glad to find you here," said I.

"I expected you," he answered.

"Then you know what I want?"

"I can guess," replied he.

I sat down on a stone near him, for my knees felt tired after my climb. The kobold looked exactly like the picture of him in my heart, which was taken directly from a portrait that was in an old book I once had.

I waited for him to speak, but as he sat still I said, "What is it that I want?"

"You want checkerberries and birch bark to taste just as they did when you were a child."

"I do indeed," I returned. "What else?"

"You want to fight violets with me."

"What else?"

"You want to make a burdock basket with a handle that won't fit on straight, and that breaks every time you lift the basket."

"Oh, I do," and I laughed. "What else?"

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"You want to make a whistle out of willow, yellow willow, in early spring when the sap is running."

"Of course I do. What else?"

"You want to dig flag-root, and boil it in sugar till it is all sweet; and then when it is cold, but still sticky, you want to carry it round in your pocket."

"Yes, yes, I do. What else?"

"You want to squeeze the blue juice out of the spiderwort flowers and call it ink" —

"Yes. What else?"

"Don't interrupt me so. I had n't finished. And you want to be always *thinking* that you are going to make some ink out of pokeweed berries, so you want to be always looking for the berries that you *think* you are going to make ink of."

"Oh *yes*, I understand."

"You want to eat sassafras leaves because they are sticky, and sassafras bark and sassafras root because they smart, and to cut spicewood because it is spicy, and chew beech leaves because they are sour, and suck the honey-bags of columbine flowers because they are sweet, and eat the false apple of the wild azalea because it has no taste."

"And other things, too?"

"Oh yes: you must eat the young roots of early grass, and call them onions."

"Anything else?"

"You want to make horsehair rings, three of them, — one pure black, one a yellowish-white, and one mixed, — fasten them very clumsily together, and wear the prickly knot on the inside of your finger."

"Dear me, — yes, yes, yes."

"You want to make a doll out of the rose of Jerusalem, with sash and bonnet-strings of striped grass."

"Of course, and" —

"You want to squeeze the yellow juice of a weed that grows by the stone step on the north side of the house and put it on your fingers to cure warts."

"Yes, I will, and" —

"You *never* must kill a toad, because if you do you will find blood in the milk that you have for supper."

"I never will kill a toad," said I.

"You want to tell all the lady-bugs to fly away home, because their houses are on fire and the children alone."

"Yes, to be sure."

"You want to chew the gum of the spruce, also the gum of cherry-trees."

"I do."

"And to eat the cheeses that grow on marshmallows."

"Yes."

"And you want to make trumpets out of pumpkin-vine stalks, and corn-stalk fiddles; you can't make the fiddles ever play, of course."

"Oh no, of course not, never."

"But you must go on making them, just the same."

"Indeed I shall."

"You want to brew rose-water wine."

"Yes."

"And eat the seeds of sweet-fern."

"Of course."

"You must steal cinnamon sticks and ground cinnamon and sugar, and carry them round in a wooden pill-box."

"Must I *steal* them?"

"*Certainly* you must, a good many times; and then some evening when the frogs are piping, and the sky is a green-blue, and there is one very white star looking at you, you must tell your mother all about it."

"Oh — yes." After a pause I asked, "What else?"

"Did I mention eating violets with salt?" inquired the kobold.

"No, you said '*fight* violets.'"

"Well, you must eat them, too, sometimes with salt and sometimes with sugar."

"I 'll remember that. What else?"

"Whenever you eat oysters you must always look for a pearl, — *always*, no matter whether they are stewed or raw; remember that, — always expect to find a pearl."

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"I will," said I, "always."

"And you must have a secret hoard."

The kobold said this impressively in a low, hollow voice, and I asked him in a whisper, "What of?"

"Of a piece of shoemaker's wax, of one big drop of quicksilver in a homœopathic glass bottle, a broken awl, and four pieces of chalk, — one piece red, soft and crumbly, one yellow, and two white bits of different lengths; they must all be so dirty that you have to scratch them to know which is which, — you understand that?"

"Oh yes, I understand."

"And you must have one leather shoestring, a piece of red sealing-wax and one very small, 'teenty' bit of goldstone sealing-wax, one piece of iridescent button-paper that crinkles when you bend it, and a button-mould."

"What shall I do with the button-mould?"

"Make a top, of course, with a match for a stem."

"Kobold, should I be happy if I had all these things?"

"Perfectly," said he, with decision; "but you would n't *know* that you were happy."

"Why should n't I?"

"The answer to *that* is a question."

"What is it?"

"Do you know it now?" asked he, with his eyes suddenly turned in toward his own nose, till I could n't tell whether he was looking at me or not.

The Changed Fashion of the Proposal in Fiction.

Until a few years ago, we were able to revel in the proposal and acceptance, and in the love scenes which gradually led up to them. There were the happy accidental meetings, the occult way one knew when the other was in the room, and the electro-magnetic hand-clasp, — all fortunate precursors to a certain moonlight night, with the soft splashing of the fountain, and softer music in the distance (a conservatory has long been the favored spot). The *mise en scène* was perfect; so seemed the proposal and acceptance.

But the woman with a mission is now upon us, the head of a large and rapidly increasing army. With their nursing and college settlement work, the Avises and Marcellas of fiction have almost thrown the proposal out of date.

Nor is it to be wondered at when the favored replies are something like this: "I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but, unlike other women, I have never thought of marriage." Sometimes it is: "I do care for you, but life means more to me than individual happiness. Marriage is for some women, but not for me." And it is the hard-heartedness of these modern heroines which has caused the decline of the lover on bended knee, since it is difficult for even a novel-hero to get up gracefully, after a refusal, without an awkward pause. He must be able at once to "turn on his heel and stride toward the door."

Richardson and the earlier novelists had no refractory heroines like ours of to-day. They were often coy and seemingly indifferent, but always to be won at the end of the fifth or seventh volume.

The priggish Sir Charles Grandison makes his offer first to Harriet's grandmother, and then humbly asks for an interview in the presence of both grandmother and aunt; "for neither Miss Byron nor I can wish the absence of two such parental relations." Through seven volumes he is beset with all the becoming doubts and fears of a modern lover, until his "Can you, madame?" and her "I can, I do," close the scene.

Miss Burney's Evelina ushers in an array of tearful and moist heroines, especially at proposal time. "The pearly fugitives" are constantly chasing one another down the cheeks of Queechy, and of Gertrude in The Lamplighter. These heroines do not sob, as many children do, but utter "a succession of piercing shrieks." When the proposal comes, and

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the original "brother and sister" joke is born, — Willie having exclaimed, "But even then I did not dream that you would refuse me at least a brother's claim to your affection," and Gertrude having cried eagerly, "Oh, Willie, you must not be angry with me. Let me be your sister," — we are not surprised that "a tear started to her eye"!

In Miss Edgeworth is seen a faint foreshadowing of modern heroines. She is able to show with true feminine delicacy their unwillingness to have love thrust upon them. When Falconer has at last proposed, Caroline, who is only eighteen, listens calmly, and then delivers herself of the following: "I am at present happily occupied in various ways, endeavoring to improve myself, and I should be sorry to have my mind turned from these pursuits."

With Miss Brontë came the modern treatment of the proposal, one in which there was no tame surrender, but a fight and struggle. This "duel of hearts" has been followed by most of our women novelists of to-day, notably Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mary Wilkins. "'Come,'" says Ostrander in The Story of Avis, "'I am starving. Come!' Slowly at first, with her head bent as if she resisted some opposing pressure, then swiftly as if she had been drawn by irresistible forces, then blindly like the bird to the lighthouse, she passed the length of the silent room, and put both hands, the palms pressed together as if they had been manacled, into his."

No other woman novelist has devoted so much thought to woman, and so little to love-making, as George Eliot. Gwendolen of "the dynamic glance" makes a close approach to the modern woman who never hesitates — if popular report can be trusted — to take a hand in her own wooing. "But *can* you marry?" "Yes;" and we are thankful to know that Daniel Deronda has the good grace to say it in a low voice, and then goes off to the colorless Mirah, leaving Gwendolen to suffer the fate of the innovator, and become the victim of his happiness. More fortunate is Dorothea after the declaration of Will Ladislow: "We can never be married." "Some time — we might." Tito humbly asks Romola, "May I love you?" but Adam Bede cries, "Dinah, I love you with my whole heart and soul!"

In a remarkable book recently given to the world, the heroine is Irene Flower, "in weight about one hundred and twelve pounds. She had a heavy suit of black hair, and in it a gold pin set with diamonds. She wore this evening" (the evening of the proposal) "a pale blue satin just a little low in the neck, short sleeves, a bouquet of pink roses on her bosom, a diamond ring on her finger, and pale velvet slippers." We are told elsewhere that these were "4 on a D last." Lester Wortley proposes to her in the following words: "I offer myself, a pure heart, filled with love; one that will always love you, and never deceive you; one who will always support you." With this last, which is an especially comforting thought, he closes, and she inquires, "Mr. Wortley, do you think that your heart would break and your life be thwarted, were I to reject you?" which he answers in the following melodramatic style: "I will not be poetical and sickening, Miss Irene. To-morrow at nine o'clock I expect to be accepted or rejected by you." And when that hour came, and with it acceptance, "rivers of delight ran through his soul."

One of the most puzzling and original proposals in modern fiction is that of Levin to Kitty, in Anna Karénina, when he traces on the table with chalk, "w. y. s. i. i. i. w. i. t. o. a.," which Kitty reads without hesitation as, "When you said, It is impossible, was it then or always?" and she answers with "t. I. c. n. a. d.," which he reads with equal facility, "*Then* I could not answer differently." Certainly the traditional keen vision of the lovers was not wanting.

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